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# HARPERS



IS ABORTION THE ISSUE? Strong Sentiments in Search of a Discussion Judy Woodruff Linda Gordon Ellen Willis Sidney Callahan Ellen Wilson Fielding

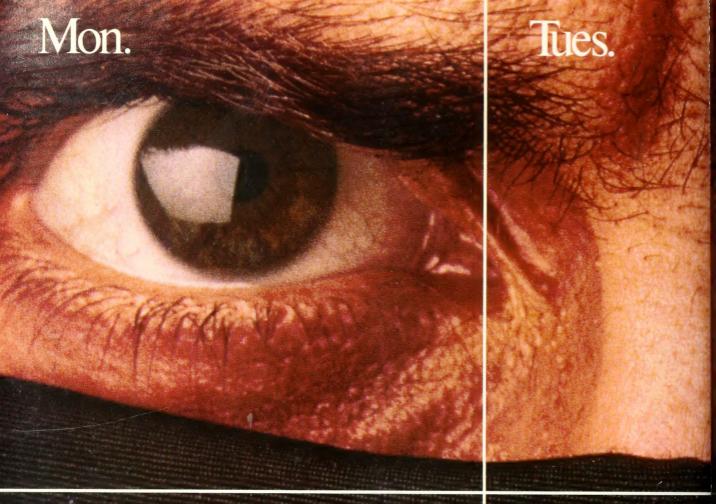
BALLAD OF AN AMERICAN TERRORIST A Neo-Nazi's Dream of Order By L. J. Davis

A SURFEIT OF ART And Why Government Need Not Encourage It By Jacques Barzun

WITH THOREAU IN DARKEST MAINE By Maxine Kumin

oran, Spalding Gray, wartz, Georges Bataille JUN 13 1986

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Thurs.

# The week we looked terrorism in the eye and proposed a way to make it blink.

Its face has grown familiar. In the endless images of twisted wreckage and shattered bodies left scattered in its wake.

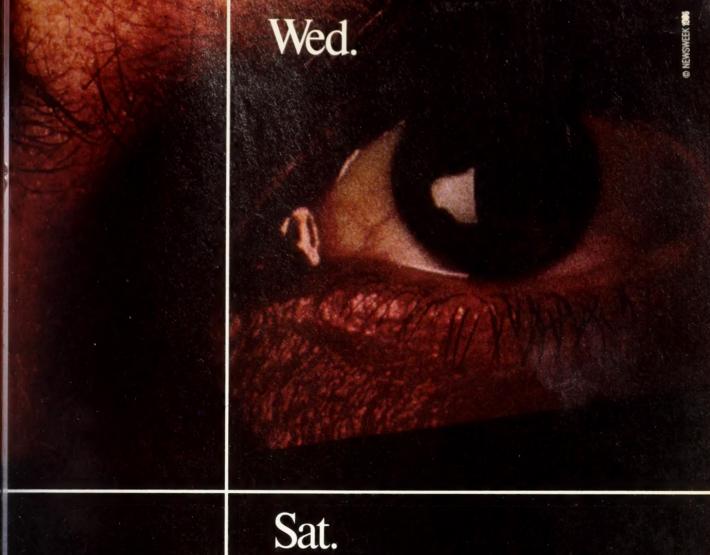
It claims to work for many causes, but wields only one tool—violence. And its target is you. Your family, your children, your life.

The face of terrorism. It's become a major force in our world, and Newsweek has detailed its violent development. But we didn't stop there. Because when Newsweek looks at a story, we see beyond the face of it.

Beyond the problems, or the

Fri.

situations, or even the motivations—we see and search for solutions. Recently, we proposed 10 concrete steps designed to combat terrorism. Among them: improved intelligence gathering, cracking down on unsafe airports and greater pressure on terrorist allies.



That's our prescriptive approach to the news—reporting not only what's happening, but what can be done about what's happening.

And over the years, we've applied that prescriptive approach to such varied and difficult dilemmas as civil rights, Vietnam, South Africa and crime.

Reporting the bad news and suggesting good answers. Part of the reason Newsweek's won more awards for journalistic

excellence than any other news magazine.

And a good reason for you to start taking a look at the world through our eyes.

Newsweek.
Why it happened. What it means.

## Master of possibilities: John Huston.

## "Substance separates film from movies."

I'm not knocking 'movies.' We all need entertainment. But to really reach people, make a statement of lasting substance, you have to have a theme of substance.

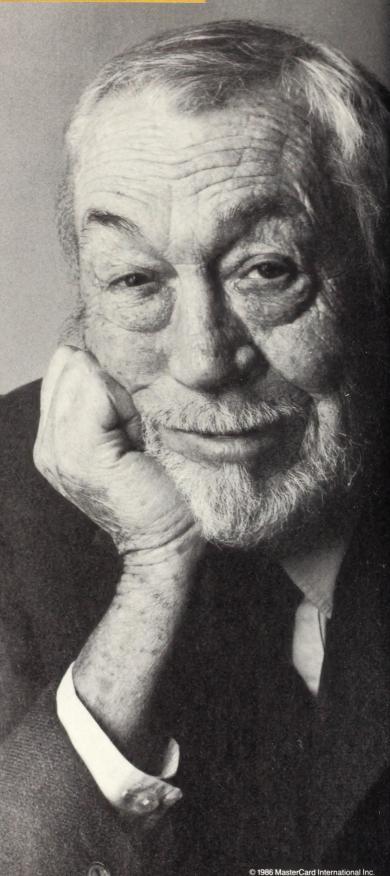
'The Treasure of the Sierra Madre' has not abided all these years simply because it was an adventure movie. It focused on a bigger issue—the possibilities of life.

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The Gold MasterCard gives me definite advantages in directing my biggest film of all...my life. Which at times, quite frankly, can run like a movie.



Master The Possibilities





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## LETTERS

#### **Short-Story Stories**

I was glad to see that someone finally had the nerve to do what Madison Bell did in his essay "Less Is Less: The Dwindling American Short Story" [Harper's Magazine, April]. I'm only sorry that he didn't go further and step on a few more toes.

So much of the problem with American short-story writing is a result of writing programs. As I am a graduate of writing programs, this may wind up sounding a little like an Alma Mater Dearest—rude, ungrateful, biting the hand that's fed me. But the truth is, we'd all be better off if writing programs at the graduate level—at least those that specialize in fiction writing—were done away with, and replaced with something more conducive to writing.

What happens in a writing program, and why should it be detrimental to good writing?

For the most part, what teaching transpires in writing programs takes place in workshops. Students submit work-work that usually has to be brief enough to be read and criticized (along with three or four other pieces) in the hour or two of class time. Other students then read the stories, and, with guidance from the teacher (almost always a writer of some sort), everyone discusses each piece—which elements of the story work and which don't, why the story does or doesn't affect this or that reader, how it might be better executed. The assumption underlying this method is that students, in seeing the mistakes of others, learn to avoid

Harper's Magazine welcomes Letters to the Editor. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.

making the same mistakes themselves.

Theoretically, the workshop can be useful in helping young writers spot waste, sentiment, or cuteness in their work. It can help them pare down their work to its essentials. Fiction writers have the opportunity to read what is being published and imitate it—and, as they mature, workshops can help them find their own voices and write their own modern stories. This is how the workshop might work in a perfect world. But ours is not a perfect world.

In the real world, the workshop has a way of engendering nastiness between people who should be colleagues. Fictionalists, each of whom is convinced down to the very last pore that he or she will be the next John Irving or Joyce Carol Oates, tend to put a very high value on publishing. Writers' programs accentuate this. Parties can be nasty little affairs, with lots of weak-egoed people snubbing one another and smiling while they're doing it. Whenever someone gets a story published, the immediate reaction is, "Why did they take that derivative little piece? My stories are a million times better." Which may well be true. The writers who are lucky enough at twenty-three; or twenty-four to find an agent (good or bad) who will take on their work (good or bad) will make endless efforts to drop the phrase "my agent" into a conversation. Such as, "I only made my agent two hundred dollars this year," or "My agent says you can never trust a . . ."

But the worst thing about the workshop is the kind of writing it promotes. Let's say that a workshop has a young writer, a gifted young writer from the South whose work is thick and complex, with a texture reminiscent of Faulkner. Let's say it's Faulk-

ner himself. Let's say the bulk of the class is made up of realists from the Midwest and California, all of whom write dry stories imitative of Raymond Carver and Ann Beattie. Let's say young Bill submits for criticism the first section, the Benjy section, of The Sound and the Fury. The problems he is going to encounter will be at least these: Because the class is interested in realism, Benjy's surreal, convoluted narration is going to turn people off immediately—not only because it is immediately confusing, but because young Bill and his Southern accent seem as dim and convoluted as the character in the story does. Because the workshop participants are predisposed toward the short story, they are likely to be dumbfounded by Bill's work—"Well, I really can't comment on this because I don't know where it's going"-even though the whole of the novel is encapsulated in that section. Bill will probably be advised either to give up writing or to cut the piece so substantially that it will be clear, concise, and, finally, unrecognizable as the great piece of writing it is in fact recognized to be.

The point I'm trying to make is that beyond a certain point—after a student has learned to spot and correct mistakes—the writing workshop is more or less worthless. On the graduate level, nothing is encouraged so much as mediocrity; when you try to please everyone, you please no one.

Writing programs have drastically changed the way people write, at least the way Americans write. Read, for example, Moby-Dick. Or any of Dickens's or Proust's books. Or Tolstoy. One of the specialties of those writers was the digression. In a sense, Remembrance of Things Past is entirely digression. But in a workshop, all that is pared away.

Which brings me to the way literature is studied in the typical workshop. As a rule, people in writing programs read only what is current. They have to keep up with the competition, they have to know what is being bought and sold.

Though it would put a lot of writers out of work, it would be in the best interests of fiction to scrap the workshop. Universities should still support



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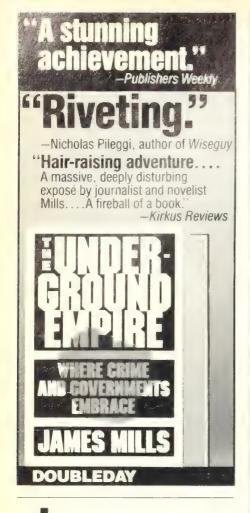
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writing, but they should do it in a manner more fitting the craft, perhaps by creating colonies where writers can live and work—on scholarship, assistantship, or stipend, just as it is now—but without the pretense of taking writing classes. (Literature classes would be fine.) Other writers ought to be on hand, much as they are now, to provide connections to the publishing world and to offer guidance when young writers want it.

It ought to be recognized that of all the writers who have earned a place in the canon of the literature of the English language, only the tiniest percentage were prodigies in the manner of those that writers' programs are wont to create. It also ought to be recognized that in terms of literature, forty is young, and twenty-three is infantile.

Stephen E. Stark Iowa City, Iowa

Madison Bell has examined a problem that is central to my life as an aspiring writer: Why do I sound like everybody else? How is it that I have come to respect and value so highly the works of Raymond Carver, Bobbie Ann Mason, Ann Beattie, etc.? I think I can shed some light on my own (and Bell's) despair. A major reason for the noticeable sameness in tone, subject matter, and focus of so many American short stories is the rise of the creative writing program.

Now, as never before, it is possible for the idealistic young writer to make a (small) living doing nothing but writing and critiquing stories. This opportunity exists for the collegeeducated writer because of creative writing programs. These programs, no longer confined to campuses in Iowa, California, and New York, boast faculties of gifted (or so they say) writers. And each program writes up a catalogue description which is solicitous of the college graduate who "has writing in his/her blood"—but who may not yet have discovered that a world so narrow that one meets only writers (and those who wish they were) is perhaps a hazard.

I was lured to Syracuse in 1982 to study writing with Carver and Tobias Wolff, and while I highly value what I learned from them, I find, sadly, that some of what they taught me must be unlearned. When I met with Stanley Elkin at a writers' conference (yes, Bread Loaf—where else?), he asked me why I was so convinced that Carver, Wolff, etc., were the champions of the short story. I couldn't come up with an answer. It was because, he answered for me, they must somehow have indicated so to me by their apparent success. I thought, how true, but where does this leave me? Sans voice, is where.

Had I not come to Syracusewhere I am now, simply, a teacher of English—I would probably have gone to New York or Boston and found a job in one of the writing-related professions. I would have known hardships (lack of time to write, big-city rents) unknown to me in the writing program at Syracuse. But I might have avoided the pitfalls of narrowing my writerly influences to the several writers Bell lists. Carver's "less" is his own, and let him keep it, for only he can do what he does. Uttered through the mouths of babes, i.e., his students and imitators, his "less" is abysmally less. If creative writing programs didn't exist to sway young writers into believing that if they go to Syracuse or Iowa or Stanford they will become writing successes, then perhaps there wouldn't be so many of us out there trying to publish the same thing.

Elizabeth G. Richards Syracuse, N.Y.

Madison Bell closes his indictment of the modern American short story with the admonition that "if our lives do in fact lack variety and meaning, maybe we had better make haste to invent some." Even if one accepted Bell's view of the role of literature in society, this would be a rather tall order. Did Tolstoy and Flaubert, or even Hemingway and Fitzgerald, "invent" the variety and meaning of their literature? It seems rather more likely that such works are born not only of a writer's imagination but also of a historical moment. Is Ray Carver really to be blamed for the accuracy with which he depicts the afflictions of the society into which he has been

This seems to me to be a terribly Continued on page 76

## NOTEBOOK

#### Imperial masquerade By Lewis H. Lapham

How is the world ruled and how do wars start? Diplomats tell lies to journalists and then believe what they read.

-Karl Kraus

I f it wasn't sentimental melodrama, and if it didn't hold so heavy a promise of tragedy, the Reagan Administration's war on terrorism would play as farce. All too easily I can imagine the President and his principal officers—most notably Secretary of State George Shultz and Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger-dressed in the uniforms of a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta. The curtain rises on Act I to discover the gentlemen admiring their medals and singing an idiot song about the glories of the military life. By the end of Act 3 the army has been lost and the lord mayor's daughter has run off with the pirate from Tangier.

Fortunately for the owners of vacation resorts in Florida and California, the Administration's spring offensive produced its most frightening effects among the Americans. In April President Reagan loosed a bombing raid against Libya, ostensibly to make the world safe for democracy and American innocents abroad. As might have been expected—certainly by Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan—the raid achieved precisely the opposite result.

Wary of retaliatory gestures on the part of terrorists lying in wait behind every frontier, hundreds of thousands of Americans canceled their tours to Europe and the Middle East; athletes elected not to play on foreign grass; movie actors declined their invitations to the festival at Cannes. Instead of swaggering triumphantly through a world amazed by their courage and resolve, American tourists retreated to the safe corners of the nearest Disneyland. By the middle of May, Secretary Shultz had begun to show signs of hysteria. Alarmed by

the apparitions of his own devising, Shultz frantically beseeched the Congress for more money to fortify American embassies overseas.

"One of these days, there'll be another tragedy at some embassy," he said. "Then they'll come around and say you're derelict in your duty because all these people got killed, and I'm going to say I'm not derelict in my duty, because you wouldn't appropriate the money...."

Shultz's voice had risen perceptibly toward the octave of a whine since the euphoric evening of April 14, when, together with Weinberger, he had convened a press conference to answer questions about President Reagan's improvisation on the theme of *Realpolitik*. Both gentlemen seemed wonderfully pleased with themselves. The Air Force and the Navy had won a championship game in the Mediterranean, and they were happy to report that America was no wimp.

Although he accepted questions from the reporters in the room, Shultz addressed his remarks to the larger audience of delinquent children in Europe and the Third World. The United States, he said, had established the principle of just punishment. Colonel Qaddafi had sorely tried America's patience. Despite repeated warnings, economic sanctions, and the Sixth Fleet's staging of a bellicose regatta in the Gulf of Sidra, Qaddafi had persisted in his wickedness. His insolence no longer could be tolerated, and the United States had to teach a moral lesson.

Without any audible exception, the reporters present murmured their patriotic assent. Together with the American public—the polls showed 77 percent in favor of the bombings—nobody questioned the text implicit in Shultz's little sermon. Henceforth, the United States would use force to make sure the world be-

haved itself. If the world didn't behave itself, certainly that wouldn't be Shultz's fault, and the world could expect to suffer the consequences of its mischief. If any nasty terrorists anywhere in the world still had it in their heads to put bombs in cars or suitcases, they could damn well expect another visit from American bombers—presumably at night, without warning, and with a modest penalty of civilian casualties.

During the following weeks only a few voices in the American media expressed doubts or reservations. Apparently it didn't matter that eight years of lessons in Vietnam proved the futility of bombing missions against guerrilla targets; that President Reagan acted without consent of Congress and in violation of what remains of international law: that the Israelis give continual demonstrations in Lebanon showing that the motive of revenge leads only to more killing and the inevitable militarization of the state; that the United States appropriated, as gleefully as if it were a new toy, the ethic as well as the tactic of its enemies.

To people wishing to prove that they aren't wimps, such objections amount to little more than leftist sophistry. The Reagan Administration faithfully reflects the attitudes of a well-to-do American plutocracy enchanted by images of Teddy Roosevelt and John Wayne standing on the battlements of freedom. Caught up in the excitements of their adventures and crusades, the makers of American foreign policy—together with their liege men in the media—haven't got a very clear idea of the world in which they imagine themselves holding season tickets in the box seats. They neglect to make distinctions between kinds and degrees of violence.

A good many more Americans drown in bathtubs every year than die

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from the ill effects of terrorism; of the 3,010 terrorist attacks that took place across the world in 1985, only ninetynine involved Americans. Although I haven't got the precise statistics, I suspect that the number of Americans murdered every month in Miami and New York exceeds the sum of Americans murdered during the last three years by Libyan, Iranian, and Syrian terrorists. A citizen walking alone after dark in the bleaker districts of most American cities stands a far greater chance of falling prev to terrorism (i.e., mugging) than do the passengers on any of the world's airlines or cruise ships. The criminal syndicates doing business with impunity throughout the United States earn roughly \$150 billion a year by practicing the acts of terrorism under the homely rubrics of extortion, loansharking, and contract killing.

The polemicists who stage terrorist acts like to dress up their crimes in the gaudy slogans of political fantasy. Rather than think themselves engaged in the slaughter of defenseless people, they prefer to pose as idealists dedicated to the moral beauty of a noble cause

This is nonsense, but it is nonsense accepted at par value by the nervous plutocrats who occupy the higher ranks of the Reagan Administration. Whenever I listen to the chorus of their outraged voices, I think of portly gentlemen seated on the terrace of an expensive golf club, furiously stirring the ice in their gin and telling one another tales of monstrous crimes loose in the streets of Beverly Hills.

By casting Libya in the role of sovereign enemy (comparable, say, to Nazi Germany or the horsemen of Genghis Khan), the Administration assigns to Colonel Qaddafi powers that he doesn't possess. The American government might as well declare war on Fort Lee, New Jersey, because an appreciable number of Mafiosi happen to live in that town. If the President felt the need for a patriotic headline in an otherwise unheroic week, he could send the USS Coral Sea up the Hudson River and launch an air strike against every Italian restaurant within twenty miles of the George Washington Bridge.

Secretary Shultz's fulminations

about terrorism as a threat to Western civilization (like the mumbling on the editorial page of the Washington Post) invariably remind me of the story of the princess and the pea. A young woman dressed in rags arrives one evening at a castle in the forest and asks for a night's lodging. The resident prince invites the young woman to sleep on a pile of soft mattresses under which he has placed a tiny pea. The next morning the young woman complains of a sore back, and because she complains, because of her exquisite sensitivity to what Californians would call her "personal space," the prince recognizes her as a true princess.

So also the complacent trustees of the American plutocracy. Because they are rich men who believe that their wealth should damn well preserve them from discomfort, they assume that first-class accommodations on anybody's airline ought to exempt them from the rude intrusions of death and time. Accustomed to the adoration of the media and the fawning deference of locker-room attendants, President Reagan and his friends look upon any expression of hostility not only as crime but also as blas-

It is a matter of indifference to them if less fortunate people must live with terrorism as if it were as unremarkable as the rain. If the criminal syndicates proliferate, if gunmen murder a few grocers in Brooklyn or a few FBI agents in Miami, if a few thousand peasants sicken and die because of Union Carbide's negligence in Bhopal, if thugs occasionally have to be hired to make sure that democracy works in Chicago and Nicaragua, well, that is the way of the world and easily explained under the headings of free enterprise.

But let their own comfort be placed at risk, and the outraged club members suspect the wine steward of fomenting Marxism. Let the stain of the world's unhappiness make a mess on the new carpet in the dining room, and they imagine that the day of judgment is at hand. Lacking the imagination to conceive of a universe that doesn't resemble Orange County, they can think of nothing else to do except to send the fleet.

## **Factories in the Future**

Some people say that service industries are stealing manufacturing's thunder by adding jobs faster than the goods-producing sector. The services now employ three out of four working Americans and account for two-thirds of our Gross National Product.

We say don't write off manufacturing. True, some segments of U.S. industry have been rocked by foreign competition and the recession in recent years. Yet, despite heavy losses of industrial jobs during the recession, manufacturing employment is higher now than it was in the early 1970s. Nearly 20 million Americans work in manufacturing. Manufacturing jobs are expected to remain at a record high during the 1980s.

The weaknesses of smokestack America are real enough. But they shouldn't be magnified beyond reality. Neither should they be dismissed. They should be corrected. That's what companies are doing when they invest record amounts in new plants and modern equipment to improve product quality, productivity, and competitiveness.

Manufacturing companies also are investing heavily in research and development—not only to create new and improved products, but to find ways to design and make them more efficiently. New technologies are helping manufacturing employees to use their talents to the fullest—in the office and factory.

More productive workers are

generating output that's higher than ever. The U.S. industrial production index for manufacturing, which measures the total volume of goods produced, set a record of 165.0 in 1984—up from the previous high of 153.6 in 1979 and far above the 1967 base index of 100. American merchandise exports, after declining during the recession, increased last year and are expected to continue increasing this year, next year, and the years beyond.

The need to carry on these improvements is real. So are the dangers if American industry falters. A revitalized manufacturing company can provide stimulating and challenging jobs. By becoming more productive, such a company can enable more people to work at providing the kind of services—education, health care, travel, and entertainment—that only a thriving society can afford.

Manufacturing and services are mutually dependent. Healthy manufacturing companies support the growth of service industries like banking, insurance, finance, utilities, transportation, communication, and software. Efficient services help U.S. manufacturers compete effectively in international trade.

The continued improvement of America's manufacturing sector means a high standard of living and a strong national defense for a long time to come.





## HARPER'S INDEX

Number of the 3,010 terrorist attacks worldwide in 1985 that involved Americans: 99

Rank of the Soviet Union, South Africa, and the United States in per capita prison population: 1, 2, 3

Amount the United States spent in 1985 on radio broadcasts to Fastern Europe and the Soviet Union: \$146,559,000

Estimated amount the Soviet Union spent trying to jam those broadcasts: \$300,000,000

Percentage of TV shows broadcast in Nicaragua that are made in the United States: 30

Value of Central America's exports in 1980: \$7,515,000,000

In 1984: \$4,915,000,000

Amount of money Japan invests overseas each month : \$7,000,000,000

Percentage of all corporate-bond debt issued in 1978 that was rated "A" or better: 81

Percentage issued in 1985 that was : 64

Portion of Yale's 1985 class that applied for jobs at First Boston: 1/3

Percentage by which prices for Nazi memorabilia appreciate annually : 20

Percentage change in the buying power of the minimum wage since 1981 : -26

Percentage increase in cases of tuberculosis in New York City in 1985: 14

Chances that an American Indian will die before the age of 45: 1 in 3

Average weight of a Chinese man's testicles (in grams): 19.01

Of a Dane's : 42

Percentage of babies born to married American women in 1965 that were unwanted : 20.5

Today: 6.8

Abortions per 1,000 live births in New York City: 852 (see page 39)

Ratio of male to female ulcer patients in the United States in 1966: 20 to 1

Today: 2 to 1

Chances that a woman earns more than her husband: 1 in 5

Number of jobs the average worker has held by age 40:8

Number of homes the average person lives in over a lifetime : 30

Chances that a man has spent a night in jail: 1 in 5

Number of countries whose independence day is in July: 15

Members of the Descendants of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence: 907

Percentage of Americans who say that France is not a reliable ally: 54

Rank of Ronald Reagan, among all foreign leaders, in popularity among the French: 1

Tourists who visited the Kennedy Library last year : 252,617

Who visited the Johnson Library: 402,768

Number of Pontiacs in Pontiac, Michigan: 3,723

Number of tombstones in Tombstone, Arizona: 792

People on the waiting list to witness an execution in Florida: 40

Percentage of Iowans who say they did not try to see Halley's Comet: 74

Percentage of people who say they refuse to take part in market-research surveys: 38

Number of patented life forms: 374

Number of eunuchs in India : 50,000

Pairs of socks received as gifts by Vice President George Bush: 48

Figures cited are the latest available as of May 1986. Sources are listed on page 76.

though it was not always an exact racial designation. To be Spanish meant that one had money or the memory of money or pretense to money. Spanish meant land. Today's term is *Hispanic*. It signals a movement out of the barrio, the wider view taken. The smart coinage. The adjective that fits an emerging middle class of business executives and lawyers and and writers like me.

But you have to wonder how far the term will take us. For the middle-class Mexican-American, intermarriage outside the group has long been possible; it is common today. At the very moment of our numerical celebrity, we may be about to disappear into the melting pot. *Hispanic*, as our middle-class label, may turn out to be an ironic badge of influence that signals, in but another generation, our political decline.

My youngest nephew stares at me with dark eyes. He has blond hair. I think it is Mexico I see in his eyes, the unfathomable regard of the past, while ahead of him stretches Sesame Street. What will he think of his past, except to know that he has several? What will he know of Mexico, except to know that his ancestors lived on land he will never inherit? What Mexico bequeaths to him passes silently through his heart, something to take with him as he disappears into America.

#### THE PORN WARS

The Federal Campaign—Earlier this year, twenty-two companies, including CBS, RCA, Time Inc., and the Southland Corporation, received the following letter from the executive director of the Justice Department's commission on pornography. In April, the Southland Corporation announced that all of its 7-Eleven stores would discontinue sales of Penthouse, Playboy, and Forum magazines. The testimony referred to in the letter was given by the Reverend Donald Wildmon, executive director of the National Federation for Decency, in Tupelo, Mississippi.

Authorized Representative:

The Attorney General's Commission on Pornography has held six hearings across the United States during the past seven months on issues related to pornography. During the hearing in Los Angeles, in October 1985, the commission received testimony alleging that your company is involved in the sale or distribution of pornography. The commission has determined that it would be appropriate to allow your company an opportunity to respond to the allegations prior to drafting its final report section on identified distributors.

You will find a copy of the relevant testimony enclosed herewith. Please review the allegations and advise the commission on or before March 3, 1986, if you disagree with the statements enclosed. Failure to respond will necessarily be accepted as an indication of no objection.

Please call Ms. Genny McSweeney, Attorney, at (202) 724-7837 if you have any questions.

Thank you for your assistance.

Truly yours,

Alan E. Sears Executive Director

The Grass-Roots Campaign — From "Pornography Causes Murder," by Billy Burden, in the February issue of the Liberty Report, a publication of the Liberty Federation (formerly the Moral Majority). According to an editor's note, this is a "dramatization" based on information in a recent FBI Law Enforcement Bulletin.

ne night on his way home from work, Eddy stopped by a convenience store to buy some lunch meat and a loaf of bread. Patty Sue was out of town with her parents. Eddy decided to buy one of those "girly" magazines.

Eddy says that he still remembers that night like it was yesterday, because he remembers how guilty he felt buying that magazine and how shocked he was when he got home and saw what was in it. He thought it would be some pictures of nude women. Instead, to his surprise, between the covers of that magazine were not just nude women, but nude women in chains with other women beating them with whips and a lot of other "weird things" that Eddy had never seen before.

Then, almost as if something was forcing him to do so, Eddy found himself stopping by that same convenience store quite often on his way home. While he changed clothes and got ready to pick up Patty Sue, he would look through his latest purchase and get himself "hopped up" on what was to become the seed that would one day produce a PORNOMANIAC.

Actually, Eddy was a nice kid. He really was. So was Patty Sue. Eddy didn't mean to harm anyone, but he soon found himself asking Patty Sue to do "weird things," even though he knew he should not be asking those kinds of things of her. But he couldn't seem to keep from it. It wasn't long before Patty Sue decided that she had better stop seeing Eddy, and she did.

Patty Sue and Eddy were only nineteen back then. That was ten years ago. Today, Eddy is twenty-nine. During the past ten years, Eddy

488-391482. Bach indenburg Concertos, 16 (complete) - Kapp. nd (Counts as 2-CBS Masterworks) 3251 Bach: Goldberg riations – Glenn Gould gita - CBS Masterworks)

3647. Bach. Unaccom-nied Celio Suites 1, 2 rtormed by Yo-Yo Ma ta – CBS Masterworks)

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3178. A Bach Celebran. Christopher Parken-i plays music from Bach ntatas (Digitai—Angel)

5983. Bach: Organ isterpieces Toccata & que no Minor etc. A wman (Sine Qua Non)

2329 Bartok: Miraculous indarin (complete ballet)
isic for Strings, Percusn & Celesta – Dorati
'roit Sym (Digita – London)

8004-398008. Beethoven ino Sonatas -- Moonlight passionata, Tempest, 3 are A. Brendel (Counts 2-Vox Cum Laude)

5075 Beethoven: rertures—Coriolan, : Tennstedt, London (Digital—Angel)

1570. Beethoven: Symony No. 5; Schubert: mph. No. 8 (Unfinished) Maazel Vienna Philhar grta — CBS Masterworks)

2874. Beethoven: mphony No. 9 (Choral) Drmandy and the Phila-Iphia Orch. (Columbia) 1982-391987. Beethoven:

natas for Piano & Violin, I. I – Eugene Istomin & ac Stern (Counts as 2— 3 to – CBS Masterworks)

5547. Berlioz mphonie Fantastiquerenboim, Berlin Phil gita —CBS Masterworks)

3293. Bolling: Suite For ite and Jazz Piano— impal, Bolling (Columbia)

3145. Bolling: Original atime—the composer at gtime—the c

4243. Brahms: Piano ncerto No. 1—Weissen-ing, Muti, Philadelphia ch (Digital—Angel)

12668. Brahms: Sym nony No. 1—Tennstedt and (Digital—Angel) 341107. Brahms: Double Concerto—Menuhin, violin Tortelier, cello, Berglund

339374 Chopin: Pigno Concerto No 2; Schu-mann: Plano Concerto Andras Schiff, Dorati Amsterdam Concertge

343152-393157. Chopin: Nocturnes—Abbey Simor at the piano (Counts as 2 —Vox Cum Laude)

335679. Debussy: La Mer; Nocturnes—Andre Previncond. London Symphony (Digital-Angel)

340182. Glass, Philip: Mishima The Both 323543. Handel Royal Fireworks Music; Oboe Concertos—Munchinge

341214. Haydn: Symphony No. 100 (Military), No. 104 (London)—Hogwood, cond Digital-L'Oiseau-Lyre)

321190. Liszt: Hungarian Rhapsodies 1 & 4, more web. and (Angel) 334508. Mahler:

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338723. Mozart: Requiem 11 45 11 14 4 Music . I'm Wiseou Lyre

332114. Mussorgsky: Pictures At An Exhibition; Borodin: Polovisian Dances Ashkenazy Philharmonia rch (Para London)

338228. Offenbach: Gaite Parisienne: Gounod: "Faust" Ballet Music Dutoit, Orch. symphonique Montreal (Digital—London)

339663. Pachelbel: Kanon —also Bach, Albinoni, etc Munchinger, Stuttgart Chamber (Digital-

341735 Rimsky-Korsakov. Scheherazadeoutoit, Montreal Symphony

341677. Schubert: Symphonies 2 & 8 (Unfinished)
Liametharentional and
the Berlin Philharmonic
(Digital—CBS Masterworks)

339358. Schubert: Trout Quintel - Andras Schiff piano: Alois Posch: Hagen Quartet (*Digital* - London)

341610. Strauss, Richard: Der Rosenkavalier Suite; Die Frau Ohne Schaffen Dorati. Detroit Symphony Orch. (Digital-London)

343715. Vivaldi: Four Seasons—Maazel, members Orch National de France (Digital—CBS Masterworks)

323147. Wagner: Orchestral Music from "The Ring" — Sir Georg Solti, Chicago Sym. (Digital—London)

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Pachelbel, Gabrieli, etc.
(Digital—CBS Masterworks)

341602. Jose Carreras— French Opera Arias. Arias from Le Cid, Faust, Carmen etc. (Digital—Angel)

337279. Placido Domingo -Save Your Nights For Me. Love Came For Me, Maria; etc. (CBS)

246843, Vladimir Horowitz New Recordings Of Chopin. (Columbia)

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has bought a lot of "girly" magazines. He has bought a lot of pornographic videos. He has seen a lot of so-called "adult movies." During the past ten years, Eddy has seen a lot of "weird" things, and he has even "acted out" many of the things he has seen.

Last night, across the street from where eightyear-old Mary Lynn lived, they found Ginger, her Cabbage Patch doll. It was in the park where

[Guidelines]

#### TELLING RIGHT FROM LEFT AND OTHER SURGICAL WORRIES

From the January issue of Copiscope, a newsletter on "risk management" for surgeons.

#### ALL SURGEONS:

If there are two of what you are operating on, e.g., arms, legs, eyes, ears, lungs, hernias, etc., you can do the wrong one. Suggestion: insist on agreement among five things on the chart before asking for the scalpel:

- 1. Your admit note
- 2. Nurse admit note
- 3. X-rays (or report)
- 4. Insist that your anesthesiologists ask the patient, "Which side is it?" Have them record the side in the chart.
- 5. Have circulating nurse ask the same question and write the same note.

If all five don't agree on the same side, stop the surgery.

#### THORACIC SURGEONS:

Posterior sulcus tumors of the chest may contain the spinal cord!

#### **OBSTETRICIANS AND FAMILY PRACTITIONERS:**

Would a mattress on the floor beneath the delivery table be troublesome? The occasional baby fall might be softened. There are probably other solutions.

#### ALL PHYSICIANS:

Tetanus toxoid and certain types of insulin are similarly bottled and labeled. We are aware of three instances of tetanus toxoid ordered and fifty to a hundred units of regular insulin administered. The resultant problems are disconcerting, to say the least.

she had taken Ginger so they could swing together in the same swing where Mary Lynn had swung so many times without a Cabbage Patch doll. But last night, Mary Lynn did not return home.

When her parents could not find her, they called the police. A search was organized. They hunted throughout the night, but they did not find Mary Lynn until this morning. Then, at seven o'clock, five blocks from where they had found Ginger, they found Mary Lynn in a ditch with a piece of tin thrown over her lifeless little

Mary Lynn's clothes had been torn off. She had been raped. An obscene word had been carved on her little stomach, and now she was dead. She will never see another Christmas. She will never hold her little Ginger again. Why? Because she was raped and murdered by a young man who, in ten short years, had become a POR-NOMANIAC. His name? Eddy!

Today, thanks to pornography, America is faced with an epidemic of incest, molestation, mutilation—and a new thing called LUST MURDER.

What I would like to ask John P. Thompson, chairman of the board of the Southland Corporation, whose 7-Eleven stores are currently one of the biggest-if not the biggest-retailers of pornography, and those heading up other firms that peddle pornography, is this:

"Would you really like your Patty Sue to go out with an Eddy after he had gotten himself 'hopped up' on pornography purchased at one of your stores? Would you want your little Mary Lynn to be in a park when that same Eddy is there?"

[Essay]

#### REAGAN'S CRACKPOT **MORALISM**

Adapted from "Crackpot Moralism, Neo-Realism, and U.S. Foreign Policy," by Alan Wolfe, in the Spring issue of World Policy Journal. Wolfe is a professor of sociology at Queens College and the Graduate Center of the City University of New York.

he Reagan Administration and its neoconservative supporters have done much to break down the formerly neat categories of left and right. On questions of diplomacy and international relations, it is no longer clear what positions a self-proclaimed liberal or conservative will take. If Woodrow Wilson's idealism defines



From The Finale of the World History, by Alexander Kosolapov. From Sots Art, an exhibition of work by Russian émigré artists at New York's New Museum this spring. Sots Art is the name taken by a group of Soviet artists whose work explores the iconography of traditional socialist realism. The show will travel to the Glenbow Museum in Calgary.

a foreign-policy liberal, then Ronald Reagan should switch political parties. Contrary to what one might expect, President Reagan sounds exactly like Wilson when he speaks about freedom and democracy for the people of Central America. This confusion applies to members of his Administration as well. Undersecretary of Defense Fred Iklé criticizes nuclear deterrence as immoral; Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger embarrasses Realpolitik conservatives with his emotional talk of America's ideological mission against communism; and Secretary of State George Shultz, declaring that "democracy and freedom are the wave of the future," enumerates the ways the United States can aid "democratic forces" around the world.

On a number of key issues, of course, Reagan's foreign policy does not belong to a liberal tradition. For example, the White House has done its best to undermine the World Court and the United Nations. Yet Wilsonian rhetoric will not die. Reagan strongly believes in free trade, even to the point of domestic disadvantage. And his Administration is helping to perpetuate the idea that America is the moral exception in a world of power-brokering states. Reagan has

unqualifiedly embraced the Wilsonian mission of making the world safe for democracy, down to the smallest states in Central America. He has adopted the liberal language of anticolonialism—applying it, of course, to the Soviet Union and its colonies. Reagan has even adopted the single most discredited rallying cry of an earlier liberalism: unilateral disarmament. His dreams of world peace are almost shamefully idealistic (read, for example, his statements about his hopes for Star Wars). Finally, the President, whose command of global realities is not considered his strong point, does know one thing: the Yalta agreements were immoral. Not for Ronald Reagan the balance-of-power realism that divides the world into blocs.

Traditionally, a conservative foreign policy has accepted the necessity of power blocs. *Real-politik* works with what exists, not with what should exist. That is why Reagan is not a conservative. Both the conduct of his foreign policy and the neoconservative ideas upon which it is in part based reveal the extent to which contemporary conservatism suffers from the flaws of an earlier liberalism: moralism, isolationism, and policies so bound by ideology that they work

#### [Chart]

#### A TOUT SHEET FOR THIRD WORLD UNREST

From "Dead Dictators and Rioting Mobs." by Richard K. Betts and Samuel P. Huntington. in the Winter 1985/86 issue of International Security. After the article was published, the Harvard Crimson disclosed that the authors' research had been funded by the CIA. Betts and Huntington teach in the government department at Harvard.

Loru	1	) tor	3	4	5	6	7	8	High 9
	Qatar	Benin Bhutan Nepal Oman Rwanda Togo	Haiti Niger North Korea <sup>2</sup> Taiwan <sup>2</sup>	Albania <sup>2</sup> Bahrain Cuba Gabon Ivory Coast <sup>2</sup> Lesotho <sup>2</sup> Libya Malawi <sup>2</sup> Singapore Tanzania Vietnam Zaire	Guyana Jordan Madagascar Mali Paraguay <sup>2</sup>	Chile <sup>2</sup> Gambia Indonesia Sierra Leone <sup>2</sup> Syria <sup>2</sup>	Philippines <sup>2</sup> Somalia Sudan Zambia	Burma <sup>2</sup> Morocco	Tunisia <sup>2</sup>

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Rankings determined by a composite "point" system. For previous instability and level of social organization, countries were assigned three points for "extensive" or "high," two for "moderate" or "medium," one for "limited" or "low," and zero for "none" or "negligible"; for duration in power, three points for 25 years or more, two for 20–24, one for 15–19, zero for 10–14. Total points were added to provide overall ranking.

The chart shows the authors' estimate of the likelihood that the death of the dictator in each of these countries will lead to "significant instability." Estimates are based on the level of previous instability, the degree of social development, and the direction of ride (the longer a dictator rules, the study found, the greater the chances are of "post-death instability"). In their conclusion, Huntington and Betts write: "Past cases suggest that overall U.S. interests are most likely to suffer if pro-American leaders are overthroun, less likely to suffer if they die naturally in office, and least likely to suffer (insofar as instability is a threat) if they die before decades of endurance in office wear out their welcome. Given the limited possibility and wisdom of U.S. initiatives to affect these situations. American interests will generally be best served if long-standing dictators die in bed, soon."

against the national interest of the state that makes them.

Irving Kristol's essay in the Fall 1985 issue of the National Interest sets forth the underlying assumptions of Ronald Reagan's foreign policy. At one time, Kristol writes, considerations of national interest were of paramount importance but this changed with the onset of the cold war. What matters in this struggle, and what makes it so bitter, is that America has a good ideology and the Soviet Union a bad one. Kristol is so intent on making ideology run the world that he denies there is any question of national interest at all: "For the obvious truth—at least it ought to be obvious—is that the 'national interests' of the Soviet Union and the United States, as conventionally defined, are actually not in radical conflict with one another.'

It is ironic that Kristol's observation comes at this time. Many of my generation and outlook, who came to political awareness during the 1960s and tended to idolize one side in the cold war and condemn the other, have now come to understand that "good" and "bad" are not the best concepts to apply to the behavior of nation-

states. Without wandering off into the amorality of pure balance-of-power theory, we have developed an appreciation for *Realpolitik*. Yet, just as the left has, so to speak, grown up, the right seems to have picked up the way of thinking we have discarded. Only the Soviet-American Friendship Committee would agree with Kristol that geostrategic interests do not divide the United States from the Soviet Union.

To take just one example of the costs imposed by such a dependence on ideology, consider the neoconservative view of the Third World. Like Kristol, Jeane Kirkpatrick, who once helped make Ronald Reagan's foreign policy, believes in the primacy of ideology. "Americans," she noted in a May 1985 speech, "have traditionally affirmed the existence of universal, basic political and civil rights, insisted that the protection of these rights is the very purpose of government, and asserted that people have the right to life, liberty, and property." These ideas, now used to defend U.S. aid to the contras, are part of a larger argument that maintains that if we consider a sovereign government illegitimate, we should seek to replace it—not to counter any

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Death expected in near future due to age (over 65) or known illness.

perceived threat from the Russians but simply to encourage ideological agreement with American principles.

Kirkpatrick's logic underlies the Reagan Administration's perverse attempts to establish similarities between the *contras* and the "freedom fighters" of the American Revolution. Such thinking also provides an ideological gloss to all those efforts around the world—in Central America, in Afghanistan, in Cambodia, in Angola—whereby the Administration hopes to further the cold war by engaging what it sees as Soviet client states in protracted warfare.

Angola may be the clearest case. Here is a "Marxist" government disposed to a realistic policy of cooperation with multinational corporations and, by implication, with the United States. Yet, despite its willingness to play by the rules of global capitalism, Angola is seen by the American right as a crucial ideological challenge. Neoconservative intellectuals and politicians are exerting strong pressure on the Administration to support the Angolan insurgents. Such a policy would jeopardize America's perfectly reasonable relations with Angola. Moreover, it would isolate the United States from its allies and further its identification with an unstable South Africa—all just to make an ideological point.

Another area in which right-wing idealism fails to provide a realistic basis for foreign policy is America's relations with its allies, especially those in Western Europe. Europeans, having experienced the ultimate in this century's fascination with ideological millenarianism, are not comfortable with born-again crusaders in the White House. Europeans favor détente and trade with the Soviet Union because they see their security as more effectively guaranteed by considerations of the balance of power (including Moscow's) than by the justness of abstract principles. The United States can accept this and work to create a stronger alliance based on reciprocity, or it can withdraw into isolationism. The form that this isolationism takes-reluctance to use American power or, more likely, willingness to use power unilaterally, without regard for multilateral consequences—is of course a major issue. But from the standpoint of managing the alliance, either approach could spell disaster.

Ideological purity alone was at the heart of Reagan's bombing of Libya. Since even its supporters recognized that such an act would not achieve its intended purpose of stopping terrorism, force was evidently used for an end more moral—"an eve for an eve"—than pragmatic.

Another major problem with using moralistic idealism as a guide to policy-making is its lack of appreciation for the economic dimension of for-

eign policy. No one could accuse the Reagan Administration of being antibusiness. But the Administration's so-called conservative foreign policy, with its heavy military spending, hostility toward trade agreements with Europe and the Soviet Union, nationalistic currency preferences, and opposition to reducing the debt of the Third World as well as expanding trade with those nations, is a policy capable of producing serious crises in economic growth.

America's postwar foreign policy seems to have reached a turning point: the needs of capitalism now dictate that tensions with socialist states be relaxed, as all European governments have recognized. Capital has become internationalized, and this has circumscribed the autonomy of individual nations (including America). This is a structural feature of modern economies. Yet Washington, presented with a choice between a realistic international economic policy and an ideological foreign policy,

has clearly chosen the latter—despite all its talk of economic revival.

Viven the trouble the Reagan Administration has recognizing what is in the national interest, the results of its policies have not been surprising. For all the President's proud claims that his Administration has made America strong again—confusing, as he often does, reality with the movies—five years of persistent ideological war against the Soviet Union have done little or nothing to further America's national interest; in fact, they have greatly harmed it. America's most important allies are more alienated from Washington than ever; economic tensions are leading to trade rivalries; the Soviet Union now appears the more reasonable superpower when it comes to arms talks; Washington remains isolated on South Africa and the Middle East; and even in its own bailiwick of Latin America, the United States is losing influence as resentment over U.S.-dictated austerity grows. What is more, Reagan's military buildup at all costs-including a burgeoning foreign debt—has weakened America's international economic position, and with it America's influence.

Writing about the foreign-policy intellectuals of an earlier period, C. Wright Mills coined the term "crackpot realists" to describe those who calculated the likely outcome of nuclear war and used mathematical models to develop a nuclear strategy. At the time, there seemed nothing more dangerous than the realist let loose without principles. Now we know better. Ronald Reagan's crackpot moralism makes crackpot realism look almost sane, for the truly dangerous person is the idealist let loose with no sense of the practical consequences of his ideas.

#### [Interview] WALTZING WITH MOLOTOV

From "They," a series of interviews with former Polish Communist Party officials, excerpted in Granta, No. 17. In the early 1980s, Teresa Toranska, a pro-Solidarity journalist, interviewed many of the party leaders who established Poland's new government immediately after World War II. These interviews were published in Poland by the underground press under the title Oni (They). The book will be published next spring by Harper & Row. Jakub Berman was appointed to Poland's ministry of public security in 1945; he also served as the party's chief ideologist. Translated by Agnieszka Kolakowska.

JAKUB BERMAN: Whenever we went to Moscow after the war, Stalin would invite us to supper, followed by a film. Dinner would start late in the evening and last until morning. The food and drink were exquisite. I particularly remember a delicious roast of bear meat. Bierut always sat next to Stalin, and I sat next to Bierut. [Boleslaw Bierut became head of the party in Poland in 1948.] Stalin proposed toasts: the first one to "comrade Bierut," then to "comrade Berman," and although the toast to Bierut was friendly, both were very brief and clearly formal. Then Stalin would put on a record, mostly Georgian music, which he loved. Once, I think it was in 1948, I danced with Molotov [laughter].

TERESA TORANSKA: You mean with Mrs. Molotov?

BERMAN: No, she wasn't there; she'd been sent to a labor camp. I danced with Molotov-it must have been a waltz, or at any rate something simple, because I haven't a clue about how to dance—and I just moved my feet to the rhythm.

TORANSKA: As the woman?

BERMAN: Molotov led; I wouldn't know how. He wasn't a bad dancer, actually, and I tried to keep in step with him, but for my part it was more like clowning than dancing.

TORANSKA: What about Stalin, whom did he dance with?

BERMAN: Oh, no, Stalin didn't dance. Stalin turned the gramophone: he treated that as his duty. He never left it. He would put on records and watch.

TORANSKA: He watched you? BERMAN: He watched us dance. TORANSKA: So you had a good time.

BERMAN: Yes, it was pleasant, but with an inner

TORANSKA: You didn't really have fun?

BERMAN: Stalin really had fun. But for us those dancing sessions were good opportunities to say things to each other which we wouldn't have been able to say out loud. That was when Molotov warned me about being infiltrated by various hostile organizations.

TORANSKA: Did he threaten you?

BERMAN: No, it was called a friendly warning. Molotov took the opportunity—or perhaps he'd even arranged it himself, since after all he was the one who asked me to dance—to mention a few things which he thought would be useful to me. I made it clear that I understood, and I didn't say anything in response.

TORANSKA: Were there any women?

BERMAN: No. never. There were never any women to be seen around Stalin. All that was arranged very discreetly, and no one except the people in his closest circle knew about it. Stalin was always very careful that there shouldn't be any gossip about him; he knew gossip could be dangerous, and he wanted to have the image of someone pure and uncorrupted.

TORANSKA: Who were the servants? Soldiers?

BERMAN: When I was there we were always served by normal waitresses. Once one of them—she was quite a tall girl—was serving us tea, and she stood next to us for a moment as she was setting out the dishes. There were three of us around the table, and suddenly Stalin burst out: "What's she listening to?" It gave me a shock, because for the first time I saw Stalin in a different light, as a person who could react with such violent distrust to a waitress: someone who'd been checked thousands of times before being brought into direct contact with him, totally reliable. I thought then that he must be bordering on a pathological state.

I remember another occasion, also very typical of him. It took place near the end of the 1940s. Bierut and I were in Moscow, and in the interval between talks I told Stalin that we wanted to put out an album about the activists in the Polish Communist Party, and include in it the names of Kostrzewa and Warski. [Vera Kostrzewa and Adolf Warski were killed, along with 5,000 Polish communists, when Stalin liquidated the party in the late 1930s.] Stalin accepted the project, and then suddenly started to talk about Vera Kostrzewa in glowing terms:

## HARPER'S INDEX

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Percentage of black hael, school graduates under 25 who are anemployed: 26 8

Percentage of white high-school dropouts under 25 who are unemployed: 26-2

Amount South Africa spends to educate the average white student each year (in rand): 1,385

The average "colored" student: 872

The average black student: 192

Number of lews permitted to emigrate from the Soviet Union in 1979: 51,320

In 1054: 596

Number of Americans who emigrate each year : 100,000

Percentage of New York City children who live below the poverty line : 40

Average age it which American girls began to menstruate in 1900: 14.3

In 1954: 12.0

Percentage of American obsterricians genecologists who have been sued for malpractice: 67

Number of Americans who have been killed on the job by robots: I

Number of Americans currently trozen in the hope of one day coming back to life : 11

Number of Americans holding reservations with Pan Am for a trip to the moon: 90,002

begins and be the effect analiable as of April 1985. Someon are listed on page 74

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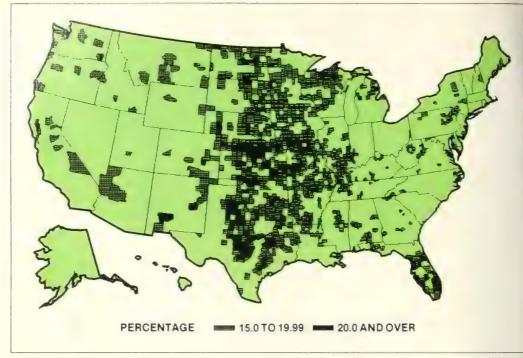
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### THE GRAY BELT



From Aging America: Trends and Projections, a report by the Senate Special Committee on Aging. The map shows the counties across the country in which the elderly (people sixty-five and older) account for at least 15 percent of the population. The committee found that over half of these counties are located in "agricultural areas where the older population has stayed on and the younger generation has moved out."

how she had been such a good communist, so wise and so dedicated to the party. Both Bierut and I were completely taken aback; we couldn't reconcile what Stalin was saying with her death ten years before.

#### [Interview] IN THE GHETTO

From Shielding the Flame: An Intimate Conversation with Dr. Marek Edelman, by Hanna Krall, published by Henry Holt. Edelman is the last surviving leader of the 1943 Warsaw ghetto uprising. Krall is a prominent journalist in Poland, where Shielding the Flame was a best seller. Translated by Joanna Stasinska and Laurence Weschler.

once saw a crowd on Zelazna Street. People on the street were swarming around this barrel—a simple wooden barrel with a Jew on top of it. He was old and short and he had a long beard.

Next to him there were two German officers. (Two beautiful, tall men next to this small, bowed Jew.) And those Germans, tuft by tuft, were chopping off this Jew's long beard with huge tailor's shears, splitting their sides with laughter all the while.

The surrounding crowd was also laughing. Because, objectively, it really was funny: a little man on a wooden barrel with his beard growing shorter by the moment as it disappeared under the tailor's shears. Just like a movie gag.

At the time the ghetto did not yet exist, and one might not have sensed the grim premonition in that scene. After all, nothing really horrible was happening to that Jew: only that it was now possible to put him on a barrel with impunity, that people were beginning to realize that such activity wouldn't be punished and that it provoked laughter.

But you know what?

At that moment I realized that the most important thing on earth was going to be never letting myself be pushed onto the top of that barrel. Never, by anybody. Do you understand?

Everything I was to do later, I would do in or-

der not to let myself get pushed up there.

—Tell me about the flowers. How you get them every year on the anniversary of the uprising, without knowing who they are from. Thirty-two bunches so far.

—Thirty-one. In 1968, I didn't get any flowers.\* I felt bad about that, but already the next year I was getting them again, and I am still getting them up to this day. Once they were marsh marigolds, last year they were roses—always yellow flowers of some sort. They are delivered by a florist without so much as a word.

—I am not sure, Marek, whether we should write about this. I mean, anonymous yellow flowers? It smacks of cheap literature. I must say that kitschy stories somehow seem to stick to you. Those prostitutes, for instance, who would give you a bagel every day. By the way, do you think it would be proper to write that there were

prostitutes in the ghetto?

—I don't know. Probably it wouldn't be. In the ghetto there should only have been martyrs and Joans of Arc, right? But if you want to know, in the bunker on Mila Street there were some prostitutes and even a pimp. A big tattooed guy with huge biceps, who was their boss. They were good, clever, resourceful girls. Our group went to that bunker after our area began to burn. They were all there—Anielewicz, Celina, Lutek, Jurek Wilner—and we were so happy that we were together again. These girls gave us some food, and Guta had Juno cigarettes. That was one of the best days in the ghetto.

When we came back later on and everything had already happened to them—there wasn't any Anielewicz anymore, nor Lutek, nor Jurek Wilner—we found those girls in the basement

next door.

The next day we headed down into the sewers.

Everybody got in. I was the last one, and one of the girls asked whether she could join us in escaping to the Aryan side. And I said no.

So you see.

I only ask you one thing: don't make me ex-

plain today why I said no then.

—You were a nobody before the war. So how did it happen that you became a member of the command group of the Jewish Combat Organization? You were one of five people chosen from among the 300,000 who were still there.

—I wasn't the one who was supposed to be there. It should have been . . . Well, it doesn't matter. Let's call him "Adam." He graduated from military college before the war and took part in the September 1939 campaign and in the

\*In 1968, a power struggle in the Polish Communist Party included an astonishingly virulent anti-Semitic campaign. defense of Modlin. He was famous for his courage. For many years he was a real idol of mine.

One day the two of us were walking together along Leszno Street, there were crowds of people, and all of a sudden some SS men started shooting.

The crowd scrambled away desperately. And so did he.

You know, I had never before suspected that he could be afraid of anything. And there he was, my idol, running away.

Because he was used to always having a weapon by his side: in the military college, in the defense of Warsaw in September, and in Modlin. The others had weapons, but he had a weapon, too, so therefore he could be brave. But when it happened that the others were firing their arms and he couldn't shoot, he became another man.

It all actually happened without a single word, from one day to the next: he simply quit all activity. And when the first meeting of the command group was about to be held, he was useless for participating in it. So I went instead.

He had a girlfriend, Ania. One day they took her to Pawiak Prison—she managed to get out later on—but the day they took her, he broke down completely. He came to see us, leaned his hands on the table, and started telling us that we were all lost, that they would slaughter us all, and that since we were young we should escape to the forest and join the partisans instead of attempting to form an underground in the city.

Nobody interrupted him.

After he'd left, somebody said: "It's because they have taken her away. He has no reason to live anymore. Now he will get killed." Everybody had to have somebody to act for, somebody to be the center of his life. Activity was the only chance for survival. One had to do something, to have somewhere to go.

All this bustle might not have had any importance, because everybody was getting killed anyway, but at least one wasn't just waiting his turn.

I was busy at the Umschlagplatz.\* With the aid of our people in the ghetto police, I was supposed to select out those whom we needed the most at the time. One day I pulled out a guy and a young woman—he had worked in the printing shop, and she had been an excellent liaison officer. They both died soon afterward—he in the uprising, and she by way of a later trip to the Umschlagplatz—but before that he managed to print an underground paper and she managed to distribute this paper.

I know. You want to ask, what sense did it have?

No sense at all. Thanks to that, one wasn't

<sup>\*</sup>The square where transports to the camps were organized.

standing on a barrel. That's all.

There was an emergency room at the Umschlagplatz. Students from the nurses' college worked there—this was, by the way, the only school in the ghetto. Luba Blum was the headmistress, and she made sure that everything was run like a real, first-rate school: snow-white robes, starched caps, perfect discipline. In order to pull somebody out from the lines at the Umschlagplatz, it was necessary to prove to the Germans that the person was seriously ill. They would send sick people home in ambulances: till the last moment, the Germans tried to maintain the illusion that people were leaving in those trains to work, and only a healthy person could work, right? So these girls from the emergency room, these nurses, would break the legs of those people who had to be saved. They would wedge a leg up against a wooden block and then smash it with another block. All this in their shiny white robes of model students.

People who were waiting to be loaded onto the trains were herded together in a school building. They would be taken out floor by floor, so that from the first floor the people would tend to flee up to the second floor, and from the second to the third; but there were only four floors, and on the fourth floor their activity and energy would simply give out, because it was impossible to go any higher. There was a big gym on the fourth floor, and several hundred people would be lying there on the floor. Nobody would stand or walk, nobody would even move. People would just be lying there, apathetic and silent.

There was a niche in this gym. And in this niche one day several Ukrainian guards—six. maybe eight—were raping a young girl. They waited in line and then raped her. After the line was finished, this girl left the niche and walked across the whole gym, stumbling against the reclining people. She was very pale, naked, and bleeding, and she slouched down into a corner. The crowd saw everything, and nobody said a word. Nobody so much as moved, and the silence continued.

—Did you see that yourself, or somebody told vou?

—I saw it. I was standing at the end of the gym and saw everything.

—You were standing in that gym?

—Yes. One day I told Elzbieta about this incident. She asked me, "And you? What did you do then?" "I didn't do anything," I told her. "Anyway," I yelled, "I can see that it's no use talking to you about it. You don't understand a thing!'

—I don't understand why you got so mad. Elzbieta's response was the reaction of any normal person.

—I know. I also know what a normal person is supposed to do in such circumstances. When a woman is being raped, every normal person rushes to her rescue, right?

-If you'd rushed by yourself, they would have killed you. But if you had all gotten up from the floor, all of you could have easily over-

powered those Ukrainians.

-Well, nobody got up. Nobody was capable any longer of getting up from that floor. Those people were capable of only one thing: waiting for the trains. But, why are we talking about it?

—I don't know. You were saying before how

it was necessary to keep busy.

—I was busy at the Umschlagplatz . . . And that girl is still alive, you know?

My word of honor. She is married, has two kids, and is very happy.

-You were busy at the Umschlagplatz . . .

—And one day I selected out Pola Lifszyc. The next day she went to her house and she saw that her mother wasn't there—her mother was already in a column marching toward the Umschlagplatz. Pola ran after this column, she ran after this column from Leszno Street to Stawki—her fiancé gave her a lift in his riksa so that she could catch up—and she made it. At the last minute she managed to merge into the crowd so as to be able to get on the train with her mother.

[Reflection]

#### THE SUSPECT SMILE

From The Temptation to Exist, by E. M. Cioran, published by Seaver Books. Translated from the French by Richard Howard.

Lo discover whether or not a man is prey to madness, you need merely observe his smile. Does it leave you with an impression close to discomfort? Now is your chance for some amateur psychiatry...

We rightly suspect the smile which does not adhere to a person, which seems to come from elsewhere, from another; it does come, in fact, from another, from the madman who lies in wait, preparing, organizing himself before de-

claring himself.

A fugitive light given off by ourselves, our smile lasts as long as it should, without extending beyond the occasion or the pretext which has provoked it. Since it does not linger upon our countenance, it is difficult to notice: it cleaves to a given situation; it is exhausted in the moment. The other smile, the suspect one, When all is said and done, a shoe is neant for walking.
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o make sure your shoes wear well, ands' End uses state-of-the-art echniques in making them. Genuine true welt" construction in tie hoes, and good old-fashioned andsewing in loafers. And uses nly soles and heels that won't wear ut prematurely: rugged Vibram® or some styles, the finest chromeanned leather for others.

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survives the event which gave it birth, lingers, perpetuates itself, cannot disappear. At first it solicits our attention, intrigues us, then vexes, disturbs, and obsesses us. Try as we will to discount or reject it, it regards us, and we regard it. No way of eluding it, of protecting ourselves against its power of insinuation. The impression of malaise it first inspired in us swells, deepens, and turns to terror. But the smile, unable to end, spreads as though detached from, independent of, our interlocutor—a smile-in-itself, a terrifying smile, the mask that could cover any face: our own, for example.

#### [Essav] THE TOE'S HOLD

From Visions of Excess: Selected Writings, 1927-1939, by Georges Bataille, edited by Allan Stoekl and published by the University of Minnesota Press. Translated by Stoekl, with Carl R. Lovitt and Donald M. Leslie.

he big toe is the most human part of the human body, in the sense that no other element of this body is as differentiated from the corresponding element of the anthropoid ape. This is due to the fact that the ape is tree-dwelling, whereas man moves on the earth without clinging to branches, having himself become a tree, in other words, raising himself straight up in the air like a tree, and all the more beautiful for the correctness of his erection.

But whatever the role played in this erection by his foot, man, who has a light head, in other words, a head raised to the heavens and heavenly things, sees his foot as spit, on the pretext that he has it in the mud.

Man's secret horror of his foot is one explanation for the tendency to conceal its length and form as much as possible. Heels of greater or lesser height distract from the foot's low and flat character. Modesty concerning the feet became excessive in the modern era and started to disappear only in the nineteenth century. Salomon Reinach has studied this development in detail in the article entitled "Pieds pudiques." Reinach points to the role of Spain, where women's feet have been the object of the most dreaded anxiety and thus were the cause of crimes. The simple fact of allowing the shod foot to be seen, jutting out from under a skirt, was regarded as indecent. Under no circumstances was it possible to touch the foot of a woman, this liberty being, with one exception, more grave than any other. Of course, the foot of the queen was the object of the most terrifying prohibition. According to Mme D'Aulnoy, the count of Villamediana, in love with Queen Elizabeth, had the idea of starting a fire in order to have the pleasure of carrying her in his arms: "Almost the entire house, worth 100,000 écus, was burned, but he was consoled by the fact that, taking advantage of so favorable an occasion, he took the sovereign in his arms and carried her into a small staircase. He took some liberties there, and, something very much noticed in this country, he even touched her foot. A little page saw it, reported it to the king, and the latter had his revenge by killing the count with a pistol shot."

It is possible to see in these obsessions a progression of modesty that, little by little, has reached the calf, the ankle, and the foot. This explanation, in part well founded, is however not sufficient if one wants to account for the hilarity commonly produced by simply imagining the toes. The play of fantasies and fears is in fact such that fingers have come to signify useful action and firm character, the toes stupor and base idiocy. A given person, ready to call to mind the grandeurs of human history, as when his glance ascends a monument testifying to the grandeur of his nation, is stopped in midflight by an atrocious pain in his big toe: though the most noble of animals, he nevertheless has corns on his feet; in other words, he has feet, and these feet independently lead an ignoble life.

Corns on the feet differ from headaches and toothaches by their baseness, and they are laughable only because of an ignominy explicable by the mud in which feet are found. Since by its physical attitude the human race distances itself as much as it can from terrestrial mud, one can imagine that a toe, always more or less damaged and humiliating, is psychologically analogous to the brutal fall of man. The hideously cadaverous and at the same time loud and proud appearance of the big toe corresponds to this derision and gives a very shrill expression to the disorder of the human body.

If a seductive quality is to be attributed to the big toe, it is evidently not the kind of seductiveness we associate with the taste for elegant and correct forms. On the contrary, if one considers, for example, the case of the count of Villamediana, one can affirm that the pleasure he gained from touching the queen's foot specifically derived from the ugliness and infection represented by the baseness of the foot in general. Thus, even supposing that the queen's foot was perfectly pretty, it still derived its sacrilegious charm from deformed and muddy feet. Since a queen is a priori a more ideal and ethereal being than any other, it was human to the point of laceration to touch what in fact was not very different from the stinking foot of a thug. Here one

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submits to a seduction radically opposed to that caused by light and ideal beauty.

The meaning of this article lies in its insistence on a direct and explicit questioning of seductiveness, without taking into account poetic concoctions that are, ultimately, nothing but a diversion. A return to reality does not imply any new acceptances, but means that one is seduced in a base manner, without transpositions and to the point of screaming, opening one's eyes wide: opening them wide, then, before a big toe.

#### [Essay] A GENEALOGY OF THE CHAIR

From Home: A Short History of an Idea, by Witold Rybczynski, published this month by Viking. Rybczynski is a professor of architecture at McGill University.

ifferences in posture, like differences in eating utensils (knife and fork, chopsticks, or fingers, for example), divide the world as profoundly as political boundaries. Regarding posture, there are two camps: the sitters-up-the

#### [Reflection] GENEROUS SPIRIT

From Unattainable Earth, a new collection of poems and other writings, by Czeslaw Milosz, published by the Ecco Press. Milosz received the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1980. Translated by the author and Robert Hass.

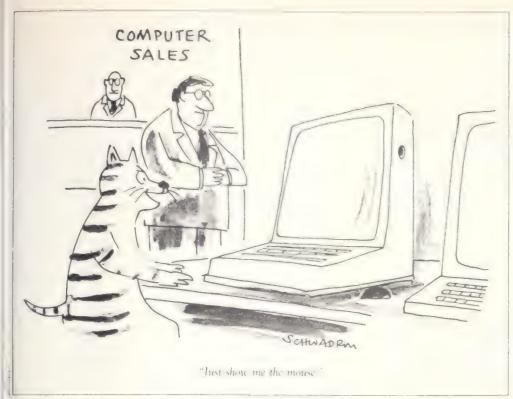
young man of unspeakable ugliness was sitting in a barber's chair. His face, long, pale, sheeplike, was covered with bleeding pimples. The scissors were cutting gobbets of his yellow hair. I felt such disgust that the thought of finding myself soon in the same armchair and of submitting myself to the same scissors was unbearable to me. In this way I caught myself once more in my repugnance for the majority of the human tribe, and, underneath that, was my attraction to the species opposed to them, the species of the good-looking, among whom, obviously, I counted myself.

so-called Western world—and the squatters everyone else. (This bipartite division has been remarkably consistent. There is only one civilization in which sitting and squatting coexisted: ancient China.) Although there is no iron curtain separating the two sides, neither feels comfortable in the position of the other. When I eat with Oriental friends I soon feel awkward sitting on the floor, my back unsupported, my legs numb. But squatters don't like sitting up either. An Indian household may have a dining room with table and chairs, but when the family relaxes during the hot afternoon, parents and children sit together on the floor.

Why have certain cultures adopted a sittingup posture when others have not? There seems to be no satisfactory answer to this apparently simple question. It is tempting to suggest that furniture was developed as a functional response to cold floors, and it is true that most of the squatting world is in the tropics. But the originators of sitting furniture—the Mesopotamians, the Egyptians, and the Greeks-all lived in warm climates. And to complicate matters further, the Koreans and the Japanese, who do live in cold countries, never felt the need to develop furniture and managed with heated platforms instead.

It is certainly true that people who are used to squatting feel physically at ease doing so, while people who are used to chairs will soon feel tired and uncomfortable squatting, but this cannot be explained by differences in human biology. It is true that Japanese are generally smaller than Europeans, but black Africans, who also squat, are not. Sitting on the ground with spine erect may be good for the body, but there is no evidence that sitting cultures such as the ancient (and athletic) Greeks developed chairs because of laziness or physical infirmity.

Perhaps sitting and squatting can be explained only as a matter of taste. In that case, according to Bernard Rudofsky, an irascible critic of modern civilization, the Western preference for sitting is yet another example of its wrongheadedness. His criticism of furniture is based on the Rousseauish assumption that since all that is needed for sitting, or lying, is the ground, chairs and beds are unnecessary, unnatural, and hence inferior. The notion that what is natural must be better than what is not requires a precarious leap in reasoning, but for all that it carries great weight with the American public. It is a shallow conceit. A little reflection shows that all human culture is artificial, cooking no less than music, furniture no less than painting. Why prepare time-consuming sauces when a raw fruit will suffice? Why paint pictures when looking at nature is satisfying? Why sit up when you can squat?



From Punch, the English weekly.

The answer is that "unnatural" things make life richer, more interesting, and more pleasurable. Of course furniture is unnatural; it is an artifact. Sitting is artificial, and like other artificial activities, although less obviously than cooking, making music, or painting, it introduces art into living. We eat pasta or play the piano—or sit upright—out of choice, not out of need. This should be emphasized, for so much has been written about the practicality and functionality of (particularly modern) furniture that it is easy to forget that tables and chairs, unlike, for example, refrigerators and washing machines, are a refinement, not a

necessity.

hen a person sits on the ground, he is neither comfortable nor uncomfortable. Naturally, sharp stones and unpleasant obstructions are avoided, but otherwise one flat surface is pretty much like another. Squatting is natural; that is why a person who squats considers neither how to sit nor where to sit. This is not to say that squatting is crude; as with other human activities, it may involve etiquette and decorum. The Japanese, for example, never sit on the ground itself, but always on a raised platform. Saudis sit on carpets of stunning beauty. The point is not that this habit is inferior, or less comfortable, but that comfort is not an issue.

Sitting on a chair is another matter. The chair may be too high or too low. It may cut into the back or dig into the thighs. It can put the sitter to sleep, or make him fidget, or leave him with back pain. The chair must be designed to accommodate the posture of the body, and hence raises issues unlike any which face the builder of a carpeted dais or platform. Furniture forces the sitting-up civilization, sooner or later, to consider the question of comfort.

The problem of sitting comfort took many hundreds of years to resolve. The ancient Greeks were the first to consider it, but it was later forgotten or ignored. Historians of furniture inevitably draw our attention to changes in chair design and construction and allow us to forget a more important ingredient: the changes that took place in the sitter. For the main constraint on furniture design was not only technical—how the chair was made—but also cultural—how it was used. The easy chair had to be preceded by the desire for an easy posture.

Sitting comfort is achieved when the body is properly supported; this is not as easy as it sounds. Indeed, it is such a complicated business that what is surprising is not that the Middle Ages forgot how to make comfortable chairs, but rather that the Greeks ever discovered how to make them in the first place. To ensure comfort—that is, a lack of discomfort—the chair

## [Autochrome] 'JEUNE FILLE SUR LA PLAGE'



Jeune Fille sur la Plage (ca. 1925), by Fritz Paneth. From Early Color Photography, edited by the Centre National de la Photographie in Paris, and published by Pantheon. Paneth's autochrome—the name for one of the first color-printing processes—is in the collection of the Royal Photographic Society in Bath, England.

must simultaneously provide for a number of conditions. There must be sufficient padding to prevent pressure on the bones, but not so much that the thighs and buttocks will themselves press up painfully against the pinbones at the base of the pelvis. The front rail of the seat, which is required for structural reasons, must be located lower than the cushion, or it will dig into the thigh. A back support is necessary—the sitter should be held more or less erect. A perfectly vertical back, however, is uncomfortable; the ideal is a slight backward angle, preferably with a curve to accommodate the spine, which is not straight. The angle must not be too great, however, or the sitter will tend to slide

forward. If the body does slump forward, its weight will cease to be carried to the lumbar region, and the chest will be folded against the stomach. This will cause a slight collapse of the lungs, a consequent reduction in oxygen intake, and fatigue.

Here is an explanation of why the world came to be divided into sitters and squatters. The coincidence of all the factors necessary to comfortable sitting is so unlikely, and the probability of awkwardness and discomfort is so great, that it is not hard to imagine that many cultures, having had a try at it, would abandon the effort and wisely resort to sitting on the ground.

## [Monologue] SWIMMING TO

PHILADELPHIA

From Swimming to Cambodia, a monologue performed by Spalding Gray and recently published by the Theater Communications Group.

Whenever I travel, if I have the time, I go by train. Because I like to hang out in the lounge car. I hear such great stories there—fantastic! Perhaps it's because they think they'll never see me again. It's like a big, rolling confessional.

I was on my way to Chicago from New York City when this guy came up to me and said, "Hi, I'm Jack Daniels. Mind if I sit down?"

"No, I'm Spalding Gray, have a seat. What's up, Jack?"

"Oh, nothing much. I'm in the Navy."

"Really? Where are you stationed?"

"Guantánamo Bay."

"Where's that?"

"Cuba."

"Really? What's it like?"

"Oh, we don't get into Cuba, man. It's totally illegal. We go down to the Virgin Islands whenever we want R&R. We get free flights down there."

"What do you do there?"

"Get laid."

"Go to whores?"

"No. I never paid for sex in my life. I get picked up by couples. I like to swing, I mean, I'm into that, you know? Threesomes, triangles, pyramids—there's power in that."

And I could see how he would be picked up. He was cute enough—insidious, but still cute. The only kind of demented thing about him was that his ears hadn't grown. They were like those little pasta shells. It was as if his body had grown

but his ears hadn't caught up yet.

So I said, "Where are you off to?"

"Pittsburgh."

"Pittsburgh, my God. What's up there?"

"My wife."

"Really? How long has it been since you saw her?"

"Oh, about a year."

"I bet she's been doing some swinging herself."

"No, man, I know her. She's got fucking cobwebs growing between her legs. I wouldn't mind watching her get fucked by a guy once—no, I wouldn't mind that at all."

"Well that's quite a trip, coming from Cuba to Pittsburgh."

"No, no. I'm not stationed in Cuba anymore, man. I'm in Philly."

"Oh, well what's going on in Philly?"

"Can't tell you. No way. Top secret."

"Oh, come on, Jack. Top secret in Philadelphia? You can tell me."

"No way."

And he proceeded to have five more rum Cokes and tell me that in Philadelphia he is on a battleship in a waterproof chamber, chained one arm to the wall for five hours a day, next to a green button, with earphones on. I could just see those little ears waiting for orders to fire his rockets from their waterproof silos onto the Russians. He sits there waiting with those earphones on, high on blue-flake cocaine, a new breed from Peru that he loves, because the Navy can't test for cocaine. They can test for marijuana five days after you smoke a joint, but not cocaine. He sits there high on cocaine, chained to the wall, next to the green button, in a water-proof chamber.

"Why waterproof?" I asked. I thought I'd just start with the details and work out from there. I know I could have said, "Why a green button?" but it didn't matter at that point.

"Waterproof, man, because when the ship sinks and I go down to the bottom of the ocean, any ocean, anywhere, I'm still there in my waterproof chamber and I can push that green button, activate my rocket, and it fires out of the waterproof silo and up, up, up it goes. I get a fucking erection every time I think of firing a rocket on those Russians. We're going to win this fucking war. I like the Navy, though. I fucking like the Navy. I get to travel everywhere. I've been to Africa, Sweden, India. I fucking didn't like Africa, though. I don't know why, but black women just don't turn me on."

Now here's a guy, if the women in a country don't turn him on, he misses the entire landscape. It's just one big fuzzball, and he steps through to the other side of the world and comes out in Sweden.

"I fucking love Sweden, man. You get to see real Russkies in Sweden. They're marched in at gunpoint and they're only allowed two beers. We're drinking all the fucking beer we want. We're drunk on our asses, saying, 'Hey, Russkies, what's it like in Moscow this time of year?' And then we pay a couple of Swedish whores to go over and put their heads in the Russkies' laps. You should see those fuckers sweat, man. They are so stupid. We're going to win. We're going to win the fuckin' war. I mean, they are really dumb. They've got liquid fuel in their rockets, they're rusty and they're going to sputter, they're going to pop, they're going to land in our cornfields."

"Wait a minute, Jack. Cornfields? I mean, haven't you read the literature? It's bad enough if they land in the cornfields. We're all doomed."

"No, they're stupid. You won't believe this. The Russians don't even have electro-intercoms in their ships. They still speak through tubes!"

Suddenly I had this enormous fondness for the Russian navy. The whole of Mother Russia. The thought of these men speaking, like innocent children, through empty toilet paper rolls, where you could still hear compassion, doubt, envy, brotherly love, ambivalence, all those human tones coming through the tube.

Jack was very patriotic. I thought it only existed on the covers of *Newsweek* and *Time*. But no, if you take the train from New York to Chicago, there it is against a pumpkin-orange sunset, Three Mile Island. Jack stood up and saluted those three big towers, then sat back down.

Meanwhile, I was trying to make a mild stand. I was trying to talk him out of his ideas. I don't know what my platform was—I mean, he was standing for all of America and I was just concerned for myself at that point. I really felt as if I were looking my death in the face. I'm not making up any of this, I'm really not.

"Jack, Jack," I said, "you don't want to do it. Remember what happened to the guy who dropped the bomb on Hiroshima? He went crazy!"

"That asshole? He was not properly brainwashed. I," he said with great pride, "have been properly brainwashed. Also, there is the nuclear destruct club. Do you think I'm the only one who's going to be pressing that green button? There's a whole bunch of us going to do it."

"Wait, wait, wait. You, all of you, don't want to die, do you? You're going to die if you push that button. Think of all you have to live for." I had to think hard about this one. "The blue-flake cocaine, for instance. Getting picked up by couples. The Swedish whores. Blowing away the cobwebs between your wife's legs. I mean, really."

"No, I'm not going to die. We get 'pubs.'"
Everything was abbreviated, and "pubs"
meant Navy publications that tell them where
to go to avoid radiation. And I could see him
down there, after the rest of us have all been vaporized. He'll be down there in Tasmania or
New Zealand starting this new red-faced, peabrained, small-eared humanoid race. And I
thought, the Mother needs a rest, Mother Earth
needs a long, long rest.

## [Memoir] FISH STORY

From Mountain Blood, by Will Baker, published by the University of Georgia Press. Baker is a professor of English at the University of California at Davis, and the author of several books, including Backward: An Essay on Indians, Time, and Photography.

Il that winter of 1942 we had hunted Jerries and Nips with wooden guns, but now it was June and time to fish. Second grade safely under our belts, I and my best friend, Don Adair, dug two cans of fat worms and hiked to Goose Creek on our own. The stream was roaring back in the canyon, milky and nearly out of its banks. The old man had warned me about this situation: it was spawning season; there wouldn't be many but they might be big.

We worked all afternoon, scrambling through willows, catching clothes and our new gear on branches, wading back and forth across the creek in shallows, our pants chill on goosebump legs. Worm after worm grew pale and spongy in the water, disintegrated or was torn from the sharp steel, bumping along the bottom in the current. We plunged on from one hole to the next, shouting encouragement to each other. Already we were in the peculiar, timeless space that fishermen know. Heat and cold, sun and flies, scratches and sprains—they occur at the perimeter of one's mind. In the still center there is only a pure, excruciating alertness.

I stood on the old two-by-twelve plank that jutted over a deep pool. Farm kids had placed it there for a diving board, weighting the end with a heap of sod. The worm was now threaded on a yellow and red salmon fly—I hoped with this feathered serpent to gain the best of two worlds—and sank quickly. I ignored the small, deceptive tugs caused by the bait tumbling over rocks or submerged roots. At first, in wild anticipation, I had horsed backward and snapped the leader on such snags. But in the course of

the afternoon I had grown sensitive to nuances of shock. Now, all at once, the line tightened, then relaxed, then twitched again. The pull was sharp, purposeful. I reeled in and examined the hook. Bare. I began to shake, but managed to impale one of the four worms I had left.

Careful as a young priest, I repeated my cast, exactly. The writhing pink worm vanished again. Again the quick, hard pull. Something strong and alive signaled through the line. I jerked, and again the hook flashed up, bare and glinting wicked in the sun. I don't know how I breathed, or moved my hands to thread on the next-to-last worm. I knew I had never before felt such waves of lust and anxiety. This time, however, nothing happened. Unbearable as it was, I had to accept the possibility that I had failed. The fish was suspicious, or perhaps gone.

I tried again, and again. Nothing. Then I cast once more, in despair—a despair that brought a moment of insight. If he struck again, I would do nothing. I would wait, crafty. I would feed him, gain his confidence. One worm remained to me, the chance for a final act of treachery.

He struck. My hands were welded to the pole, my eyes squeezed shut. Somehow I quelled the wild bounding of my heart and did not lash back, though every nerve was howling with the desire to do so. After two hard tugs the line went slack; then came a series of twitches, and I saw that the line was moving through the water, upstream, not rapidly but steadily. Tentative, I leaned back a little. The tip of the rod dipped and the line straightened, taut as a wire. The butt of the rod, braced on my belt buckle, kicked me. I uttered some kind of sound and tried to run backward. I fell off the board where it met the bank, one leg plunging into the icy water, the other splayed out on the grass.

Back and forth across the pool the line zipped, thrumming with an energy that short-circuited my own nerves. I could not make my hand turn the pitiful crank of the reel. I staggered to my feet and continued to run backward, raising my arms over my head. Through the dark water now I could see it, a flashing like a broad knife in the sun. I gave a tremendous heave, falling over flat on my back. I heard a slapping in the water, looked and saw the fish, thrashing, bowing its body almost in a circle, seeming to walk on its tail over the pool until it whopped against the bank. With the intense clarity of a dream, I saw the hook separate from its jaw, the line go slack.

On its own momentum the trout went endover-end and flopped onto the bank. There it lay for a moment, the gill covers flaring to reveal, within, combs the color of liver. I fought through loops of line as the thick torpedo body flexed and sprang into the air, bounded and twisted laterally through the grass at the very brink. I ran on my knees, my arms wide for the embrace, and fell upon the trout. My nose was buried in mud, and my knees as well, but in be tween I had trapped that cold, muscular form. The force of it, squirming in the pit of my stomach, was tremendous, as if I had reversed Jonah and swallowed the whale.

The thing was immense. The body was solid, as big as my leg, and the flesh felt hard as a rubber ball. Its jaws gaped fiercely, and the raked teeth, when I ran a finger along them, felt sharp as my father's coping saw. It was also beautiful. On top, the color of a green olive, with flecks of black ink; underneath, pearly white with just a hint of rose; and along the side, small perfect dots of brilliant blue, amber, yellow, and scarlet.

I did not know it at the time, and did not learn it for many years, but this moment—when the trout's life has flared out, leaving the corpse still glowing, changing color from instant to instant—this is a moment of the highest possible understanding, not merely of the art of angling, but of all human endeavor. It is in this moment that one has the chance to know how the needle of sadness and loss will always invade ecstasy, just at its peak.

I screamed, not for salvation from this awful truth, but to summon Don Adair to witness Leviathan.

Don-n-n-n-ee-ee! Don-n-n-ee-EEEE! Lookit!

He burst through the bushes, dead leaves in his hair, sunburned and damp and sullen. One glimpse of his face and I felt myself tipping down a long slide away from the pure and poignant thrill of capture. I jabbered and gesticulated; he wowed and shook his head; we speculated on the dimensions of the fish, all the way up to two feet. But something was wrong, and both of us were quickly subdued. Later in the afternoon he caught his own, smaller but not by much, very respectable. Otherwise, our friendship might not have survived.

The lesson was driven home when we tramped happily back down the highway. A highway, in those days, was a two-lane blacktop usually empty but for the shimmering black pools of mirage. When we passed the Richfield station on the edge of town Mrs. Ross came out onto the concrete, hands on hips, mouth distending. "Floyd!" she hollered. "Floyd, come see what these kids got! Lord amighty!" She asked our ages, though she knew them well enough, told us we were fine little men, such fish and only so high. Shy and proud, we hoisted the dangling bodies, stiffened now in a partial curl. Floyd emerged from the dark cave of the station, wrench in hand, khaki overalls spotted with grease. He regarded us, his wife yammering CHILDREN: FOURTH OF JULY

From The Fire Music, a collection of poems by Liz Rosenberg, published by the University of Pittsburgh Press. Rosenberg received the 1985 Agnes Lynch Stanctt Poetry Prize

They play ferociously to beat the rain—my youngest neighbors shrieking in the yard. "Can you do this?" And Randolph drops into the dirt. His friend goes wild. "Can you do this? Can you do this?" she sings, dragging her bony knees along the dust.

Some wise child's chalked in green on the Giant wall, Don't Eat Stuff Off The Sidewalk.

A music box battle hymn floats out beyond the bells of the ice-cream truck, where a black man sits, crestfallen in the street.

He shifts and rises, music hissing from his phones; on one baroque and twisting skate he glides through dusk.

The ambulance wobbles on its hysterical flute down Main, past Mickey's Blue Heaven where customers line up for the display. One man leans out, his eager hands outstretched. A woman tilts to his embrace, her kerchief sloppy over one shut eye.

In the frame of this blissful honeymoon begins this first extended breath, as the white vein pulses, cracks and flowers in the deep, overhanging sky. The lovers watch the war of lights, believing each other completely happy as now, between the lunatic blasts, they are.

away on one side, eviscerated cars and trucks behind him.

"Pretty nice," he grunted. "Goose Creek?"

"Back of Carlock's."

"Worms?"

"Yeah." We waited, yearning to go on and relate everything, just as it had happened, yet held back by some awkwardness of new, sudden growth. We were about to learn still more about the brotherhood of sportsmen, about how the chase can bring us closer, yet make us aware of the chasms of time and choice that divide us all.

"Shame you let 'em dry out like that," Floyd said, and turned to stride back into his cave.

# [Bagatelle] DELMORE CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA'S EYE

From The Ego Is Always at the Wheel, a collective of the Schwartz edited by Robert Phillips and published by New Directions. Most of these pieces—including the one below—have not been previously published; they were recently discovered among the poet's papers at Yale. Schwartz died in 1966.

he two related problems of photographs and interviews were merged once some time ago, when a new book of mine came out and a national magazine called up and said they wanted to take a new picture of me and also have an interview which they could run with the review of my book, which, as I had already been told, was very favorable. But I was engaged that day, in a way which, though it makes me sheepish, must be confessed. I was going to a double-header between the Giants and the Dodgers and I had been looking forward to it all morning and I did not feel like not going. I suggested to the secretary who was trying to arrange an appointment for photograph and interview that I had an unavoidable doctor's appointment. She seemed both astonished and hurt because, as I later discovered, it was most peculiar, unfriendly, uncooperative (perhaps even un-American?) for anyone to try to dodge any kind of publicity in this national magazine, and she herself felt that I was expressing a certain attitude of disdain toward the great importance of this magazine with which she identified herself and which had a circulation of more than 3 million readers, though most of them could not possibly care very much about what was in my book. She tried to explain to me that no other appointment was possible because the magazine had to go to press before tomorrow, but I was in a hurry to get to the Polo Grounds, and I am afraid that I must have seemed rude to her.

This magazine then secured one of those old Vogue magazine photographs from the publisher of the book, and the next week there I was, false as ever, and handsome as I have never been (thank God, because women don't really like good-looking men). I had to point out to some ironic friends that not only was the photograph taken twelve years before, but also that I had not looked that way even then, it was all the result of the Vogue lighting and the Vogue photographer. I had to say this because some of my

friends, who did not know me back then, seemed to feel sorry for me and seemed to think I had declined very much or aged, becoming stout-faced and heavy-set. So I was remorseful about not having a new photograph taken which would destroy the delusions created and sustained by the old one, and I felt again that I must not permit my passion for major league baseball to interfere so much with other far more important matters.

As a result of this sad experience, I resolved to have my picture taken again at the next inexpensive opportunity, which soon occurred. There was a party for some visiting foreign poets—the Sitwells—and another national magazine decided to take pictures of all the poets who could be induced to come to this party. I went to the party, and there were a great many more important poets than I present; it looked as if my picture would not be taken, which did not trouble me because I was involved in sampling as much of the free and excellent hootch as I could. But then, at the last moment, it turned out that another poet was necessary for the big group photograph, and I was summoned and torn away from my favorable position near the supply of firewater and seated next to a poet [Randall Jarrell] to whom I had written just about a month before. I had had to explain to this excellent poet what I thought was wrong about his new play in verse, and my letter was brief and of necessity unconvincing, I guess, for he began to argue with me. To answer him I had to turn my head away from the camera, thus driving the photographer to distraction, for she kept crying out, begging me not to turn my head. But what could I do when my fellow poet was telling me that my sense of thythm was probably in decline because I'd told him that he had used a form of versification which would hardly sustain itself across the brilliant footlights.

Moved by the pleas of the photographer, I remarked to the poet that I had often been wrong in the criticism of poetry, and perhaps I was wrong again. A certain irony, delightful to me, rose in my voice, and my fellow poet looked very blank, or very stern, and it was then, smiling at my own evasion and reply, that I turned my head and was photographed, looking rather gleeful, I must say. Anyone who sees that picture may think that I am a very cheery person and wonder about the great sorrow which is one of the leading themes of my work. This is the explanation: my fellow poet's stubbornness in the face of criticism, my agility in turning the tables on him, and also the whiskey I had gulped hurriedly just before because I've always felt the truth of the truism that everything good in life is free.

## IS ABORTION THE ISSUE?

hirteen years after Roe v. Wade, the debate over legalized abortion continues. Some Americans view it as an essential right, others as an absolute evil. Many, perhaps most, apparently regard it as an unpleasant reality to which there is no acceptable alternative. The polls, as always, are ambiguous. A majority of Americans believe that abortion should be legal under at least some circumstances; a majority of Americans also believe that abortion can fairly be described as "murder." Perhaps W. H. Auden's lines on the Spanish Civil War convey something of the ambivalent attitude of many Americans toward legalized abortion: "Today the deliberate increase in the chances of death,/The conscious acceptance of guilt in the necessary murder."

But the absence in recent years of any significant shift in public opinion inevitably begs the question: Is the abortion debate still a debate? "Do you ever wonder," the Gallup Organization asked last year, "whether your own position on abortion is the right one or not?" Fifty-five percent answered no. Do our differences go too deep to permit rational discussion or political compromise? *Harper's Magazine* invited a panel of women to discuss the question of legalized abortion—and to speculate on the possibility of finding some common ground.

The following Forum is based on a discussion held at the New School for Social Research in New York City. Judy Woodruff served as moderator.

#### **IUDY WOODRUFF**

is the anchor of the PBS documentary series Frontline and chief Washington correspondent of The MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour.

#### LINDA GORDON

is a professor of history at the University of Wisconsin and author of Woman's Body, Woman's Right: A Social History of Birth Control in America.

#### SIDNEY CALLAHAN

is an associate professor of psychology at Mercy College and co-editor of Abortion: Understanding Differences.

#### ELLEN WILLIS

is a senior editor of the Village Voice and author of Beginning to See the Light: Pieces of a Decade, a collection of essays.

#### ELLEN WILSON FIELDING

is a contributing editor of the Human Life Review and author of An Even Dozen, a collection of essays.

JUDY WOODRUFF: Let's begin by trying to establish the main lines of the abortion debate. What are the fundamental differences between pro-life and pro-choice advocates? Are they primarily ethical? Religious? Legal? Political? Linda Gordon, what is the one thing that most sharply distinguishes your position from that of the pro-lifers?

LINDA GORDON: My overall political outlook. Abortion is a political issue. Indeed, for more than two centuries, reproductive issues have continued to emerge cyclically as social and political problems. Now, I don't deny that individuals may have deeply felt ethical differences over abortion. But the social problem of abortion has always divided people into two political camps, which might reasonably be called proand anti-feminist.

I'm not sure, by the way, that we should spend our time debating the ethical points of abortion. A lot of political principles seem, to the people who hold them, extremely moral and ethical. So when I say "political," I mean simply that issues like abortion have to do with large social questions about who will have power and how power will be distributed. In this case, I'm thinking particularly of questions about what our policy should be toward the family, and what our policy should be in terms of the relations between men and women.

SIDNEY CALLAHAN: What distinguishes my view on abortion from Linda's is that I am a pro-life feminist, and, as a feminist, I think the pro-life

position is better for women. I can't see separating fetal liberation from women's liberation. Ultimately. I think the feminist movement made a serious mistake—politically, morally, and psychologically—by committing itself to a prochoice stance, a stance which in effect pits women against their children.

ELLEN WILLIS: As I see it, "pro-life feminism" is inherently contradictory. Women can never be free and equal unless they have control over their fertility and unless their right to sexual expression is recognized fully. I see the anti-abortion movement as coming out of a traditional Judeo-Christian conception of morality, a patriarchal morality based on the idea that repression is not only morally permissible but necessary, that what keeps the human community functioning is self-sacrifice and guilt. It's a morality that views sexual desire as basically dangerous and antisocial unless it's clearly subordinated to marriage and procreation. My own morality, on the other hand, is anti-patriarchal and anti-authoritarian. I see sexuality as a fundamental force of which procreation is a byproduct, not as a cosmic bribe to get us to reproduce. And support for sexual freedom, by which I mean not only the rejection of traditional patriarchal restrictions but acceptance of the erotic impulse, and one's own erotic impulses, as fundamentally benign and necessary for human happiness, is a very important part of that outlook. So my opposition to the anti-abortion movement is based on an essential philosophical difference of which feminism, crucial as it is, is only a part.

ELLEN WILSON HELDING. I don't see abortion as that kind of issue. I approach the problem specifically from the standpoint of protecting the innocent life of the unborn, and I don't think that "practical" questions of inconvenience or hardship ought to enter into it. That's why having an abortion should not simply be the private decision of the mother. If the mother makes the wrong choice, there are repercussions for the society and for the state as well. The first duty of the state is to protect its citizens, and it is because the decision to have an abortion is so critical, because it affects a human life, that the state has the right to intervene.

CALLAHAN: I think that the ideas of privacy and individual decision, which are so central to the pro-choice position, have been death to the feminist struggle for equality in the work force and in education. Women need social support in our society. But how are they going to get it if their attitude toward pregnancy is based on a cost-benefit analysis? "This baby is my private property," the pro-choice feminists say. "I have the choice to let it live or let it die." But if that's the case, why should a man support a child he doesn't want? And why should the society as a whole provide, say, day care? Or any of the other things that women need?

WILLIS: You're assuming that abortion is a totally selfish, totally individualistic act that has no socially positive meaning and is completely at odds with any kind of communitarian concern for children once they're born. I don't accept that at all. I see the right to have wanted pregnancies as part of a larger social transformation that entails a very different idea of how to deal with these problems.

GORDON: The ironic thing here, Sidney, is that the people who *oppose* abortion rights are in fact the people most firmly associated with what you call an individualistic attitude. Opponents of abortion rights are more likely to be against welfare, to support a military buildup, and to accept all of the political and economic implications of capitalism. It's the people who *support* abortion rights who are more likely to accept the communitarian philosophy you advocate. And it's been that way, I might add, since the late eighteenth century.

CALLAHAN: Yes, there are many right-to-life supporters who are like that. But it doesn't have to be that way, and it shouldn't necessarily be that way. A historical accident brought abortion rights and feminism together.

WILLIS: That's not true. Your point of view implic-

itly devalues individual freedom in favor of a particular notion of community or collectivity. Certainly abortion is a social issue. It's not simply the business of the individual. But I also think that in a good society, a community has to be based on certain fundamental individual rights. Feminism, more than any other political movement, has consistently stood up for extending to women what were once very radical ideas about individual freedom.

CALLAHAN: But the fetus is an individual, too.

GORDON: This is why I call abortion a political problem rather than an ethical one. Abstract ethical arguments over when life begins are not illuminating. They inevitably become moralistic—and they inevitably carry the implication that people who support abortion are less moral than other people. Pro-choice advocates feel equally strongly that women's reproductive freedom is a moral issue.

FIELDING: It doesn't matter whether or not it's illuminating. You have to talk about when life begins. If you're pro-choice, either you don't think the unborn is a human being or you don't think its right to life should prevail over other considerations. These things have to be discussed. They're at the center of the dispute. We can talk all day about things like women's empowerment or communitarian versus individual rights, but it's not going to get us anywhere if we're carefully covering up what we think about the fetus.

GORDON: That kind of thinking—the idea that either a fetus is a human life or it is not—is exactly what I'm objecting to. What I'm suggesting is that a better way to understand this problem is to start by saying that life is a continuum. There is life in a stalk of grass, in an animal, in a cell. People, not God, attribute life to citizens. If we don't accept that premise, then we're arguing over essentially religious points of view. I can understand that there are people who think about it in that way, but within the context of a society without an established church, we have to assume that decisions about such matters should be made by the community—and that there are no absolutes.

FIELDING: A state either allows or doesn't allow abortion. That's an absolute.

GORDON: That's not true. Generally, there are all kinds of intermediate positions.

FIELDING: But it allows it in this case or that. This pregnant woman either can or cannot have an abortion. You may be talking about contin-

uums, but vou're also talking about the arguments on which the state makes its decisions.

CALLAHAN: Yes, let's look more closely at this idea of life as a continuum. No infant has a sense of self, no child engages in rational decision-making until about the age of two. In that sense, no infant is a person.

WILLIS: You've never met my daughter!

CALLAHAN: Well, perhaps one is a "person" for only a very brief period of time in one's life. Many philosophers interested in the meaning of "personhood" have set the standards for eligibility so high that half the human race couldn't meet them for half of its waking hours. Perhaps life is a continuum in that sense. But where does the continuum begin? How can you say, for instance, that eight weeks old is more human than seven weeks old?

WILLIS: My problem with this line of argument is that I don't believe your views about fetal personhood really determine your stand on abortion. I do have feelings and intuitions about the moral status of fetal life—I don't call them ideas because I don't think they're subject to rational proof or disproof. For me, a fertilized egg does not have the same moral value as a person. On the other hand, I feel that fetuses have more moral weight as they approach birth. Yet I wouldn't restrict late abortions. The crucial question is, can forced childbearing ever be condoned? It's a question of relative values. If you're going to have a society in which fetal life is absolutely sacrosanct, then women are going to be vulnerable to the biological process of procreation in a way that men are not. There will be no chance of changing society in such a way that women can be free and equal human beings or that both sexes can have sexual freedom. The alternative is subordination and oppression. And the abortion debate is ultimately over the importance of this kind of equality.

A lot of our confusion in talking about sex arises from the fact that the so-called sexual revolution has mostly had to do with lifting some of the traditional restrictions on sexual activity. People's sexual psychology hasn't changed much. So one unfortunate effect of sexual permissiveness has been to allow men for the first time to act out certain kinds of antisocial sexual feelings and fantasies with women of their own class. Many people react to this by saying, "Sexual freedom must be wrong. Traditional morality was right all along. Back to the drawing board." But I don't see it that way at all. With all the imperfections of our present-day attitudes. I'm still a lot better off in terms of the sexual choices I have than women of my mother's generation. I was a lot better off after the sixties than I was before them. What sexual freedom I now have has been very hard-won. I wouldn't give it up for anything.

WOODRUFF: So is it possible to be a feminist and pro-life at the same time?

GORDON: In individual cases, yes. Sidney is certainly a feminist. But her position will continue to be marginal in terms of the right-to-life movement as a whole. The right-to-life position emerged out of a fundamentally conservative, anti-feminist, anti-sexual alarm about certain kinds of changes that are going on in our society. These changes are irreversible. There's no way we're going to get women out of the labor force. There's no way we're going to reduce the number of abortions, even if we make abortion illegal again.

FIELDING: How can you say that we wouldn't significantly reduce the number of abortions performed in the United States by making abortion illegal? Abortion was legalized in 1973, after most of the social changes you've been talking about had already occurred, and the rate immediately skyrocketed. The point is that there is a relationship between law and behavior. The law can be a teacher. Since 1973, the law has taught us that abortion is O.K. If abortion were illegal, the law would be teaching us that it is not O.K. There is an interaction between law and the conscience of a nation.

GORDON: Well, I don't believe that there was any widespread opinion that abortion was not O.K. in 1960—or 1950 or 1890, for that matter. Most people seem to have looked upon breaking the abortion laws in much the same way they look upon getting a parking ticket.

What is even more significant, though, is the fact that the right-to-life movement has been against contraception, child care services, child welfare—against the whole array of services that you, Sidney, would certainly agree that women need. We need to think in terms of the larger implications of that kind of social policy.

CALLAHAN: Do you really think legalized abortion is going to get us day care? Legalized abortion trivializes conception and pregnancy.

WILLIS: But do you think criminalizing abortion is going to help us get day care, Sidney? I don't think so. The only way we're going to get all these things is through a women's liberation movement. And you can't have a strong women's liberation movement unless you fight for control of fertility. That's the cornerstone of women's freedom.

FIELDING: You don't stop being a victim until you stop victimizing others. And if you're saying, "It's me or the fetus, so the fetus has to go," then that's just turning around and victimizing somebody else.

CALLAHAN: Are young girls going to feel more selfesteem, more self-confidence, a greater willingness to take on a male-dominated society, simply through having abortions?

GORDON: Let's go back to the remark made earlier about the rise in the number of abortions following Roe v. Wade. It's true that the number of abortions went up, but so did the number of illegitimate children born to teenagers. What's more, an increase in abortions is not necessarily a bad thing—abortion has often been a woman's first step to self-assertion. And as someone who has spent some time counseling teenagers, I can tell you that the issues involved in the rate of teenage pregnancy are issues that involve the overall position of women, particularly very poor and very young women. What's at stake is much more important than the narrower issues of contraception or the legality of abortion.

Legal abortion and free contraceptives are not in themselves the answer—I agree with you there. But teenage pregnancy inevitably exacts great hardship and suffering. And I'm not talking about physical discomforts. I'm talking about never graduating from high school, never getting off welfare, never getting a decent-paying job. Unwanted teenage pregnancies lead to irreversible turns in a life course.

CALLAHAN: But abortion just helps maintain the status quo. It's an easy, quick solution that isn't really going to change the condition of women. Abortion is going to help adolescent girls? Suddenly there's going to be a great change in society's attitudes? We're all going to start caring about these girls just because they can have abortions?

FIELDING: If you see abortion as a solution for teenage girls, then you presumably see it as something that wipes out the pregnancy. Well, it doesn't. The pregnancy happened. That's the critical thing.

GORDON: Why is that?

FIELDING: Because the girl knows that she became pregnant, that she had human life. And if you say to her, "No, it wasn't really life, it never existed," or "Yes, it was life, but you've wiped it

#### How Pregnancies End: Abortions vs. Live Births



The ratio given is the number of abortions per 1,000 live births in each of the fifty states. In New York City there were 852 abortions per 1,000 live births in 1985. (Source: Centers for Disease Control)

### Making the Choice: 1873

San Francisco, December 16, 1872.

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These classified ads appeared on page 3 of the January 5, 1873, San Francisco Chronicle. According to sociologist Kristin Luker, the first two ads are typical of the way in which doctors advertised these services in nineteenth-century America. (Source: Kristin Luker, Abortion & the Politics of Motherhood)

out and can go on from there," then you change her in a harmful way. You give her an unreal way of looking at the world, one which she will carry with her throughout her life.

GORDON: You think a woman is worse off having an abortion and not having to go through a whole pregnancy that she doesn't want and have a child that she doesn't want? You think she's worse off?

FIELDING. Yes. And I'm not just talking in terms of pain and suffering. I mean worse off intellectually, psychologically, morally.

CALLAHAN: And in relation to men, too. She knows that the man who got her pregnant was not willing to support her child.

WILLIS: Perhaps the man was willing to support her and she didn't want to be supported by him. I totally disagree with what you're saying. I think it is a good thing to have an abortion rather than to have a child that you don't want. Women should feel good about it.

GORDON: What I think is involved here is a question of self-esteem as it affects the moral and emotional growth of women. I reject the dichotomy that women should be nurturing and self-sacrificing and that it's acceptable for men to be self-centered and aggressive. When women are able to be self-assertive, that to me is a step toward moral, emotional, and intellectual growth. When I had an abortion, that was what it represented to me. I don't see any evidence whatsoever that people who have had abortions are in any way diminished in their nurturing capacities.

FIELDING: That's not what I'm talking about at all.

GORDON: Well, then, what exactly is the "damage" that you're referring to?

FIELDING: The damage, among other things, is that you keep passing over the question of whether or not the unborn child is a human being.

GORDON: I'm not passing over it. I'm merely accepting that you and I can't agree about it.

FIELDING: But that's the point.

GORDON: That's not what you said a while ago. You were talking about damages to the woman who has an abortion, and that's what I want you to explain.

FIELDING: I didn't say that was why the abortion was wrong. Abortion is wrong to begin with. But you're advancing it as a solution to the pregnant teenager's problem.

GORDON: Well, it's a solution to her pregnancy if the pregnancy is part of her problem.

WILLIS. I don't think abortion is the solution to the problem of teenage pregnancy, and neither does Linda. There is a larger crisis, one that has to do with the tensions between feminism and the backlash against it. On the one hand, society is encouraging sexual freedom; on the other hand, it's punishing people for indulging in it and not emotionally preparing them for it. Both women in general and teenagers in particular are caught in the middle. Abortion by itself is obviously not going to solve this crisis. We need a much larger social movement to solve it. The question

is whether legalizing abortion or criminalizing it is more likely to lead toward solving these problems.

WOODRUFF: What about the argument that if abortion is outlawed, only the rich will be able to afford it?

CALLAHAN: The pro-choice position presupposes that the greatest good the poor can have is unrestricted access to abortion. Not only does that devalue pregnancy and maternity and childbearing; it is also a very arrogant way of imposing your values on the poor.

FIELDING: I don't think for a minute that the criminalization of abortion would mean the end of abortion. Indeed, if abortion is criminalized, it will be the babies of the rich who are discriminated against. I mean that quite seriously. They are the ones who will be killed in the greatest numbers. But I don't believe that the only acceptable alternative to discrimination is the indiscriminate abortion of fetuses. You work to have the fewest number of abortions possible.

WILLIS: People have the glib idea that if abortion were illegal, you could always get a safe abortion if you had enough money. Well, that's just not

#### Making the Choice: 1927

"It's really an awfully simple operation, Jig," the man said. "It's not really an operation at all."

The girl looked at the ground the table legs rested on. "I know you wouldn't mind it, Jig. It's really not anything. It's just to let the air in."

The girl did not say anything.

"I'll go with you and I'll stay with you all the time. They just let the air in and then it's all perfectly natural."

"Then what will we do afterward?"

"We'll be fine afterward. Just like we were before."

"What makes you think so?"

"That's the only thing that bothers us. It's the only thing that's made us unhappy."

The girl looked at the bead curtain, put her hand out and took hold of two of the strings of beads.

"And you think then we'll be all right and be happy."

"I know we will. You don't have to be afraid. I've known lots of people that have done it."

"So have I," said the girl. "And afterward

they were all so happy."

"Well," the man said, "if you don't want to you don't have to. I wouldn't have you do it if you didn't want to. But I know it's perfectly simple."

"And you really want to?"

"I think it's the best thing to do. But I don't want you to do it if you don't really want to."

"And if I do it you'll be happy and things will be like they were and you'll love me?"

"I love you now. You know I love you."

"I know. But if I do it, then it will be nice again if I say things are like white elephants, and you'll like it?"

"I'll love it. I love it now but I just can't think about it. You know how I get when I worry."

"If I do it you won't ever worry?"

"I won't worry about that because it's perfectly simple."

"Then I'll do it. Because I don't care about

"What do you mean?"

"I don't care about me."

"Well, I care about you."

"Oh, yes. But I don't care about me. And I'll do it and then everything will be fine."

"I don't want you to do it if you feel that way."

The girl stood up and walked to the end of the station. Across, on the other side, were fields of grain and trees along the banks of the Ebro. Far away, beyond the river, were mountains. The shadow of a cloud moved across the field of grain and she saw the river through the trees....

"You've got to realize," he said, "that I don't want you to do it if you don't want to. I'm perfectly willing to go through with it if it means anything to you."

"Doesn't it mean anything to you? We could

get along."

"Of course it does. But I don't want anybody but you. I don't want any one else. And I know it's perfectly simple."

"Yes, you know it's perfectly simple."

"It's all right for you to say that, but I do know it."

"Would you do something for me now?"

"I'd do anything for you."

"Would you please please please please please please please stop talking?"

—from "Hills Like White Elephants," by Ernest Hemingway true. When you have illegality, you have secrecy, you have unscrupulous people. You can't always get a safe abortion under those conditions. Besides, there are relatively few women who really have their own independent money. This kind of class argument strikes me as a red herring, one which has often been used to devalue abortion as a feminist issue by painting it as a class issue instead.

WOODRUFF: Let's turn to the area of new technology. Scientific changes, better contraceptives, earlier detection of pregnancy—does any of this change the way the debate is framed? Will it make any real difference if we are able to detect pregnancy after, say, one day?

CALLAHAN: I think it will help the pro-life move-

ment. Seeing a sonogram changes a pregnant woman's feeling about what is inside her. And the development of surrogate motherhood has upset many feminists. They worry about the depersonalization and devaluing of women. They talk about the woman as "baby machine"—well, surrogate motherhood makes women into real baby machines.

GORDON: Historically, technology has tended to follow social need and social demand. The development of hormonal birth control, for example, followed an enormous demand which had outstripped the methods that were then available. I think the same is true of abortion, and that's one of the reasons why I don't think criminalization would lead to a rapid drop in abortion rates. Economic conditions today are such

#### Abortion: The Spectrum of Opinion, 1985

Any woman who is three months pregnant or less should have the right to decide, with her doctor's advice, whether or not she wants to have an abortion. (Harris, January)

Many unwanted children end up being subject to child abuse, and it's a mistake to force unwanted children to be born. (Harris, January)

I oppose a constitutional amendment to ban abortions. (Harris, January)

I oppose making abortions illegal. (Yankelovich, July)

Time has proved that the Supreme Court did the right thing when it legalized abortion. (ABC News, January)

There should not be a constitutional amendment banning abortion. (ABC News, January)

A woman should be able to get an abortion if she decides she wants one, no matter what the reason. (ABC News, January)

I am in favor of allowing women to have abortions. (L.A. Times, February)

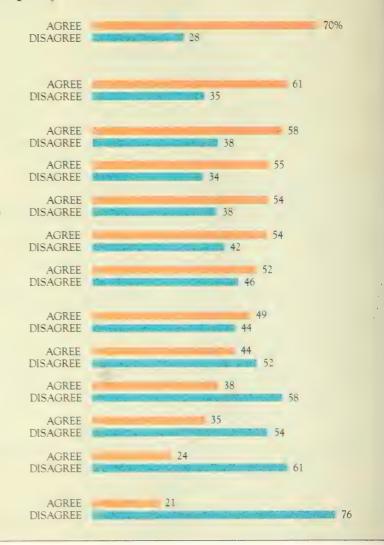
To perform an abortion is not the equivalent of murder. (Harris, January)

Abortion should be legal, as it is now. (CBS News/ New York Times, November)

Abortion is not murder because the fetus isn't really a person. (CBS News /New York Times, November)

If I had a fifteen-year-old unmarried daughter who told me she had recently become pregnant, I would advise her to have an abortion. (ABC News, January)

I think abortion should be legal in all circumstances. (Gallup, January)



that women have a greater need than ever be fore to control their fertility.

But one unexpected and disturbing development that has arisen from the new reproductive technologies is the appearance of complicated and exceptional cases that distract us from the general policy issues. For example, an embryo is created in a Petri dish and then the couple splits up. She wants the embryo destroyed. He wants a chance to have it implanted in another woman, arguing that it has a right to life.

Lawyers have to worry about these problems, I know, but I'm more interested in the general social policy that is going to affect the masses of people in this country. By and large, it seems to me that the best way to protect fetuses is to give the mother total control. On average, women have proved to be the best custodians of their own pregnancies. My moral position is that contraception is better than abortion, that the earlier you interfere with pregnancy, the better. But as a matter of state policy, the only reasonable compromise position is that until a child is born, the woman in whom that fetus is living should be able to control it.

WILLIS: How far do you go? Do you throw a woman in jail in order to protect her fetus? And if a fetus is considered a full human being, why stop at its right to life? What about its right to health? Or optimum nutrition? I think it leads in the direction of totalitarianism to have a social policy which monitors or regulates the behavior of pregnant women on their fetuses' behalf. And I see no middle ground. If you have one, let's hear it.

WOODRUFF: Well, is there any common ground here? Is any compromise possible? Or are we too distant, too separated in our initial assumptions?

GORDON: The Wisconsin state legislature recently passed a "pregnancy options" bill, which was made possible because of the collaboration of feminists and right-to-lifers. I admit that the right-to-life people involved were more progressive than the norm.

CALLAHAN: Be patient, they're coming along.

GORDON: The purpose of the bill is to make it possible for teenagers to be openly presented with a variety of options-including abortion and adoption. Now, I'm no particular partisan of this bill. I want to wait and see if it will be useful. But it does suggest a kind of compromise position. If the right-to-lifers are really serious about helping women, then let's hear a lot more talk from them about support services and sex education and birth control-and a lot less of

the punitive, victim-blaming attitude they tend to show toward women who want to have abortions.

FIELDING: Most of the anti-abortionists I've known. people who are far more active in the movement than I am, have long been privately involved in the kinds of things you're talking about. Perhaps this goes back to your personality profile of the "typical" anti-abortionist as someone who tends to distrust government action. I know any number of women who for years have been involved in giving money and giving their homes to pregnant teenagers, in giving clothes and organizing drives and finding jobs for people. I think this kind of support has to be given. But I can't see how it has anything to do with finding common ground between the pro-abortionists and the anti-abortionists.

WOODRUFF: Is there any common ground?

FIELDING: Not on the basic question. No.

WILLIS: There may be common ground among individuals. I certainly don't think there's any room for compromise. I feel that there should be no restriction of a woman's right to have an abortion, none whatsoever. I feel that any such restriction is anti-feminist and anti-woman.

WOODRUFF: So where does that leave us?

WILLIS: I think it leaves us with a bloody battle.

CALLAHAN: No, I disagree with that. Most people in America are in the middle on the abortion question. That's why neither side has won. And I think there's a great deal of common ground. What do we want? We want women to be fully empowered and we want babies to be healthy. We want the workplace to change so that women can work and the family can be more important. Surely there are many ways that both sides can work on all of this. I also think we might move toward compromise. The way we change things in this country is by persuading people.

FIELDING: Persuasion is different from compromise. If someone is persuaded, you're not splitting the difference.

WILLIS: Is a pragmatic compromise possible? Of course. We have one right now, actually, he cause Roe v. Wade is a compromise, as far as 11: concerned. But is there a compromise would satisfy me? No. Is there a comp that I would consider honorable? No. Is to compromise that would make me fee, I didn't need to keep fighting? No.



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## A SURFEIT OF ART

And why government need not encourage it By Jacques Barzun

nce again, the budgets of the federal and state agencies that support the arts are to be cut. Meanwhile, costs in the arts are going up—rent, utilities, printing, and various incidental expenses. Yet one continues to read and hear of one more dance group being formed, yet another chamber orchestra making its debut, newborn theater companies striving to lure audiences, festivals and exhibits being organized. Each new enterprise is self-assured of prestige, confident of support, and hungry for subsidy from public and private funds.

This disparity between shrinking means and growing supply points to attitudes and assumptions about art that have not been examined for a long time. The most common assumption is that there cannot be too much art, and hence that the public has an obligation to support whatever qualifies under that name. If private funds fall short, let public money make up the difference. Some rethinking is in order, aimed at developing a new standard of judgment and behavior. But that standard cannot be made clear until the terms "art" and "public art" are given sharper definition.

The tendency to speak of Art with a capital A is the first cause of confusion. Art is not a substance like milk, of which the need and use are self-evident. What the public is offered in the name of Art is a multitude of objects and performances that differ significantly in quality and in kind. There is *popular* art, supplied by entertainers who thrive without any subsidy. They are public heroes and heroines, well supported by worshipful followings. Michael Jackson has never applied for a federal grant, and Barbara Cartland does not need a Guggenheim in order to write her next book.

Another type of art is relatively *un*popular, but it is of course very popular with its devotees. Auditoriums, museums, and theaters are frequently

Jacques Barzun is an author and teacher. A new collection of his essays, A Word or Two Before You Go, will be published in the fall.

We are familiar with the dangers of too much farm produce, too rich a diet, too many births; we should also see too much art as a predicament jammed—and by paying customers—but not jammed enough to keep deficits at bay. This type of art, which has traditionally been a great source of national pride, is also the cause of perpetual beggary. Such high art, as it is called, has *never* been profitable.

High art today depends on various kinds of financing. Individuals and groups rely on the marketplace to provide at least part of their livelihood, but this must usually be supplemented by private patrons or public grants. Our large institutions use their endowments to pay some of their way, but they also require government grants. And then there is the art supported by colleges and universities. This last piece of patronage is an innovation of our century and our country. It is a byproduct of the movement by artists to take refuge in teaching when a widespread passion for "culture" took hold after the Great Depression.

Campus art relies on both private funds (student fees) and public subsidy (state and local grants for higher education). For their part, universities offer, free of charge, a wide repertory of plays, music, film, dance, and the visual arts.

he old, established institutions are in trouble, as anyone can see. Museums and libraries have entered the retail and mail-order businesses: they sell books, facsimiles of art objects, cuff links, ashtrays, calendars, and reproductions of drawings and paintings in all sizes. The New York Public Library rents out its lobby for dinners and cocktail parties; the Boston Athenaeum, besides running cruises to "art spots," let out its premises for the filming of *The Bostonians*. In Washington, the galleries of the Phillips Collection can be rented for the evening for \$5,000.

As for the artists, most are periodically in dire straits. Seeing this spectacle, the devotees of art are apt to lash out at what is commonly called "our materialistic society." It should pay for high art more lavishly. This is nonsense. All known societies have been materialistic; human society exists solely for material purposes. Ours is unusual precisely in its generous expenditures on art, education, philanthropy, and other good works. Selfishness and philistinism are hardly our present trouble: some of the most fervent expressions of concern about the arts have come from businessmen and politicians. There is among our leaders no scorn of art or indifference to it. When the budget cuts come, it is because of other pressing claims—the poor, the sick, the unemployed, the roads, the schools. In short, the trouble is not with the public opinion of art or the public outlay for it; it lies in

the distribution of the funds, which since the 1930s has been guided—if the word is applicable—by totally unexamined ideas about "the arts."

he notion of an oversupply of art is never raised. We are familiar with the dangers of too much farm produce, too rich a diet, too many births; we should also see too much art as a predicament.

An oversupply of art does not lower prices or cause the artist to "give up' the business"; it only augments the need for subsidies. A museum or theater only rarely goes bankrupt or moves to another town. It struggles on, in deficit and in tears, till rescued—for one short year—by a last-minute gift or a new commercial ploy.

Such is the fated result of an assumption, deeply buried in our collective mind, that appeared early in the last century with the glorification of the artist. He was a hero, a seer, a genius; and geniuses must be allowed to do as they please while the rest of mankind gratefully brings its offerings to the altar. The popularization of this myth in our time has had dire consequences. Because art generates excitement, because a great many people have some little artistic gift, and because the life of the artist looks wonderfully free of workaday routines, more and more people in each generation decide that they want to be artists.

And wherever we turn, some agency is at work to multiply their kind.

Schools watch over every spark of talent and try to fan it to a raging ambition. The finger paintings of two-year-olds are put up on classroom walls and child poetry is publicly recited. This encouragement continues in colleges and in art and drama schools, where scholarships and prizes spur whole classes to proficiency. The résumé of any artist, or would-be artist, shows a string of awards, certificates, and commendations. Technique and professional skill are no longer distinguishing features; they are the norm.

But the next step is entirely unprovided for: where, how, can these talents find a social use corresponding to their preparation? The competition is intense. Young musicians, actors, and dancers form little groups, get a good notice, and immediately join the scrimmage for support. In painting and writing, the fight is to get into a gallery or a publishing house, only to be told that galleries are overcrowded and that first novels are not publishable. In short, with the best of intentions, we have created a glut. Encouragement has bred expectation, and proliferating expectations have outrun resources.

Consider the glut in Greater New York. According to a report of the Port Authority, there are some 117,000 jobs related to the arts in the New York metropolitan area, yielding a total income of \$2 billion a year. What is the reality behind the figures? After you have counted the handful of wellknown museums and theaters, the opera and ballet troupes performing outdoors and in concert halls, you must add the orchestras, native and visiting; the infestation of chamber music groups; the many libraries, public and semi-public; the almost round-the-clock lectures and poetry readings. Uncounted other "distributors" of art offer their wares. The churches present plays and Sunday afternoon transcriptions on the organ of works written for orchestra. At the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, one can see a Miskito Indian fertility dance performed at the altar and roller skaters in the aisles enlivening the Gloria during the service. In the summer, there is free music in the sunken plaza of Rockefeller Center, Leonard Bernstein goes to Jones Beach to conduct another program, and Joseph Papp rewrites Shakespeare for strollers in the city parks.

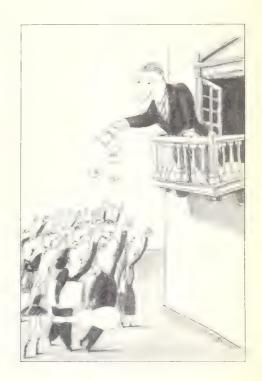
One may say that New York is a world capital, where a concentration of art is to be expected. True, but in many other cities and towns, as well as in "art parks" and converted barns in the open country, the high arts are profered to the native and the visitor. Regional theaters are on the increase: festivals short and long resound everywhere—Texas alone advertises over 200. At the risk of choking the reader with facts, let me end this recital by stressing the ubiquity of art in our lives. There is a piece of art in the anteroom of many business firms—the image to build up the image. There is art in good hotel and motel rooms, either original works or reproductions—such as the pair of Van Gogh sunflowers I once found, one on each side of a bureau. There is art at conferences and meetings: the sound of a string quartet graces a discussion of Niels Bohr at the American Academy of Arts and

Sciences; the annual report of a faculty club where the food is debatable boasts that in the last fiscal year the club sponsored two evenings of chamber music.

lready in 1840, Balzac noted with dismay that there were 2,000 painters in Paris. Degas, fifty years later, said: "We must discourage the arts." But the ever enlarging display of art cannot, of course, be cut or held back. We can pay farmers not to grow crops, but we cannot pay artists to stop making art. Yet something must be done. To lead people on when there is no chance they will ever fulfill their desire is immoral. And our training schools, art councils, endowments, and foundations are doing just that. They flatter the hope and belief that every good work and worker will be recognized and subsidized. When no such thing happens, anger and distress naturally follow.

Nor does the artist's anger refer merely to money. Government grants are awarded by persons (often themselves artists) who assume the role of bu-

Our training schools, endowments, and foundations flatter the hope and belief that every good work and worker will be recognized and subsidized



Illustrations by Keith Bendis • ESSAY 47

The young should be taught what 'the glorious life of art' is really like. It is a test of endurance, willpower, and maniacal faith in oneself



reaucrat. Their role cuts them off from the community of applicants. Subsidy, even by a private foundation, is an official act, and on this subject the French experience of 300 years is conclusive. In France, those who produced the works we admire today had to survive as best they could, outside of officialdom and often in angry opposition to it. By contrast, the term "official art" means art that is competent and safe.

Our current cultural attitudes lead to an oversupply of this competent, enjoyable art, satisfying but seldom great. At the same time, institutions of the highest caliber struggle to keep alive the masterworks of the past and to add to them modern works of comparable worth. In the distribution of funds, both the producers and the caretakers are treated alike—and come out the same: disappointed and ill nourished. Only a change of policy, following a change of attitudes, can put an end to this demoralizing catch-ascatch-can.

The first step would be to accept a distinction between "public art" and all the rest. What do I mean? History gives the answer: over the centuries public money has been provided mainly for public art and public institutions—museums, libraries, opera houses, orchestras, theaters, and dance troupes. All other artistic efforts have been supported by individual patrons and small groups of amateurs or have flourished quietly, locally, with no thought of wider recognition. Let us call this activity domestic art, because it corresponds to what people of an earlier age provided for themselves at home. Our mistake, our predicament, is simple: most of the art now produced is domestic art trying to become public art. There is no reason to neglect or look down on the domestic kind. But there is also no reason to support it with public monies. Its abundance is what creates the fierce com-

petition for those monies—which in turn drives the true public institutions increasingly to become gift shops, bazaars, mail order houses, and cocktail bars.

o doubt a certain number of those trained by our schools are great painters, composers, poets, playwrights, performers. If they also have stamina, let them attempt a professional career. They will face a life of solitary toil and repeated disappointment, of problematic reward and fitful success. A few of them will eventually achieve affluence and world renown. In colleges and art schools the young should be taught what "the glorious life of art" is really like. It has not changed in 500 years; it fills the biographies on our shelves. It is a test of endurance, willpower, and maniacal faith in oneself.

For the less determined, perhaps just as gifted, the practicable goal is to serve a local audience that is willing to provide a simple setting for the artistic activity, whatever it may be. This situation already exists here and there: consider, for example, the Mohawk Trail concerts, which in the summer enable composer, poet, singers, and players to come together and play old and new music for the enjoyment of the community—without fan-fare, fund raising, or the compulsion to "go public." (The baroque chamber music we play today with so much relish was once exactly this sort of activity, as unassuming as our chess or bridge, which no one proposes to support officially.) True, these "private" artists would have to support themselves by means other than art and sacrifice any dreams of world applause; but as things stand, this ambition is sacrificed for them by oversupply. Many of them cannot even find work as teachers; the glut is there too.

With the activities of these artists redirected, regional culture would thrive, and its quality would be enhanced by the contributions of the more talented among them who now vainly try for the highest places. Nor would the denial of public money to such persons and groups be a stingy, mean-spirited retrenchment. On the contrary, it would be a cure for the misery of many people, both artists and sponsors. By dropping the whole business of full-scale public exhibition and performance, "private" artists would no longer have to live the deficit and grant-matching life, struggling with costs

of which the greater part in fact goes to stagehands, electricians, printers,

landlords, and various profit-making suppliers.

Moreover, the whole strength of public support—of taxpayers' dollars—would thus be freed to sustain public art, that is, the acknowledged public institutions: museums, libraries, orchestras, theaters, and opera houses. In each region these establishments are known to all, open to all, and subject to public criticism when their standards decline. If as a nation we hold the view that high art is a public need, these institutions deserve support on the same footing as police departments and weather bureaus. And I mean support, not meager help after periodic anguish and pleading. The public has already recognized the social worth of these institutions by granting them

tax exemption. The rest of their needs should be fully met, so as to free them for their work and take them out of petty

commerce.

should add that in sketching these possibilities, I have not been inspired by the current effort to reduce the role of government in society. It is thirty years since I first expressed these views. Nor am I thinking of money alone, or artistic ambition alone, when I urge this new soberness. I am thinking of high culture as a whole and our relation to it. In the competition for cash, punctuated by elegant ballyhoo, in the overabundance of the offering and the fuss about it in print and on the airwaves, something has happened to the artistic experience itself. Its quality has been lowered by plethora. Great works too often seen or performed, too readily available in bits and pieces, become articles of consumption instead of objects of contemplation. They lose force and depth by being too familiar through too frequent or too hurried use. When I hear of someone's "spending the day at the museum," I wonder at the effect: the intake is surely akin to that of an alcoholic. Music likewise is anesthetic when big doses—symphony after symphony, opera on top of opera—are administered without respite. We should remember the Greeks' practice of exposing themselves to one tragic trilogy and one comedy on but a single day each year. High art is meant for rare festivals, where anticipation is followed by exhilaration and the aftermath is meditation and recollection in tranquillity. The glut has made us into gluttons, who gorge and do not digest.

Such a condition disables one for judging new art. The eager or dutiful persons who subject themselves to these tidal waves of the classics and the moderns find everything wonderful in an absent-minded way. The wonder washes over them rather than into them, and one of its effects is to make anything shocking or odd suddenly "interesting." *Interesting* is the word you will most often hear from devotees of the arts when faced with new tricks cleverly contrived. And so another byproduct of our come one, come all policy is the tendency to reward cleverness, not art, and to put one more

hurdle in the path of the truly original artist.

Great works too often seen or performed, too readily available in bits and pieces, become articles of consumption instead of objects of contemplation

## IN THE BUSIN

The wine label as

Château Cos d'Estournel is owned by M. Bruno Prats. The wine he makes, like almost all clarets from Bordeaux, is valued for its elegance and ability to improve with age. This ability commands a price: as a Bordeaux moves from barrel to bottle to cellar, costs accrue. Sometimes, the final price is very high—a bottle of Château Lafite-Rothschild, 1961, from the cellar of Sherry-Lehmann, on Madison Avenue, costs \$395. A bottle of newly arrived Château Cos d'Estournel, 1983 vintage, can be purchased in a liquor store for about \$25. Prats doesn't set this price. He establishes only the opening price, by offering for sale his première tranche, or "first slice," of new wine, in the spring following harvest. In the spring of 1986, Prats announced the price of his '85 vintage: eighty-five francs (roughly \$13) a bottle.

The price of a Bordeaux is still determined to an extent by the classifications established by the merchants of the Bordeaux wine exchange 131 years ago. The phrase grand cru classé en 1855 means the grapes on this estate were considered to be a great growth, or crop. There was a further ranking done: first, second, third, fourth, fifth growth. First growths are the Cadillacs—Château Haut-Brion, Lafite, Latour, Margaux, Mouton Rothschild—and are identified on their labels as premier cru. Cos d'Estournel is a second growth. Like all vintners whose estates do not have first-growth ranking, Prats chooses simply to drape his wine in the generous and profitable grand cru cloak.

Prats's estate is widely regarded as producing the best wine in the commune of St.-Estèphe. In an average year, the estate produces 300,000 bottles—a lot of wine, but only a trickle in the torrent (679,000,000 bottles!) now imported into the United States each year from around the world. Still, limited production and unflagging demand mean there's a seller's market for classified Bordeaux. The vintner normally sells his new wine to a courtier, a sort of broker, who then finds a negociant (no problem with a good Bordeaux) and sells the wine to him—earning a commission of 2 or 3 percent. In turn, the negociant (a wholesaler and exporter) easily lines up an importer, a deal for which he takes his 10 percent.



## OF BORDEAUX

by Tom Maresca



ESTOURNEL

HE CONTROLÉF

T-ESTÉPHE (GIRONDE) FRANCE

PRODUCE OF FRANCE

ALC. BY VOL. 12%

ON NEW YORK NY

Estate bottling is costly—this, as much as anything else, is why you pay more for a Bordeaux than for jug wine. There is all the equipment (holding tanks, fermenters, oak barrels, temperature-control systems), and all the time: it takes three years to age a claret to the point where it can be marketed. The Kobrand Corporation, a New York-based importer of Cos d'Estournel, in effect loses two or three years' interest on its money—the price it paid to the negociant-before it actually has the wine to sell. Kobrand also absorbs the costs of transatlantic freight, insurance, taxes, and trucking. To turn a profit, the importer will add anywhere from 20 to 30 percent to the price of the wine it sells to regional wholesalers and distributors.

> Bordeaux's grands crus sit atop what you might think of as an AOC (Appellation d'Origine Contrôlée) pyramid, the base of which is unclassified Bordeaux, red or white, and the middle layers wines designated by more precise and narrow geographical labeling. The AOC notation primarily guarantees that a wine actually comes from the region and/or estate proclaimed on its label—there has never been a phony Cos d'Estournel, as far as I know. But a few years ago, a counterfeit Mouton turned up in the United States, and in the early 1970s there was a much greater scandal involving reputable shippers bottling wine from the Midi and selling it as unclassified Bordeaux.

The wholesalers and distributors who buy their Cos d'Estournel from Kobrand will mark up the price about 30 percent before selling it to retailers. Your liquor store, in turn, will tack on from 30 percent (standard) to 50 percent, which would seem excessive if it weren't for the example set by restaurateurs. Restaurant markups often test the limits of rapacity: 100 percent above the wholesale price is normal, 200 percent not unusual, more than that by no means unknown. In 1988, when Prats's '85 vintage will be available, expect to pay anywhere from \$26 to \$33 at the liquor store. To drink it right away, however, would be a mistake. It needs a few years to lose its harshness and deepen and soften to classic Bordeaux elegance.

> Tom Maresca is the author of Mastering Wine, which won the Clicquot Award for the best wine book of 1985.



# The people making the money in the defense budget aren't in uniform. They're in three piece suits."

--Rep. Pat Schroeder (D-Colo.) in an interview with Bob Edwards, host of National Public Radio's "Morning Edition."

"...diplomacy in dentistry..." "There must be a lot of diplomacy in dentistry, in that for the greater good of the patient, you have to inflict some little pain—and expect to be paid for it."

--Dr. Lamuel Stanislaus, dentist and Grenada's chief delegate to the United Nations, talking with Scott Simon, host of National Public Radio's "Weekend Edition."

"...our children...chew sugarcane to feed their hunger..." "Sometimes we only eat root crops, vegetables, rats, frogs and other wild animals...And sometimes our children only chew sugarcane to feed their hunger...all the time they are chewing sugarcane."

--Marlene Vista, wife of a sugarcane worker on the Philippine island of Negros, in an interview with National Public Radio correspondent Bill Buzenberg.

"An actor uses other men's words; he's like a violinist, rather than a composer.

Sir Alec Guinness in an interview with Susan Stamberg, co-host of National Public Radio's "All Things Considered."



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## BALLAD OF AN AMERICAN TERRORIST

A neo-Nazi's dream of order By L. J. Davis

It is a terrible, terrible task we have before us.

—The Turner Diaries

ago, society would have known exactly what to do with the likes of Robert Jay Mathews. It would have sent him somewhere and encouraged him to kill people. He would have been given an Alamo to defend or an Indian tribe to exterminate; in the slack season, he could have been sent to sea or dispatched to some distant and turbulent colony where there existed ample scope for his peculiar talents. Perhaps it was something in the genes, perhaps it was something in the culture, but the sad truth was that Mathews, an uncomplicated, friendly, and murderous man with a genuine talent for leadership, had been born out of his time.

The facts of his life are simple, sparse, and incomplete; for reasons of his own and until the very end, Mathews preferred to leave few footsteps in the sands of time, a characteristic he shared with other, like-minded men—Abu Nidal, Carlos. He was born in Marfa, Texas, in 1953. In 1974, at the age of twenty-one, he joined the Sons of Liberty in Phoenix, Arizona. It was one of the numerous, sometimes very noisy, and never very large tax-protest groups that spring up in this country wherever the spirit of the old frontier still lingers—in particular,

L. J. Davis is a contributing editor of Harper's Magazine. His story about the takeover of Gulf Oil, which appeared in the January 1985 issue, recently won a Champion-Tuck Award for economic reporting.

that part of the spirit that regards a man as a law unto himself. Like all such groups, the Sons of Liberty held that the federal income tax is illegal. From there, it is but a very short step to the belief that the federal government itself is an impostor. Such an exercise in logic leads directly to the sort of man Mathews would one day become.

Stalwart, then as later, in the practice of his perceived truths, Mathews inevitably ran afoul of the Internal Revenue Service, which entertains a somewhat different version of reality. Hounded by the government (or so he believed), he moved to the northeastern corner of Washington, near the Idaho state line and the Canadian border—a part of the country, Sandy Emerson of the Coeur d'Alene chamber of commerce once explained to me, where criminals come to lead the normal part of their lives. Put another way, it is one of the corners of the nation to which the nuts roll. Here, a tolerance for the more baroque forms of extremist politics is not merely commonplace; it is a hallowed tradition.

Mathews lived quietly in the town of Metaline Falls; he worked in a mine and then in a cement factory. He had a wife and child at home, and a girlfriend and child in Laramie, Wyoming. By day, he worked. In the evenings, he thought. And in the fullness of time, the thoughts of Robert Jay Mathews became very strange indeed.

He was a great reader, and a rigidly systematic one. He became obsessed with Spengler's *Decline of the West*; he was convinced, he wrote in It may be entirely true that no girl was ever ruined by a book. But Mathews was about to be killed by one

the last letter he would ever compose, that his fellow citizens had "devolved into some of the most cowardly, sheepish, degenerates that have ever littered the face of this planet." Inevitably, he came into the possession of a very peculiar novel called *The Turner Diaries*, by William L. Pierce, a former assistant professor of physics at Oregon State University.

By 1978, the year the book was published, Pierce, sailing some private sea, had risen to the leadership of the National Alliance, a small neo-Nazi organization with headquarters in Washington, D.C. And Mathews, restlessly seeking enlightenment, had become a National Alliance member. In The Turner Diaries, Mathews read Pierce's description of a future America groaning under the voke of gun control legislation, Jewish senators, and black law-enforcement officers. To rectify this intolerable situation, a group called the Order is formed, an elite and secret band of Aryan heroes who employ counterfeiting, terror, and eventually nuclear blackmail to achieve their objectives, prominent among which are the hanging of half the population of Los Angeles; the obliteration of New York, Israel, and a spacious part of the Soviet Union; and (although here the text is vague) the elimination of everyone on earth who does not meet the author's definition of "higher man." It was a work of fiction, of course. It was also a terrorist manual and a blueprint for revolution. Mathews was electrified.

It may be entirely true that no girl was ever ruined by a book. But Mathews was about to be killed by one.

For slightly more than a year—from late 1983, when he set up his counterfeiting operation in northern Idaho, until December 8, 1984, when he died in the service of his ideals on Whidbey Island, in Puget Sound-Mathews was arguably the most ambitious and successful terrorist in American history, excepting only William Tecumseh Sherman and Joanne Chesimard. He was also one of the most dangerous. although these things are relative—the FBI, which tried very hard (and in vain) not to kill him, regarded him as a common criminal, just as it regards all terrorists as common criminals, and for excellent reasons. By definition, a terrorist can destabilize society, exact revenge, and/or change national policy only by committing acts of violence, and the repertoire of violence is a limited one. The terrorist can kill the citizens, hijack the transport, blow up the architecture; a full-time American terrorist like Mathews—cut off from foreign sources of funds by both ideology and geography—is also compelled to steal large sums of money. To state a fact that is obvious to everyone except the terrorist himself, all of these acts are serious crimes. Mathews saw the matter quite differently, of course; like all terrorists, he placed himself outside the law and dedicated his life to a higher calling. The law, however, continued to exist.

Under Mathews's direction or as a result of his policies, three murders were committed, two banks were robbed, at least two buildings were bombed, and two armored cars were attacked—small stuff compared with the ravages of the Alphonse Capones of the nation, but Mathews was just getting started. He was stopped before he could attack the infrastructure and support systems of a major city, something that he clearly planned to do and something that, in an open society, happens to be child's play for a man with a cadre of followers, a supply of weapons, and a quantity of explosives. (And at one point, Mathews had more than \$3 million at his disposal.)

To judge from photographs, he was a handsome man; a lawyer working on one of the many
cases that sprang from his activities remarked
that he could have put on a suit and lived in the
world with the rest of us. He knew how to use
America, its spaces, its wealth—and how to exploit the fact that the Founding Fathers had
failed to anticipate him when it came time to
write the Constitution; in the land of the free,
where Western man would perfect himself,
there existed no national mechanism to detect
and control Robert lay Mathews be-

and control Robert Jay Mathews before he struck.

Lithough I never met Mathews and would doubtless not have relished the experience, I think I understand him. In a sense—a very limited sense, let me hasten to add—I shave his face every morning. Like all terrorists, Mathews was a totalitarian, but few grown men are drawn to totalitarianism for the snazzy uniforms and the terrific hardware. And like all terrorists, he was a bigot, but it is the sturdy bigot indeed who can sustain his racial fantasies without a measure of cooperation from the objects of his hatred. The irony of the situation—and it is abundant—is that the dilemma that brought forth the terrorist in Mathews did not afflict Mathews himself in the small, orderly town of Metaline Falls. It afflicts me in my fortified house in Brooklyn, New York, and it afflicts everybody I

I am not barricaded in my house because I am paranoid, as Mathews was, and neither are my similarly entrenched neighbors; we are bunkered down because we have a keen interest in preserving our possessions and our lives. Permit me to introduce myself. I am one of the people Mathews wanted to save. I am middle-class, middle-aged, and of northern European (but not Anglo-Saxon) descent. For whatever it's worth

not much, I think), we tamed your frontier and ought all your wars but the last one. My father once rustled cattle and my grandfather was a county sheriff—though, unlike Mathews, I do not believe that I am identical with my ances-

fors or that a bloodline confers virtue. It is a commonplace enough lelusion, one that compined explosively in Mathews's mind with a book of fiction, a fading Jream of the American West, a strange religion, and the continuing chaos in the inner cities to produce a vivid demonstration of Newton's first law of motion.

Like all political terrorists, Mathews believed that every perceived enemy action calls for an equal and opposite reaction, or, at

the very least, the closest facsimile thereof that can be contrived. Is this such a hard concept to fathom? God help me, I have thought of applying it myself. Like you, like Mathews, I have lain awake at night, mind ticking over, contemplating the failed social policies of the last halfcentury and listening for noises on the roof, and I have found myself wondering where, if I were to blow up the low-income housing project two blocks from my besieged home, I would place the charges.

As a white male, I stand one chance in 164 of being murdered. My wife stands one chance in 450, and the odds for my adopted daughters, who are black, stand at one in 117. By themselves, these figures are next to meaningless. Moralists and sociologists usually achieve perspective by comparing them to similar figures for Europe and Japan, but there is, I think, a more instructive way of going about the business. Consider the fact that if I were black, my chances of being murdered would stand at one in twenty-eight, and if I were poor and urban in the bargain, the odds of my having celebrated my twenty-fifth birthday would have been precisely three out of five.

In 1985, New York City police officers confiscated 15,128 handguns and air guns of all descriptions, including toys-enough to equip an infantry division. During the previous year in the city, one out of every fifty citizens reported a burglary, one out of every ninety citizens reported a mugging, and there were 50,356 assaults, a figure that does not include the attack on my fifteen-year-old son, stabbed in the back by an eleven-year-old who wanted to try out a new knife. (The matter was settled privately.) In our twenty years in the old brick house on Dean Street, our family has experienced three other assaults and one mugging, known the victims of

three murders, witnessed three shootings (one of them fatal), and foiled two arson attempts. "Your life might be simpler if you didn't have kids," a responding officer once said. "Not much, but some." We live in one of the most desirable neighborhoods in the

On the morning last summer when I set out to retrace Mathews's brief public career, my family was guarded within the municipal boundaries by more

than 47,000 city, state, and federal law-enforcement officers—a force larger than the Danish army and one that was supplemented by uncountable thousands of private security guards. More specifically, the safety of my family was in the hands of the 200 officers of the Eightyfourth Precinct under the command of Captain John V. Schneider, whose job description resembles that of a cavalry officer fighting an endless border war. If any of the 50,000 people under his protection committed a crime, he told me one afternoon, he would be unlikely to hear of it. Our misdeeds, Schneider said, were of the kind more likely to attract the attention of the SEC and the IRS. Almost exclusively, the captain encountered the prosperous, law-abiding citizens of his precinct as victims of crime, grateful for the intervention (or, often, the impotent sympathy) of his small and lightly armed company. He knew with certainty the slenderness of his resources; despite the fact that a larger proportion of the country's population was behind bars than at any time in its history, he believed that his support from the court system was woefully misguided and inadequate. Captain Schneider was fighting a new kind of crime: frequently and senselessly brutal, often xenophobic, utterly motiveless aside from the monotonous private agendas of its perpetrators, and maddeningly random, striking down its victims merely because they are available. These are the crimes of the terroristic urban criminal. There were, Schneider sensed, thousands of them out there. "You didn't grow up in this country and neither did I," he said. "We

Like all political terrorists, Mathews believed that every perceived enemy action calls for an egual and opposite reaction



Robert Mathews, all-American terrorist

Society is attacked not because an attack is possible. Society is attacked because it must be attacked

grew up in another country."

Like many of his colleagues, Captain Schneider sometimes despaired of America, of what it had become. So did I. So did Robert Jay Mathews.

began my search for Mathews-what he was, and why-in a modest office in a fortified building near the United Nations compound on the East River. The office belongs to Irwin Suall, a slight, balding man with an asthma inhaler on his desk. His job, like that of Captain Schneider, needs to be imagined as well as described. Suall is the director of the fact-finding department of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai Brith, and thus the chief watchdog of the oldest and largest Jewish service organization in the United States—a man who spends his working day monitoring the activities and attempting to anticipate the plans of the organized anti-Semites of the nation. These, he hastened to say, were few in number, insignificant in terms of the national agenda, and powerless as never before. They ranged from the homosexual National Socialist League in San Diego to the followers of Lyndon LaRouche to the Confederate Knights of the Ku Klux Klan. They were paranoid, racist, widely dispersed, quarrelsome, and disruptive. On occasion, they killed people. I asked Suall if he could characterize them in a word. He paused; he is a methodical man, deliberately colorless in his language, a student of understatement, and a believer in provable fact. "They're a bunch of assholes," he said.

Suall first learned of Robert Mathews in the summer of 1984. But the name of Irwin Suall was almost certainly known to Mathews before then. In the circles in which Mathews traveled, Suall was regarded as the remorseless and dedicated agent of a foreign power and one of the most dangerous men on the surface of the earth.

Suall first saw Mathews's name on a piece of paper given to him by an informant. There were three other names on the list: Bruce Carroll Pierce, David Eden Lane, and Richard E. Scutari. According to Suall's informant, the four had allegedly shot and killed Alan Berg in the driveway of his Denver home on the evening of June 18, 1984. Berg had been the abrasive and colorful host of a local radio talk show, and a cleverly outspoken enemy of extremism in all its forms; Suall later learned that he had once debated Lane on the air. On the June evening in question, someone had pumped an entire clip of .45-caliber bullets into Berg's head and upper body. Suall's informant was sometimes uncannily accurate and sometimes deep in fantasy. In view of the possibility that this information was correct, Suall passed the list on to the authorities and added the names to his files. Someone, he knew, had recently bombed a synagogue in Boise, Idaho.

Not long after Suall first heard about Mathews, another informant passed the word that a group of racial extremists had robbed a Brinks truck in northern California. Later in the summer, Suall heard that a group of men in northern Idaho were conspiring to overthrow the government. Northern Idaho was a part of the country that came to engage his attention deeply and one that eventually repaid his vigilance; in October 1984, two dissident members of an extremist religious sect in the little town of Hayden Lake reported that an underground movement was planning to disrupt the power supply of Los Angeles in hopes of fomenting riots. Suall continued to pass his information along, unaware that the authorities were already alarmed. In the absence of further data, he refused to draw any firm conclusions. But if one of his theories was correct, a terrorist commando unit was on the loose in the Far West.

If so, it would not have come as a surprise. Suall and his colleagues in the fact-finding unit had said for months that a dangerous moment had arrived in the evolution of the groups they quietly watched. It might have seemed an odd analysis: the membership of the fragmented neo-Nazi movement was down to an estimated 500 individuals, a 50 percent decline since 1978; the equally fragmented Klans could muster no more than 6,500 stalwarts. The vigilance of the police was at an unprecedented level, the doctrines of racism no longer enjoyed the active sympathy of any substantial portion of the populace, the laws of the country had been rewritten, and even the most conservative President in modern history showed no inclination to reverse them. Yet Suall saw warning signs everywhere.

"What looks good to you definitely did not look good to us," Suall said. "Terrorism is a function of weakness, frustration, and fervor. And our friends in the Klans and the neo-Nazi groups were very weak, very frustrated, and very, very fervid. We anticipated that the country would take a hit, perhaps several hits."

The terroristic criminal—the kind who terrorizes me and my family—attacks individuals within a society; the political terrorist attacks society itself, and it is not enough that the society in question lies wide open to his proposed assault. The political terrorist is bent upon a program of retribution and reform. In his own mind, he is not merely a moral man, but the most (perhaps the only) moral man in the vicinity. Society is attacked not because an attack is possible. Society is attacked because it *must* be attacked, lest it continue to wallow in corruption and mistaken thinking.

It should be borne in mind that up to a certain point, Mathews and his followers saw exactly he same America that is beheld by the rest of is. He was aware of the criminal chaos in the ities and he correctly located the perpetrators of most violent crimes in the black and Hispanic inderclass. He knew that there was an agriculural depression in the Midwest, and he knew hat there was an epidemic of terrorism abroad. He knew that the occupant of the Kremlin could not be trusted, nor could the occupant of the White House. He was Robert lay Mathews of Metaline Falls, Washington. He was an American with a certain dim past. He was a student of Oswald Spengler, and by his lights he was a patriot.

The neo-Nazi doctrines of William Pierce's National Alliance had identified the source of the world's afflictions in the machinations of international Jewry, and *The Turner Diaries* had given Mathews a program. All he lacked was a moral imperative, a higher cause to draw upon and serve. Mathews was an exceedingly lucky man. The final answer he sought was available only a few miles from Metaline, on the other side of the Idaho line, in a little church on an easily defended hilltop just off Rimrock Road near Hayden Lake.

"Mathews," said Irwin Suall, "found Identity."

he deceptively mild-sounding Identity movement—also known as Christian Identity and Kingdom Identity—is one of those phenomena that seem to occur only in the novels of Kurt Vonnegut. Its origins are to be found in something called Anglo-Israelism, an engagingly loony theory whose earliest proponent was most likely an eighteenth-century British crackpot named Richard Brothers. Brothers styled himself "the Nephew of the Almighty" and prophesied that he would be revealed as a prince of the Hebrews on November 19, 1795, an event that did not occur. As developed by Brothers and his successors—among them various members of the landed gentry, at least one titled peer, and a colonial bishop of the Church of England-Anglo-Israelism was based on the amazing discovery that modern lewry could not possibly be the remnant of the nation of Israel, since the Deity, by definition, never breaks his word. It had been promised that Israel would change its name and that its people would dwell on islands and found nations, and in all the world only the Western Europeans, particularly the British, and the Americans met these explicit and demanding criteria. It was therefore obvious that the ten lost tribes had wandered westward, later to be joined by the other two. Indisputable proof could be found in the science of philology (and a good thing, too, since it could be found nowhere else): the word "British," for example, was clearly derived from the Hebrew "Berit-ish," man of the covenant. The conclusion was inescapable: Europeans and their descendants were God's favorite people in the entire universe, the Chosen People. How the Jews came to be so comically mistaken about their own origins was apparently never discussed.

The doctrines of Anglo-Israelism were largely forgotten as the world tumbled down the rocky slope of the twentieth century, only to be revived in southern California during the turbulent early years of the civil rights movement—and in the most bizarre possible fashion—by a rogue Methodist minister and prominent bigot named Wesley Swift. With staggering prolixity and an ingenuity that would have been admirable had it not been so grotesquely misplaced, Swift used Brothers's harmless vaporings to turn apocalyptic racial hatred into a religion.

The religion was Identity, and in Swift's hands it explained all human history, sanctified the paranoia of the present, and predicted the future. Not only were the Aryans of Europe and North America the true children of Israel, but to them and them alone had the Messiah come. bringing a sword; in the hands of Wesley Swift, the benefits of Christianity were not transferable. The lewish impostors, on the other hand, were the seed of Satan in the most literal possible sense. The Devil had impregnated Eve and produced Cain, Cain had produced the Jews, and the Jews had dutifully produced international communism, the banking system, every major war since 1861 (all of which had been won by the wrong side), every major law since 1868 (all of which were invalid), the school system, the news media, political liberalism, immigration policy, Ann Landers, the funny marks on packages of canned and frozen food, and the troubles in the inner cities. By way of undermining God's splendid handiwork as exemplified by Senator Theodore Bilbo, Rudolf Hess, and (dare he mention it?) Wesley Swift, the Devil and his lewish henchmen proposed to mongrelize the Aryans out of existence. And to Swift, as the sixties marched on, the plan appeared to be working.

Sometimes Swift and the handful of Identity ministers who succeeded him—Swift himself, blind and diabetic, died in 1970 in a Mexican clinic at the age of fifty-seven—seemed to want a country of their own, preferably one or more of the fifty states. At other times they seemed content to wait for the inevitable worldwide collapse. The leaders of Identity could not say for sure whether this would come as a result of a transpolar nuclear exchange or simply through

According to Identity, Cain had produced the Jews, and the Jews had dutifully produced the news media and the funny marks on packages of food

In the California desert, two Identity adherents were caught with the largest illegal weapons dump in American history

Jewish attrition. One thing, however, was certain. When the evil day arrived, it would be a blessing in disguise, for only the biker gangs and the disciplined cadres of the Identity churches—Aryan warriors instilled with the doctrines of righteous hatred and racial revenge—would survive as organized fighting units. The reconquest of the world would begin.

In the early 1980s, Identity could claim no more than 6,000 adherents—Irwin Suall, precise as always, would name no figure—but they were scattered throughout the nation. And its doctrines were spreading. Its teachings met a warm reception in the dwindling Klans, cut off as they were from their traditional ideological base in fundamentalist Christianity, which had evolved away from them. It spread to the prisons; it had chapters in Canada. The Posse Comitatus, whose members insist that no legal authority exists above the level of county sheriff, became saturated with Identity, as did the survivalist camps scattered throughout the Ozarks and the Rockies and the common-law movement of the Far West, whose leaders teach that agricultural salvation lies in the filing of unenforceable liens and the bringing of preposterous lawsuits against public officials. An Identity minister in Michigan claimed to have revived the Albigensian heresy; in the California desert, two Identity adherents were caught with the largest illegal weapons dump in American history, an array so extensive that it could be photographed in its entirety only from the air. But by then, the mother church was no longer nearby.

The mother church was in Hayden Lake, Idaho.

etracing the route that Mathews had followed in search of moral enlightenment and, later, recruits, I drove into Idaho from the west on a day of fine weather and wildflowers. I knew how to pronounce the name of my destination, Kootenai County, and I knew the crisp, slanting northern light. I was born here. I was home, and home had become a neo-Nazi stronghold.

These things are relative, of course. The sheriff and the undersheriff continued to enforce the laws, the county attorney brought malefactors to trial, the state police patrolled the highways, the local newspapers discussed the issues of the day, the farmers went about their business, and the tourists kept flocking in. It was just that extremists have a way of ensuring that attention is paid.

Kootenai County was the home of Hal Hunt, a nonagenarian publisher of marginal coherence and remarkable views, who maintained that it was only by smoking a daily budget of cigars that he was able to overcome the narcotic effects of the Soviet-supplied fluoride in the municipal water system. It was likewise the home of Keith Gilbert, a man fond of squarish suits with SS lapel tabs. Gilbert was also fond of posing for pictures beside the big Welcome to Idaho sign, with his hand upraised in a Nazi salute. A local eccentric, you might think—until you learned that he had served time in California for conspiring to assassinate Martin Luther King. Most especially, Kootenai County was the headquarters of the Identity-steeped Church of Jesus Christ Christian; its secular arm, the Aryan Nations; and its sixty-six-year-old leader, a retired aeronautical engineer named Richard Girnt Butler. It was Butler whom I had come to see.

In the old days, before the deplorable events that culminated in Mathews's death taught him circumspection, Butler would set aside his carpet slippers at the drop of a reporter's dime, don a uniform—a blue blazer and matching trousers; he recommended J.C. Penney as the best source of these—with shoulder patches depicting the curiously swastika-like hooked cross of his movement (available by mail at \$4 each), and assume a rather vacant pose in his small wooden church beneath a stained-glass window emblazoned with the same symbol. In addition to the church, his compound consisted of a squat watchtower that was erected after the premises were bombed in 1981 and a print shop where he published his newsletter and the magazine Calling Our Nation. On a good day, the tower would be manned by two of Butler's followers: a dishwasher named Gary Lee Yarbrough and a young heir to a dairy fortune named David Tate, who believed that God had personally instructed him always to have his firearm by his side.

Sometime in 1983, Yarbrough and Tate became members of a secret society established by Mathews, which he called, pace The Turner Diaries, the Order. In the society, Yarbrough's code name was Yosemite Sam. Tate was Doc. Mathews was Carlos. And because of the recent activities of Yosemite Sam, Doc, and Carlos, Richard Butler no longer met the press in his compound on the easily defended hill, no longer showed reporters around the church, the watchtower, or the print shop—where, it turns out, Mathews had run off his first batch of counterfeit bills. On the day I drove into Coeur d'Alene, the county seat, where Butler had agreed to meet me in a coffee shop, Mathews was six months dead, Yarbrough was in jail, and Tate was a fugitive—he had just murdered a state trooper in Missouri.

There were three of them in the coffee shop: Butler, a slight man with a deeply lined face, who looked like somebody's grandfather—my God, I thought, he is somebody's grandfa-

her; Bob Eddy, an inex-policeman ense rom California; and Butler's chief of securiv, Eldon "Bud" Cutler, large, bald, amiable armer who became fasinated with the design of my cigarette lighter. Although I had no way of knowing it, Bud Cuter was one of the last indetected members of Mathews's Order. Some nonths later, he would pay good money for a photograph of the decapitated body of a man named Tom Martinez. A few weeks after that, re would go to jail. The picture had been manuactured by the FBI.

Merry hoots of derision—"Whoa! Hold on here!"—greeted my ppening gambit that Butler, as Wesley Swift's self-proclaimed successor, might owe some small debt to Nazi tace theory; it was as though I had confused

Republicans with the Democrats. In private, Butler had been known to suggest that the solution to the world's woes consisted of shooting everybody and letting God sort them out. Today, however, he preferred to be a simple coun-

try parson.

His voice was hesitant and uninflected; like many shy men, he closed his eyes as he talked, and his head rotated slowly to the right as though drawn by an unseen wire. By his own account, he had led a life of exemplary dullness. He was born a Presbyterian. His parents moved to California. He became an engineer. Unlike many religious leaders, he claimed to have experienced no great revelation, no road to Damascus. As an American officer in India during World War II, he had read the Rig-Veda. He returned to California, became involved in anticommunist causes, helped invent a process for the rapid repair of tubeless tires, helped design the Lockheed TriStar, and fell under the spell of Wesley Swift. He came to Idaho in 1973.

That afternoon in the coffee shop, he did not mention the curious events that had transpired thereafter, nor did he mention—until cornered—the late Robert Mathews. Instead, he talked about Louis Farrakhan, the black minis-



Richard Girnt Butler, preaching white supremacy. Gary Yarbrough, in uniform, stands guard.

ter who once referred to Judaism as a "gutter religion." "It may come as a surprise to you," he said, "but I agree with Farrakhan. I don't see any reason why we shouldn't give him South Africa. It would be a fair trade, more than a fair trade. The blacks could go there; they'd get a rich and developed country of their own. And we, naturally, would get the South African whites." Butler-with 250 to 300 followers nationwide at the peak of his strength and perhaps half that since the dark day on Whidbey Island—was always on the lookout for new blood.

His routine was almost placid. Each morning he came into the hamlet of Hayden Lake, picked up his mail, and read it over coffee at the Owl Cafe. On Sundays he preached to his con-

gregation from the pulpit of the church he had built, haltingly exhorting them to hate and to fear. By mail, he marketed the writings of Eustace Mullins, who believed that the phrase "Have a good day" was a Jewish code signaling a renewed slaughter of Aryans. And he organized the summer conferences that, he hoped, would unite the racist right—the neo-Nazis, the Klans-of the United States and Canada. He declared that his compound was actually a township, Nehemiah, where the writ of the country's government did not apply, although his laws, he insisted, applied to the country. Any official who attempted to enforce legislation he disliked, he said, would owe him a wergeld of a million dollars. Like the other preachers of Identity, he counseled preparedness and patience. His disciple Robert Mathews was not inclined to wait. With the assistance of Butler and

Identity, a circle had closed in Mathews's mind.

n the twentieth of December, 1983, Mathews robbed the City Bank of Innis Arden, Washington, of \$25,952. On January 30, 1984, Gary Lee Yarbrough and Bruce Carroll Pierce, another Order member, stole \$3,600 from the In private,
Butler had been
known to
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Everything would have been simpler if Mathews had not been so well equipped day—that's why the skies had been scrubbed. The agents also expected that there would be a lot of bullets flying around.

Once the Bureau and the Island County sheriff's office had evacuated the area around the three homes that served as safe houses for the Bruders Schweigen, it was time to move-late in the game, actually, for some of the terrorists had left Whidbey Island the night before. The remaining occupants were invited to come out with their hands up. At 7:54 A.M., a young man burst out of the back door of 1749 North Bluff Road, an Uzi machine gun in one hand and a pistol in the other. He was Randolph Duey, a Vietnam veteran who had once run (in the words of his dean) "an admirable campaign" for student body president at Eastern Washington University. Now, surrounded by heavily armed agents who, Assistant United States Attorney Gene Wilson remembered, "looked like they intended to go



The safe to toke in Williams as a second

home that night," he made an admirable deci sion. "You're all white men!" he cried, thunder struck, as he threw down his weapons.

The occupants of the second house, at 235! South Hidden Beach Road, stalled for severa hours while they burned documents. Then Rob ert and Sharon Merki finally surrendered. The Merkis, who were wanted on warrants in both Washington and Oregon, regarded counterfeiting as a form of warfare against the Federal Reserve. In Duey's possession, the agents found a declaration of war against the United States of America; in the Merkis' house, they found a great deal of money.

A field telephone was introduced into the third house, at 3306 Smugglers Cove Road, and a hostage negotiating team was brought forward. Mathews was inside, armed, and the Merkis refused to say whether or not he was alone.

At times, Mathews seemed inclined to give himself up; at other times, the contrary view prevailed. He had no choice in the matter, of course; he had played out his string, and he had lost. Over the next few months, his followers there were more than twenty of them by then each surrendered in turn to the logic of similiar events—all except David Tate, who talked with God and killed a state trooper. (He was eventually found hiding under a bush.) There was a final, bloodless siege at the Identity compound on the lake in Arkansas. The agents could understand the targets they found there, cut in the shape of state troopers. They could understand the anti-tank weapons and the "elephant snot," a homemade plastic explosive. But they were never able to understand the thirty gallons of cyanide. The sentences, when they were handed down, were long.

On Whidbey Island, the agents held their fire. Tear gas was used and the house fell silent. The officers waited for hours, unsure whether Mathews was alive or dead, incapacitated or laying low; everything would have been vastly simpler if Mathews had never become an idealist, or if he had not been so well equipped. Finally four agents crept through the door. Mathews, upstairs, fired a z pattern into the floor with an automatic weapon. It had worked once for Clint Eastwood. Mathews missed. Thirty-six hours into the siege, and with no end in sight, the agents asked the helicopter to drop illumination flares. Mathews tried to bring down the chopper. Minutes later the house began to burn. To this day, the Bureau declines to say what caused the flames. Moving from window to window, Mathews kept up a brisk rate of fire, kept the agents at bay, compelled them to fire back. There was an explosion, a huge red fireball. They recovered what was left of him in the morning, when the ashes cooled.

## THE UNHANDSELLED GLOBE

With Thoreau in darkest Maine By Maxine Kumin

ast week I saw two friends off on a backpack trip to Moosehead Lake in central Maine, there to paddle a fiberglass canoe for a week or so. They left, jaunty in their bright yellow Gore-Tex jackets and matching pants, their nylon packs with Velcro fasteners on aluminum frames. Foam pads and sleeping bags were rigged sausage-style on top of the packs. Inside were freeze-dried dinners; magic powders for instant cooking fires; polypropylene socks to draw out the day's sweat from under their Nike sneakers; Deet insect repellent, used by the U.S. Army in Vietnam; a waterproof flashlight from L. L. Bean; a folding saw from Brookstone; a harmonica; and a paperback copy of Henry David Thoreau's The Maine Woods.

After they departed in their four-wheel-drive Subaru, I opened my copy of *The Maine Woods* to the appendix. Item VI, "Outfit for an Excursion," solemnly lists supplies for two men and their Indian guide setting out in July some 140 years ago: "a check shirt, stout old shoes, thick socks...one pair drawers...one blanket, best gray, seven feet long...veil and gloves and insect-wash...soft hardbread, twenty-eight pounds; pork, sixteen pounds; sugar, twelve pounds...six lemons, good to correct the pork and warm water....Expense of preceding outfit is twenty-four dollars."

Nowhere is Thoreau's preoccupation with particulars more evident than in this wonderfully complete appendix, listing trees, plants, birds, quadrupeds, and Indian words in addition to the "Outfit for an Excursion." From the Indian glossary we learn that *Michigan* is the name of a "good-for-nothing fish"; *Alleqash* is the word for hemlock bark, useful in shaping tepees. The lake

Maxine Kumin's most recent collection of poetry, The Long Approach, will be issued in paperback by Penguin in October.

gained its name from the Indian hunting camps on its shore.

The literal is always Thoreau's base. Just as he surveys Walden Pond with cod line and stone to eradicate the myth of its bottomlessness, so in this heady account of the spell the Maine woods cast over him he constructs a terminology of measurement and specificity with which to plumb the wilderness.

"I speak only of what I saw," he says by way of introduction to his list of more than a hundred flowers, plants, and shrubs, citing both their Latin and popular names. Nothing escapes his attention. In a clearing he notes such recognizable species as dandelion, lamb's-quarters, shepherd's purse, and buttercup, commonly thought of as having been introduced from Europe, and speculates that they may have "accompanied man as far into the woods as Chesuncook, and had naturalized themselves there...."

The list of quadrupeds is small, and includes the moose—"wood-eaters, the word is said to mean." Thoreau was enchanted to discover that the Abenakis had separate words not only for the male and the female, but also for "the bone which is in the middle of the heart of the moose (!), and for his left hind-leg."

It always makes me a little sad to remember that after all the care he took with this text, Thoreau did not live to see it in print. When he died of tuberculosis in 1862 at the age of forty-four, he was still revising the essays, "a knot," he told Ellery Channing, "I cannot untie." In fact, the last sentence he spoke was said to contain only two intelligible words, moose and Indian.

Moose and Indian abound in this book, composed of three essays drawn from three forays Thoreau made into the northern wilderness. He first traveled there in 1846, while he was living

Thoreau was a man without a vocation, devoting himself to what seemed like inconsequential rambles

in the little hut on Walden Pond and recording in his journal the reflections and daily events that were to make his reputation as a natural historian and philosopher.

The chief purpose of the first trip was to climb Katahdin—Ktaadn, he spelled it then, "an Indian word, signifying highest land." Only four recorded ascents predate Thoreau's. From the sound of it, his was a daring venture: he climbed for long stretches over the tops of old spruce trees that had grown up between huge glacial boulders.

Once, slumping through, I looked down ten feet, into a dark and cavernous region, and saw the stem of a spruce, on whose top I stood, as on a mass of coarse basket-work, fully nine inches in diameter at the ground. These holes were bears' dens, and the bears were even then at home.

In Walden Thoreau can speak of "the friendship of the seasons" and claim that "every little pine needle...swelled with sympathy and befriended me." But in The Maine Woods he must cope with a wilderness so savage and so profound that it seems to have burst the bonds of historical time. Here, he stands "deep within the hostile ranks of clouds . . . a dark, damp crag

In 1853 he went north again, this time to Chesuncook Lake, and in 1857 he made the major circle of the Allegash and the East Branch of the Penobscot with Joe Polis, his Indian guide.

Emerson complained about Thoreau's endless fascination with the wilderness, confiding to his journal (these transcendentalists were staunch diary-keepers) that "Henry...talks birch-bark to all comers"; but I revel in the sonority of Thoreau's response to the extremely rugged climb up, then down, Katahdin, most of which he accomplished by himself, as his companions staved behind to make camp:

I looked with awe at the ground I trod on, to see what the Powers had made there, the form and fashion and material of their work. This was that Earth of which we have heard, made out of Chaos and Old Night. Here was no man's garden, but the unhandselled globe. It was not lawn, nor pasture, nor mead, nor woodland, nor lea, nor arable, nor waste-land. It was the fresh and natural surface of the planet Earth, as it was made for ever and ever,—to be the dwelling of man, we say—so Nature made it, and man may use it if he can.

The search for that unhandselled globe is what has driven climbers to Everest, homestead-



to the right or left," and compares his situation to that of Prometheus on his rock. The scenery is "vast, Titanic, and such as man never inhabits." He is hard put to deal with the isolation: "Some part of the beholder, even some vital part, seems to escape through the loose grating of his ribs.... He is more lone than you can imagine."

More lone—not the sojourner in Concord, but a frightened mortal on the flanks of Katahdin. "Nature has got him at disadvantage, ... pilfers him of some of his divine faculty. . . . She seems to say sternly, why came ye here before your time?"

ers to Alaska, explorers to the source of the Amazon. The concept of the unhandselled globe now applies to outer space, which seems made purely out of Chaos and Old Night; however, it lacks its resident lyricist, at least so far. None of the voyagers to the moon thought to feel "pilfered of divine faculty." Has technol-

ogy robbed us of our capacity for awe?

Lo his own townspeople Thoreau was a radical and an eccentric, a man without a vocation, supporting himself doing odd jobs, devoting himself to what seemed to them inconsequential rambles, and living like a hermit on the shores

f Walden Pond. What he did best was to oberve, gauge, record, and measure every aspect f nature, reporting his findings in more than wenty journals, from which his published work drawn. And wherever he went, his sympathy or the animal struggle for survival went with

At the sight of a slaughtered moose, in this nstance a female separated from her nursing calf nd gunned down, he wrote: "a tragical business t was... to see the warm milk stream from the ent udder, and the ghastly naked red carcass appearing from within its seemly robe, which was nade to hide it." In fact Thoreau was never quite comfortable with the ethos of hunting. Indeed, even casting for fish gave him some disquiet. "I annot fish without falling a little in self-repect," he says in Walden.

"This hunting of the moose merely for the atisfaction of killing him," he continues in The Maine Woods, "not even for the sake of his hide. vithout making an extraordinary exertion or unning any risk yourself, is too much like going out by night to some woodside pasture and shooting your neighbor's horses."

An aroused Thoreau, the angry conservationst, is at his rhetorical best condemning the logzers' depredations. Much of The Maine Woods examines the logging industry in the middle of the nineteenth century and its effect on what we have learned to call the ecology of the region.

Speaking of "the chopper," Thoreau says that 'he admires the log, the carcass or corpse, more than the tree.... The Anglo American can indeed cut down and grub up all this waving forest and make a stump speech and vote for Buchanan on its ruins, but he cannot converse with the spirit of the tree he fells—he cannot read the poetry and mythology which retire as he advances.'

This is a taste of the Yankee asperity Thoreau brings so often to bear in the service of goodness and truth as he conceives them. He is rather more ambivalent about the American Indian, wanting desperately to see in him a noble sayage who might have stepped out of the pages of Fenimore Cooper. But the Indian who might impart great revelation to the effete, civilized white settler is merely a myth. The romantic image of purity and quiet strength evanesces before the reality of the native American already greatly corrupted by the white man's liquor, the white man's diseases, his guns and ammunition.

Alas, Thoreau's Indians are unwashed and untidy, lacking the good middle-class virtues of the man of Concord. They have lost the knowledge of their forebears, lack a sense of their own history, and are illiterate. Absent, too, is the great fortitude he expected of them. At one point Joe Polis, his Indian guide, "lay groaning under his canoe on the bank, looking very woebegone, yet it was only a common case of colic. You would not have thought, if you had seen him lying about thus, that he was the proprietor of so many acres in that neighborhood.... It seemed to me that, like the Irish, he made a greater ado about his sickness than a Yankee does, and was more alarmed about himself.'

But Thoreau's Indian is at home in the forest; he can strike out cross-country, secure in his ability to come out of the woods unharmed at the exact place he entered. The white man is at a loss in the bush; he does not dare to leave his campsite after dark:

You commonly make your camp just at sundown, and are collecting wood, getting your supper, or pitching your tent while the shades of night are gathering around and adding to the already dense gloom of the forest. . . . you may run down to the shore for a dipper of water, and get a clearer view for a short distance up or down the stream.... That is as if you had been to town or civilized parts. But there is no sauntering off to see the country, and ten or fifteen rods seems a great way from your companions, and you come back with the air of a much travelled man, as from a long journey, with adventures to relate, though you may have heard the crackling of the fire all the while, and at a hundred rods you might be lost past recovery, and have to camp out.

I treasure this description of the dense evergreen forests of the Northeast, for they remain our precious resource. Yet how many of us have actually gone deep enough into the woods so that no extraneous sound—no truck or barking dog, chainsaw or human speech—penetrates? There "the trees are a standing night, and every fir and spruce which you fell is a plume plucked from night's raven wing," rhapsodizes Thoreau. He is entitled to his hyperbolic metaphor, for he has been there. And then immediately he shaves the sentimentality of his raven's wing with a description of the lengths one must go to deter the mosquito hordes, ever a recurrent theme.

Remoteness is less threatening in this century. With crampons and pitons and nylon ropes, with emergency oxygen and two-way radios, we can assault the highest peaks. But although our wild places have shrunk, all of us who write, however tangentially, about the human place in nature hold a legacy from Thoreau. His language of specificity, from its soaring allusions to mythology to its startling metaphors, goes beyond the clinical measurements of the laboratory biologist, with whom he shares a passion for accuracy. Thoreau makes us see ourselves as part of the picture, standing somewhere in the middle ground, looking in both directions, to the mountains, and into the moss at our feet.

How many of us have actually gone deep enough into the woods so that no extraneous sound benetrates?

## THE CHILDREN'S WING

A mother, a son, a change By Joyce Johnson

summer Nicky was so sick, I would leave work a little early and go to the Chinese takeout place on Forty-ninth Street. After a while it was my regular routine. Nicky would call me at the office and place his order. "An egg roll, of course," he'd say. "And sweet and sour shrimp. And Mom, would you bring me a Coke?" I didn't like him to have soft drinks, but he'd say, "Please, please," trying to sound pitiful, and I'd always get one for him in the end. It was hard to refuse him anything that summer. When I'd get to the hospital the other mothers would be there already with their shopping bags. Soon whole families would be gathered around the bedsides of the children, everyone eating out of foil containers or off paper plates, like an odd kind of picnic or a birthday party that had been displaced.

The children's wing was in the oldest part of the hospital, one of those gloomy gray stone buildings put up at the turn of the century. There was a marble rotunda on the ground floor. When you took the elevator up, there was no more marble, just dim green corridors and unending linoleum and muffled fake laughter from all the television sets.

I was never in the ward when the television wasn't on. The kids must have pressed the switches the moment they woke up. If you came in the afternoon, it would be soap operas or game shows; in the evening it would be reruns of M\*A\*S\*H or The Odd Couple. There was a volunteer who called herself The Teacher and came around with little workbooks. She told me once she was going to bring Nicky some literature to explain what a biopsy was. In a stern voice I said, "I'd much rather you didn't."

I kept thinking Nicky's time in the children's ward would irrevocably change him. A shadow was falling across his vision of life and there was nothing I could do. Once I went to talk to a psychiatrist. He said, "What can I tell you? Either

Josee Johns in it the author of Minor Characters, which won the National Book Critics Circle Award for autobiography in 1983.

this will do damage to your son, or he will rise to the occasion and be a hero." This immediately comforted me, though it's hard to say why. Somehow I could accept the logic of that answer

Nicky had seniority in Room K by August. New little boys kept coming and going, accident cases mostly. They lay beached on those high white beds, bewildered to find themselves in arrested motion. Each had been felled by some miscalculation—running out too fast in front of a car, jumping off a fence the wrong way. They'd go home with an arm or leg in a cast and sit out the summer, listening for the bell of the ice-cream truck, driving their mothers crazy. "Hey man, what you break?" they'd ask Nicky, looking at the plaster around his torso with respect. "You break your back or something?"

He could explain his condition as if he were a junior scientist laying out an interesting problem, using the language he'd picked up from the doctors—"left lumbar vertebra... unknown organism." He'd say, "You see, in the X-ray there's a white swelling on the left lumbar vertebra." There were men in a laboratory hunting the unknown organism. He made it sound like a movie—you could imagine the men in their white coats bent over their test tubes. All they had to do was find it, he'd say in a confident voice, and then they could cure him.

Sometimes I'd look around the room and stare at all those simple broken limbs in envy. I wondered if Nicky did that, too. Why had it been necessary for him to learn the awful possibilities, how your own body could suddenly turn against you, become the enemy?

He was the little scientist and he was the birthday boy. When the pain would come, he'd hold on to my hand the way he had at home on those nights I'd sat up with him. "Do you see that?" he'd say, pointing to the decal of a yellow duckling on the wall near his bed. "Isn't that ridiculous to have that here, that stupid duck?"

I agreed with him about the duck and Room K's other decorations—brown Disneyesque

unnies in various poses, a fat-cheeked Mary nd her little lamb, all of them scratched and iolently scribbled over. I could see how they treatened the dignity of a ten-year-old. The ospital would turn you into a baby if you didn't atch out.

I kept buying Nicky things; so did his father. /ith a sick child, you're always trying to bring afferent pieces of the outside in, as if to say, hat's the reality, not this. There was a game alled Boggle that he was interested in for a eek, and his own tape recorder, which fell off the bed one day and broke, and incredibly intrinte miniature robots from Japan. All this stuff iled up around him. The fruit my mother rought him turned brown in unopened plastic ags.

Nicky liked only one thing, really; he could ave done without all the rest. A fantasy war ame called D&D that was all the rage among re fifth graders. I never even tried to underand it. I just kept buying the strange-looking ice he asked for and the small lead figures that e'd have to paint himself—dragons and wizards nd goblins—and new strategy books with ever rore complicated rules. "I want to live in a fansy world," he told me. I remember it shocked re a little that he knew so explicitly what he has doing.

He refused to come back from that world very nuch. There were nights he'd hardly stop playing to talk to me. He'd look up only when I was eaving to tell me the colors he needed. When 'd encourage Nicky to get to know the other ids, he'd look at me wearily. "They don't have he same interests," he'd say.

"Maybe you could interest them in what ou're doing."

"Mom...I can't. I'd have to start them from he beginning."

Still, I was grateful to the makers of D&D, grateful he had a way to lose himself. There were hings happening in the children's wing I didn't want him to find out about, things I didn't want o know. If you walked those corridors you bassed certain quiet, darkened rooms where here were children who weren't ever going to get well; there were parents on the elevator with swollen faces who'd never look you in the eye. A ittle girl in Room G died during visiting hours. I could hear her as soon as I got off on the fifth loor, a terrible high-pitched, rattling moan that 'll never forget. It went on and on and there were doctors running down the hall with machinery.

I walked into Nicky's room with my shopping bag from the Chinese takeout place. He was staring at all his figures lined up in battle formation; he didn't say hello. The other kids weren't saying much either. Their parents hadn't come yet. One little boy, looking scared, asked me, "What's that noise out there?" "Oh, someone's very sick tonight," I said, and I closed the door. I just shut the sound out. I suppose any other parent would have done the same. The strange thing was, I felt I'd done something wrong, that we all should have acknowledged it somehow, wept for the child who was

used to try to get Nicky out of bed for some exercise. We'd walk up and down outside his room very slowly, the IV apparatus trailing along on its clumsy, spindly stand like a dog on a leash. Some nights we'd sit on the brown plastic couch in the visitors' lounge, and Nicky would drink his Coke and go over his strategy books.

A mentally disturbed boy appeared there one night. He was tall and had a man's build already, muscled arms and shoulders, though I later found out he was only fifteen. He had a face that could have been beautiful, but you didn't want to see his eyes. They were red and inflamed, emptier than a statue's. I thought of the word baleful when I saw them. The boy with the baleful eyes. He was wearing dirty jeans and an old gray T-shirt. I thought he might have come in off the street.

Nicky and I were alone. This boy walked right over and stared down at us. I spoke to him softly, trying to sound calm. "Are you looking for someone?" I said.

He shook his head, grinning. "Who? Looking for Mr. Who. Have you seen Who?"

I said I hadn't seen him.

"Are you a nurse? You're not a nurse."

"The nurses are outside," I said. "Just down the hall"

He sat down next to Nicky. He rapped on Nicky's cast with his knuckles. "Hello Mr. Who. Want a cigarette?"

Nicky was sitting very still. "No thanks. I don't smoke," he said in a small voice.

The boy laughed and stood up. He took out a pack of cigarettes and some matches. He lit a match and held it up close to Nicky's face for a moment. Then he lit his cigarette with it and stared down at us a while longer. "My name is loseph," he said. "Do you like me?"

"I like you very much," I said.

He studied me a long time, almost as if I were someone he remembered. Then he threw the cigarette on the floor and drifted

arlier that day, a boy from Nicky's room had gone home. When we got back there, we saw that the empty bed had been taken. A small suitcase stood beside it and a nurse was tucking in the blanket, making hospital corners. A little

If you walked those corridors you passed certain quiet, darkened rooms where there were children who weren't ever going to get well At the nursery school, you could smell crayons, soap, chalk dust. Sometimes the thought of that bright place would get me through the day

while later an intern led Joseph in, dressed in pajamas. "Mom," Nicky whispered. "They're putting him in *here*."

"Don't worry about it, honey," I told him.

I went out to the nurse on duty at the desk and made a complaint. They had no right to put a boy like that in with sick children. The children would be frightened, they had enough to contend with.

"It's the only bed available," the nurse said. "There's no private room for him now. Try to understand—he's sick, too, he needs care. We're going to watch the situation very carefully." I told her about the cigarettes and the matches. She said, "My God. We'll take care of that."

"Where does he come from, anyway?" I asked, and she told me the name of some institution upstate.

Y telephone rang in the middle of the night. A nurse said, "Hold on. Your son insists on speaking to you."

Nicky got on the phone, all keyed up and out of breath. "Mom, you have to give me some advice. You know that guy Joseph?"

"What's the matter, Nick?" I said.

"Well, guess who he's picked to be his friend? He keeps getting off his bed and coming over to talk to me. It's too weird. I don't know what to say to him, so I just listen."

I wanted to go straight to the hospital and bring Nicky home. I said, "I guess you're doing the right thing, honey." I asked him if he was scared.

"Not so much. But it's hard, Mom."

"The next time he bothers you, just pretend you're asleep. Maybe he'll go to sleep, too."

"O.K.," Nicky said. "Can I call you again if I have to?"

I turned on the lights and sat up and read so I'd be sure to hear the phone. I called him back early in the morning. Joseph was sleeping,

Nicky told me. The nurse had finally given him some kind of pill.

went to the office as usual but I couldn't get much accomplished. Around three I gave up and went to the hospital. They were mopping the corridors and a game show was on in Room K. A housewife from Baltimore had just won a walk-in refrigerator and a trip for two to Bermuda. "Yay! It's the fat lady! I knew it!" a kid was yelling. I found Nicky propped up in bed painting a dragon, making each scale of its wing a different color. I looked around for Joseph, but I didn't see him.

"I'm concentrating, Mom," Nicky said.

"Is everything O.K.?" I whispered. With a sigh he put down his brush. "Joseph is taking a walk. That's what Joseph does. Bu don't worry—he'll be back." Then he said "Mom, sometimes Joseph seems almost all right I ask him questions and he tells me very sac things."

"What kinds of things?"

"Stuff about his life. He doesn't go to school you know. He lives in a hospital with grown-ups
He thinks he's going to live there:

long time—maybe always."

hen Nicky was little, I used to take him to nursery school on the way to work. It wasn' convenient, but I never minded. The place, as recall it, was always yellow with sunlight. Greet sweet potato vines climbed up the windows and there were hamsters dozing in a cage. In the morning the teacher would put up the painting the children had done the day before. You could smell crayons, soap, chalk dust. And all the little perfect children pulling off their coats had a shine about them, a newness. I was getting me divorce then. Sometimes the thought of tha bright place would get me through the day, the idea that it was there and that Nicky was in it—as if I'd been allowed a small vision of harmony.

I thought of it again that afternoon at the hos pital. I couldn't get back to it; it wa

lost, out of reach.

In the institution Joseph came from, they must have kept him very confined. In the chil dren's wing he roamed the corridors. One day a nurse found him standing in a room he shouldn' have been in and had to bring him back to Room K. "Joseph, you stay in here," she admonished him. He walked up and down, banging his fists against the beds. He poked at little kids and chanted at the top of his voice, "Hey! Hey What do you say today!"—which might have been a form of greeting.

He stopped by Nicky's bed and watched him paint the dragon. He pressed down on it with his thumb. "Hey, the mad monster game!"

"Wet paint, Joseph," warned Nicky.

Joseph took the dragon right off the night table. "Joseph, you creep!" Nicky yelled, his eye filling with tears.

I went over to him and held out my hand "I'm sorry. Nicky needs his dragon." It was odd how Joseph inspired politeness.

He stared down at my open palm as if puzzling over its significance. "That wasn't Nick's," he said

Joseph stood by the door in the evening wher the families came, when the bags of food were opened and the paper plates passed around. went out to get Nicky a hamburger and a chocolate milkshake. When I came back, the room smelled of fried chicken and everyone was atching The Odd Couple. Joseph lay on his ed. He had put his arm over those red eyes, as if he light were hurting him.

Nicky tapped my arm. "Do you see that,

10m? No one came for him."

I said, "Maybe there's no one to come, licky."

"Someone should."

I handed him his milkshake. He peeled the aper off the straw and stuck it through the hole the lid of the container. For a while he wirled it around. "Mom, I think you should get im something. Can you!"

I went down to the machines in the basement nd got Joseph an ice-cream sandwich. I put it n his dinner tray. I said, "Joseph, this is for ou." His arm stayed where it was. I touched his noulder. "Do you like ice cream?" I said loudly. Mrs. Rodriguez, who was sitting beside the ext bed, talking to her son Emilio, whispered of me fiercely. "Loco. Muy loco. You under-

She wasn't wrong. I couldn't argue. The iceream sandwich was melting, oozing through its aper wrapping. I went back to Nicky and took

;and? No good here. No good."

im for his walk.

Later, out in the corridor, we saw Joseph. He ook a swipe at Nicky's cast as we passed him nd yelled after us, "Dragon Man and the

Mom!" There was chocolate smeared all over his mouth.

he next day I bought an extra egg roll at the akeout place. It seemed I'd have to keep on vith what I'd started, though I had no idea how nuch Joseph would remember. I kept thinking of him during visiting hours, lying there alone. What I really wanted was to walk into Room K and find him gone, some other arrangement nade, so I could remove him from the list of everything that troubled me.

When I got to the hospital, some of the other parents were there, earlier than usual. They were standing in the corridor near the head nurse's desk. One of the mothers had her arm around Mrs. Rodriguez, who was wiping her eyes with some Kleenex. They gestured to me to join them. "The supervisor is coming to talk to us

about our problem," someone said.

"What happened?" I asked Mrs. Rodriguez. She blew her nose; it seemed hard for her to speak. "Joseph! Joseph! Who do you think?"

Joseph had somehow gotten hold of some cigarettes and matches. He had held a lighted match near Emilio's eyes. "To burn my son!" cried Mrs. Rodriguez. Emilio was only eight, a frail little boy with a broken collarbone.

I put down my shopping bag and waited with the others. When the supervisor came, I spoke up, too. Irresponsibility, negligence, lack of consideration—the words came so fluently, as if from the mouth of the kind of person I'd always distrusted, some person with very sure opinions about rightness and wrongness and what was good for society.

The supervisor already had his computer working on the situation. "Just give us an hour," he said.

In Room K an orderly had been posted to keep an eye on Joseph. He'd made Joseph lie down on his bed. The children were subdued; they talked in murmurs. Even the television was on low, until a parent turned up the volume. There was an effort to create the atmosphere of the usual picnic.

Nicky looked wide-eyed, pale. "Did you hear

what Joseph did to Emilio?"

I leaned over him and pushed the wet hair off his forehead. "Nicky, don't worry about Joseph anymore. They're going to move him in a little while to a room by himself."

I started opening containers from the Chinese takeout place, and there was the egg roll I'd meant to give Joseph. I angled my chair so that I wouldn't have to see him. It was as though life were full of nothing but intolerable choices.

"Eat something," I said to Nicky.

In a loud, dazed voice, a kid in the room was talking on the phone. "Hey, Grandma, guess who this is? I'm gonna see you soon, you bet. I'm gonna get on a plane and fly. Yeah, I'll bring my little bathing suit. Gonna see you, Grandma. Gonna see you."

"Mom," Nicky whispered. "Can you hear him?"

We were there when he left, everyone was there. Two nurses came in and walked over to him. "Joseph, it's time to get moving now," one of them said. "Let's get your personal things together."

They got him out of bed very quickly. One took his suitcase; the other had him by the arm. The orderly positioned himself in front of them. Nicky turned his face into the pillow when they started walking between the rows of beds. I was holding his hand and he kept squeezing my fingers, not letting go.

As he passed by us, Joseph broke away from the nurse. For a moment he loomed over Nicky and me. He kissed me on the top of the head.

Then they took him out into the long, dim corridors.

When Nicky was thirteen, he said he couldn't remember much about his childhood. He wanted to, but he couldn't. The whole subject made him very angry. "What I remember," he said, "is Joseph."

Nicky got well but he got old.

The children were subdued; they talked in murmurs. Even the television was on low, until a parent turned up the volume

# ROSES OF EDEN

By Helen Jones

awn in my room is the color of ashes. "Time to rise and shine," my mother's voice echoes in the empty bedroom, though she is not here. No one is here except me. I am lying on my back, mouth open, breathing heavily, noticing in the ashen light that the portrait of my late husband, Victor, is hanging slightly crooked against the blue wallpaper. For months now, I have practiced calling him, with Victorian decorum, "my late husband Victor." He hated the name.

My children are at summer camp, learning about kindling wood, tepee fires, and how to cook over tuna cans filled with corrugated cardboard and paraffin. And for the first time in seven years I am alone in my own house.

There's nothing on my agenda for the day. Maybe I'll visit the lover of the woman who rents my basement. He works graveyard shift and should be arriving any minute in his laced-up boots and canvas coveralls. I could pay him a visit wearing only a purple bath towel tucked beneath my armpits. Or I could scout the neighborhood for bored husbands. Like Mary Ellen Gorbotsky's. Otherwise, what else is there to do except polish the silver?

I could lie here in bed, waiting for a religious manifestation, Mother's dream. White lilies could burst into flame on my nightstand; the church could dedicate my house as a shrine. People magazine might write me up. Mother would be ecstatic. She dreams of paradise, I dream of being kidnapped by hermits who carry me into their caves to sate their lust. Always they are muscular, rugged men dressed in well-cut animal skins, their beards shaggy but clean, their eyes a piercing hazel. Not really cave men, but certainly savages; they never carry clubs,

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never drag their women by the hair. It's no good being thirty-two and a widow.

My mother named me Kiri, short for Kyrie Eleison. Better than Mary, I suppose, thank my lucky stars, or Agnes, both of which she considered before filling out my birth certificate. A very religious woman, my mother. "Lamb of God" by Gounod is her idea of dinner music. Agnus Dei. Hence the "Agnes." I've known only two Greeks in my life, and neither of them knew the translation of Kyrie Eleison—"Lord, have Mercy."

Mother's distinctive theology was gleaned from numerous parish socials and reading the Bible in Greek, a language she learned in the fifties. Hell is solitary, she concludes, while heaven is people—a populous paradise, one big family reunion with all the good souls ever born, billions of first cousins once removed slapping roses against your eyelids, kissing openmouthed, getting raspberry preserves on your shoulder pads. "Awake in heaven and you'll smell roses," she whispered to my husband as they pulled the sheet over his face. These roses of hers are supposed to bloom in the desert, waterless roses, and anyone trying to pick one will be instantly smitten by a black wing swooping down from a silk moon.

Once a devout Catholic, Mother recently converted to Mormonism and now keeps a snapshot of Ezra Taft Benson and Dwight D. Eisenhower on her nightstand. I think she fell for the handsome, short-haired missionaries with their Donny Osmond teeth and shiny blue ten-speed bikes. A celibate is always a challenge. Just ask me or Mary Ellen Gorbotsky.

You see, in our senior year Mary Ellen and I knew a boy who was studying for the priesthood. He played guitar and sang folk songs while trying to decide whether to take his vows or go to the NBA as a forward. Between verses of "Puff,

ne Magic Dragon" I helped him try to make up is mind about the priesthood in the cloakroom f St. Sebastian's Preparatory School for Girls.

Afterward, all through my daydreams, he ept calling me, "Kiri, Kiri." I saved relics like a cod pilgrim—slivers of wood from his guitar; a ck of his hair for which I paid Mary Ellen three collars and twenty cents. She played Horse with im once in the gym when he set his guitar own just for a minute. He took jump shots and ied layups in his slick leather shoes. She tatched him shot for shot till the last one.

For months after that time in the cloakroom, henever I opened the door to my dorm room it zemed there were bundles of love letters flying razily around, banging into walls, flying out hrough the screened window, loose in the rind, letters I couldn't make myself send, hough I scribbled dozens of them each night. You to the Romans. Paul to the Galatians, Paul o the Ephesians. Furious epistles. The walls of he dorm room were relentlessly white against he orange plaid covering the four-posters. Mary illen Gorbotsky gargled her mouthwash and spit tout the third-story window, trying to hit nuns on the head, then did deep-breathing exercises o make herself taller so she would get drafted by

a women's semipro team. She was sure there were some.

hinking of him now, forgetting the sound of is voice but remembering the way he didn't ook at me, I plunge my wrists into the dishwaer, lathering the saucers, touching the tines of orks with roses etched into the handles. I soap he red mugs, thinking of sacramental wine. I rave looked out this window three times a day or twelve years now, always wrist-deep in suds, ehearsing piety, wondering if I was ever noble enough to be a nun, though I did look good in a wimple, or so Mary Ellen told me once when we aided the laundry. Behold the handmaid of the Lord, who'd rather be kidnapped by hermits and dragged off to caves than live in a convent or go on a proselytizing mission. Hermits should always be singular, I suppose—hermit—because they don't socialize, by definition; ergo, they must live in hell (see Mother's theology).

The only sound I hear now is the stereo in the basement playing "Lay, Lady, Lay," accompanied by the crackling of whalebones in my corset. The girlish figure I brought to my first confession of mortal sin has long since taken to haunting the cold churchyard, looking for the

soul that vacated it one afternoon during basketball season.

o one will tell you his sins. Are mine so blue, so immense? Was Babylon like this? Could I swirl down the vortex to paradise, my aban-

doned body lying in a stamped-linen bed, ST. MARK'S WOMEN'S HOSPITAL, veiled nuns hovering, stethoscopes marking time like pendulums, my mother bending over me, saying, Awake in heaven and you'll smell roses. Could I do that? It's really the only question I seriously need an answer to. Mother calls me each evening at sunset to mention the fleeting nature of mortality. She brings me white roses with redrimmed petals, the roses of Eden which Adam stole from the Garden. She mentions eternal marriage. "You could be with Vic again," she says, "if you'd accept the truth."

By window light, I examine my wrists, my wedding band. Should I take it off? Is it time? Should I wear it, hoping eternity is just around the corner? To me it is all apparition, smoke, ether. No one tells the truth, ever.

My breath fogs up Vic's portrait, his fingers curved over the back of a velvet chair in the photographer's studio, his pale hair combed forward to cover the receding hairline which never bothered me but worried him to distraction. He hangs askew above the horsehair love seat beside our bedroom window. I no longer think of him as a miserly lover, purveyor of soft and occasional intercourse. Victor, the perfectly Victorian gentleman. I loved him. I never slept with him till we got married, and Mary Ellen can say the same about her husband. She was a virgin on her wedding day, age twenty-four, after a satisfactory two-season career in the Women's Pacific Coast Basketball League, her purple jersey embroidered "18" above the small letters: Old

Ironsides Brewery, the House of Lethbridge.

id I mention that the would-be priest is now thirty-four years old and lives two blocks east of here in a white bungalow with blue shutters, sharing it with his two angelic children and his blond wife, née Mary Ellen Gorbotsky, who can still dribble like nobody's business?

That time in the cloakroom was a February. We kept tripping over boots—brown leather ones, gray nylon ones with fur lining, even the old-fashioned black slipovers which my mother still called rubbers. He laughed at that.

For privacy, we went up to my room in the dorm and locked the door. Only the Reverend Mother had a key besides Mary Ellen and myself, and Mary Ellen was playing center against Sacred Heart that afternoon. She could discuss a full-court press eloquently, besides demonstrating the moves, so I was glad she was gone.

"Just hang your shirt over the bedpost there," I told him. It was one of the thirty-nine oak bedsteads donated by some banker's widow after she heard we were sleeping on mattresses on the linoleum. They had an assembly in her honor and we practically had to iron our panties and starch our knee socks just to watch Sister Monica drape this red sash over the old lady's shoulder and down between her big bazooms like a cross-yourheart bra, then pin the thing at the waist of the old lady's lavender suit.

So this boy, the would-be priest, went ahead and hung his shirt and pants on the bedpost, the legs of his serge trousers dangling off to the sides like windsocks at the airport. I threw back the orange plaid bedspread and watched his eyes while I unhooked my bra and let the straps slide down to my wrists. My blue panties said "Monday" just above the elastic on the right leg—

Mother's idea of a cute joke, as if I were still five years old. I stepped out of them and hopped naked onto the white sheets, stretching my toes out, wishing I'd painted the nails coral with bits of cotton stuck between the toes to keep from smudging the polish. I watched the boy's eyes, singing hosannas in my mind. He sat on the bed and touched my breasts so lightly it felt like standing before an open win-

dow, was all. He circled his fingertips over the nipples, not looking at me, whispering, "Mary, Mary." "It's Kiri," I said aloud. "You remember. Kyrie Eleison."

am fifteen years older now. My body's beginning its slow dissolution to dust. Doves are having babies in my mattress now; I hear them, and the incessant chirping drives me into the bathroom for earplugs. I see the bottle of green mouthwash and think of Mary Ellen, spitting on nuns. The relics in my room are cold to the touch—Mary Ellen Gorbotsky's all-star trophy beside the precious sliver of wood from her husband's guitar. Flaming blossoms illuminate my room with coarse and hollow light. The priest has heard my dark-veined confession and his grief is eloquent. The portrait of my late husband, Victor, will watch the sunrise with me later.

I paint my lips and toenails carmine red, much better than teenage-coral; this is serious stuff for the mature woman. I'm ready for my evening on the town, doing the clubs. Backless shoes make me feel so sexy, and I could blot up all the stains in town with these lips, licking at the rims of goblets. In a dark room, stirring drinks with fuchsia umbrellas on toothpick

stems, the priest and I watch the moonrise, our separate bedrooms cold as desire. He called me Mary, forgetting Kyrie, Kiri.

White as summer, my skin makes the lamplight look pale. We nibble rose petals and speak of the neighborhood, of blue shutters on white bungalows, golden boughs trailing from our lips just as they did when we composed the obituary. Wreaths of laurel and olive fan the specters hovering around us, spewing Mother's theology, dripping off the Casablanca fans. Perhaps I should take a Mormon husband to win Mother's favor.

Across my double bed-mine and Vic's-no-

vitiates file, chanting in monotone, parceling out decayed brioche for holy supper, sweeping the white sheets after their sandals. Why did Mary Ellen's husband refuse to look, to watch the small point of my chin, the black waves of my hair covering my shoulders, the tiny freckles over my collarbone, when he caressed my breasts? Why didn't he look?

In a darkened nightclub you can hear the

murmur of stones shaping themselves into a path across the dance floor. Some priests are known for their petticoat intrigues; they're the ones I always choose. Even a Mormon missionary was raped once, by a madwoman in England who handcuffed him to the bed. It was the first year Vic and I were married.

Birds nest in my mattress. Evenings, the woman in the basement meets me at the landing. We never speak, afraid the birds will escape into cold air, but her young lover listens in his canvas coveralls for the easy murmuring. He speaks of buying doves for the attic, believing he could fend off stones with their cries. I wanted to close Vic's eyes with gold pieces, like a cowboy's, as he lay there in the hospital

he hermit priest is waiting at my door when I answer the midnight bell, my hands dripping dishwater. I do what I'm told. Isn't he, after all, the shepherd of God, arbiter of hell and limbo, who puts the lying lips to silence? I remember bedposts, the cassock, lemon cake and lukewarm Chinese tea, a vow of celibacy, white crepe swishing the backs of my bare legs, brownedged roses, desert roses, roses of Eden. This is my litany for the feast of all souls.



# UNATTRACTIVE. NEED NOT APPLY

Sexism among the professors By Harold R. Holcomb

did not come here to find out if I am a woman," Dr. Elliott shouted to Vice President Gibbs. "I came here as a Ph.D. seeking employment—and you'd better remember that!" She began to cry and bolted from the office. The chairman of the political science department was eavesdropping in the hall, and Dr. Elliott knocked him flat on his back. Screaming obscenities, she vanished down the hallway.

"Temperamental bitch," Gibbs muttered,

helping the chairman to his feet.

The woman in question was neither temperamental nor a bitch. A prestigious university had just granted her a Ph.D. and she had already published three scholarly monographs. Before she flattened the chairman, Dr. Elliott had spent the morning with several department members, myself included, interviewing for a job. Chairman Winn had quizzed her on her hobbies. Professor Wells had inquired about her taste in movies and plays. Only one person had bothered to ask Dr. Elliott about her dissertation, or about American foreign policy, her specialty.

Boys, of course, will be boys. But if I am to tell you how the boys in the cold world of the academy really act, I must remain anonymous and change the names and locale around which this cautionary tale revolves.

Acorn State is a small liberal arts college in the Midwest that hands out degrees each spring to students who have paid enough money and hung around long enough to get them. Six years ago, when I joined the school's all-white, allmale department of political science, I entered a safe world. Women were the nurses, Chicanos the gardeners, blacks the janitors. We in the de-

Harold R. Holcomb is the pseudonym of a professor at a small liberal arts college.

partment quarreled endlessly, as boys are wont to do, but there was no issue we couldn't settle among ourselves through intimidation or threats of retaliation.

Like other departments elsewhere, ours is split into two factions, the Old Fogies and the Young Turks. There were, and still are, four Old Fogies. Well past retirement age and nearly blind, Dr. Wertz is drunk most of the time and is easily manipulated. But he does his job and can fairly be called wise. Chairman Winn and Dr. Wells, after thirty years in the business, have published nothing and are insecure about it. Both get hysterical whenever someone threatens to expose their incompetence. And there is Dr. Weimer, who does what Winn and Wells tell him to do but tries to hide it.

The important thing to know about the Turks is that they're all driving toward promotion and tenure and will step on anything that gets in their way, especially one another. Before he arrived at Acorn State, Dr. Hays, like Winn and Wells, had been fired from another school for not publishing. Hays and I were hired in the same year and became close friends. Now published, he is insecure for other reasons, and is known around campus as "resident stud." His exploits involve numerous coeds and (perhaps) one faculty wife. Dr. Helms arrived two years after I did but soon took command of the Turks. He is intelligent beyond his years and likes "hooters," "jugs," and "melons," as he calls them. The fourth Turk taught American foreign policy until his comrades ganged up on him and got him fired, creating an opening for a woman-if we could find one with the "right qualifications."

Affirmative action got its start at Acorn State when the wife of the president of the college The best letter came from a Ms. Rodriguez, who wrote, 'Not only am I a woman, but I'm Spanish, so I count twice'

caught him in bed with a professor who taught at a campus 100 miles down the road. A divorce followed and the president moved in with the professor, who subsequently left her college and came here to assume a series of newly created administrative jobs, culminating in the position of affirmative action officer. When our foreign policy man got sacked, Affirmative Action Officer Dodd told us what we needed. We knew that a black, a Chicano, or an Asian with a Ph.D. in political science would never come to Acorn State unless he was totally incompetent. Not that mere incompetence would necessarily disqualify such a candidate. Still, we knew we probably had to find a woman, one who would be collegial, who would "fit in," and who could teach U.S.-Chinese relations. So Chairman Winn wrote the position announcement, which read as follows: "We need someone who can teach foreign relations and handle the Chinese. Ph.D. required. Affirmative action employer. Women and minorities strongly urged to apply."

The applications began to roll in, and we chose a handful of men for on-campus interviews in order to prevent other men from filing reverse discrimination suits. One of the male applicants was capable, and we might have hired him if affirmative action at Acorn State had included gays. The best letter came from a Ms. Rodriguez, who wrote, "Not only am I a woman, but I'm Spanish, so I count twice." She was

snapped up by another school before we could act.

ur first real candidate was Dr. Monroe. I call her Monroe because she was, in fact, Marilyn Monroe's double. For her interview Dr. Monroe wore a skintight red dress with deep slits up both sides. She had a good Ph.D., a reasonable number of publications, and had spent three years teaching at a respectable university. She also had blond hair, blue eyes, and more sexual power than I can possibly describe. And she was single.

The normal state of hiring is one of warfare between the department's two factions. The arrival of Dr. Monroe changed all this. Fogies and Turks coalesced. My friend Hays, the stud, asked her a few questions about where she went to school. She smiled, looked him dead in the eye, and replied as if she were talking to him in a singles bar. Wells was like a man walking on broken glass, fearful that someone might say the word that would cause Dr. Monroe to vaporize before we could offer her the job. While the dean took his turn with the star applicant, we voted to offer her the job right now.

Then Chairman Winn and I brought Dr. Monroe to Affirmative Action Officer Dodd's spacious office. In Dodd's presence, Dr. Monroe

immediately became sophisticated, witty, assitive, and commanding. She was no long charming, cute, or sensual. Dodd was it pressed.

My friend Hays was the only one wise to the game-within-a-game that Dr. Monroe was plan ing. He was the only one who had really listen to her. And as he listened, he asked himse What is she doing here? In the past eleven da Hays calculated, Dr. Monroe had been int viewed by at least seven real universities that ther needed a woman or were big enough create an opening for the right woman. The interviews had netted Dr. Monroe three job fers—as director of women's studies, as prove for general education, and as an associate profe sor of international studies (with tenure). the same time, she had a good job at her ow university. So what was she doing at Aco State?

The answer was simple: using us. Dr. Monro held a non-tenure-track position at her university, and wanted to make it a tenure-track one. So she was traveling about collecting job offers she could use as leverage. Hays and I argued our this is about Dr. Monroe to the department, to the dean, and to Vice President Gibbs, all to ravail. We knew that when the search endethree things would happen: Dr. Monroe wou come out on top; she would be offered the joand she would turn it down within twenty-for hours. Three weeks later, Vice President Gibb called Dr. Monroe and offered her the job. Sturned him down two hours later and now hatenure at her own university.

Though we lost Dr. Monroe, she gave us mold into which all subsequent candidates hat to fit. This wasn't her fault, of course. Whis should she have done? Put on a few pound Acted disagreeable? She deserved to use ever advantage she had as a woman. Men, after all do exactly the same thing. But it was because of the existence of this mold that Dr. Elliott was

doomed before she could open he mouth.

Before I met Dr. Elliott, I was told by every one except Wertz that she was obviously unsuit able. I was told that she was too old, that she lacked experience, that she hadn't publishe much. (This last, of course, was usually consicered an asset at Acorn State.) What I wasn told was what she looked like. When I first say Dr. Elliott, in Winn's office, she was smoking ladies' cigar. I wanted to pivot and walk straigh out of the office. I wanted to run. Because could see right away there was nothing abou Dr. Elliott I liked. Picture a 200-pound woman with huge breasts, stringy hair, and warts allover a pumpkin-like face. That was Dr. Elliott

By the standards of affirmative action, Dr. El-Bitt was clearly the woman we should have ed. She knew more about her subject area in most of us did about ours. She was twentyht, young for a Ph.D. She had been a teachassistant at a major university, which more in qualified her for Acorn State. And she had ee publications to her credit, more than most ig us could boast. She had cleared every hurdle d beaten men at their own game on her own. In id so it was that the political science depart-It int of Acorn State finally arrived at the botn line of affirmative action. Could a woman iose sole qualification was intelligence join 2 boys in the ivory tower? Dr. Elliott's candimy cy would be the true test of whether we were I ofessionals, whether we were men or boys. I we would fail it with a vengeance.

Of all the Fogies and Turks, Wertz was the ly one who treated Dr. Elliott as an intellimit young Ph.D. should be treated. He asked requestions of substance. He exchanged views the her on books, on China and the United ations, on Soviet-American relations. They it it off. An understanding passed between mem. In the end, of course, he would side with eryone else against her, but at least he actionwledged her intelligence and paid her due spect.

Affirmative Action Officer Dodd also acted operly. She may have missed the point of Dr. onroe's visit, but she knew a victim when she wone. She treated Dr. Elliott as a serious candate and drilled her about her interviews with Dr. Elliott was far too kind to us. She said the had expected different questions but deside the had expected different questions but deside the had felt some members of the department of the different different questions. She is in the had felt rushed but wouldn't speculate to why. Dodd is a smart woman. She knew that Dr. Elliott had been judged solely on her ppearance. She was prepared to expose us for hat we were. The fight was on.

Dr. Elliott's appearance must have jolted Vice resident Gibbs, because he was mean-spirited om the very start of the interview. He was sitng behind his desk when Winn steered Dr. Elott in and did not rise to greet her. Instead, he ooked down. He was examining Dr. Elliott's le when Winn departed for his listening post in the hall. Without looking up, Gibbs asked his ret question: "Are you married?"

If Dr. Elliott had realized that we didn't want er because she was fat and ugly, then Gibbs's uestion must have hit her like a bullet in the eart. Still, she tried to act professionally. There vas a moment of silence, then she said, "I'm not oing to answer that question."

Without looking up, Gibbs asked again, "Are

you married?" She did not respond. Then Gibbs asked, again without looking up, "Well, then, do you have any children?"

That was the last straw. Dr. Elliott had worked very hard to get where she was. She had done everything she was supposed to do and had done it better than most men, certainly better than the boys of the Acorn State political science department. Only to have Vice President Gibbs spit in her face. It was then that she said, loudly and evenly, "I did not come here to find out if I am a woman. I came here as a Ph.D. seeking employment—and you'd better remember that!" Gibbs said nothing. So Dr. Elliott ran out of the office and plowed into the eavesdropping Winn.

I have a persistent vision of what should have happened at that moment. Vice President Gibbs, like Chairman Winn, is a small man, weighing no more than 150 pounds or so. Dr. Elliott should have sat on Gibbs and his desk, crushing both. Then she should have decked Winn with a right cross and kicked him in the groin. Then she should have come after the rest of us, sparing only Wertz. The scales of affirmative action would have remained unbalanced,

but it would have made for a pretty good start, anyway.

L Lumors of affirmative action lawsuits filled the air. None was filed. Dr. Elliott spent a few minutes with Affirmative Action Officer Dodd and then left the campus. Dodd told us Dr. Elliott had withdrawn her candidacy because Vice President Gibbs was a "prick." Gibbs served as a convenient scapegoat for us, but not for Dodd, who knew perfectly well that we were all pricks. Gibbs took most of the heat, though, and was later fired for reasons unrelated to his encounter with Dr. Elliott. Dr. Elliott eventually got a better job at a better school. Meanwhile, we went on with our search for the "right" woman. We had learned by then that the right woman had to be submissive, demonstrably mediocre, and endowed with impressive physical credentials.

Unfortunately, there was only one woman candidate left, a Dr. Hood. She got the job by default. Dr. Monroe turned us down; Dr. Elliott turned us down before she even left the campus. So we were left with Dr. Hood, who is middle-of-the-road in every respect: in looks, in scholarship, and in possible allegiance to either the Fogies or the Turks. She was hired because both sides thought she would fit in as an ally and a woman. Her life here has been difficult. She's single, and so I've nicknamed her Little Red Riding Hood—because of the Big Bad Wolf. There are, needless to say, a few wolves in the ivory tower of affirmative action on campus. But mostly just foolish boys.

Could a woman whose sole qualification was intelligence join the boys in the ivory tower?

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SOLUTION TO THE JUNE PUZZLE

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# NOTES FOR "EPONYMS"

From each of the answers to the "Eponyms" clues an animal (in the broadest sense) is uncaged and entered horizontally. The remainder, also a word, is entered vertically. Thus the title produced PONY and EMS. The setters apologize most sincerely for inadvertently omitting the clue for one of these, which the attentive (and riled) solver will have deduced was PARALONES. producing ONPARADES. Although all letters in both entries were checked, this additional challenge was not intentional. EPONYMS: a. CLAMBAKE, anagram, LAMB/CAKE; b. CO(MP-LIC.)ATED, CAT/COMPLIED; c. CON (TRA..)VENES, RAVEN/CONTES; d. G-ANGLION (anagram), LION/GANG; e. HY (PH)ENED, anagram, HEN/HYPED; f. ICELANDER, "I slander," ELAND/ICER; g. LOTTERIES, anagram, OTTER/LIES; h. MA-C(...R)AME, RAM/MACE; i. MO(LESTA)TIONS, anagram of least, MOLE/STATION; j. PAR(reversal)-A-PET, APPERART; k. REDINGOTE, anagram, DINGO/RETE. ACROSS: 1. PAPER CLIPS, anagram; 8. HOOPLA, hidden; 10. CAN(IN)E; 12. SEA HORSE, "see hoarse"; 13. SALT, hidden; 15. C(r)ACKLE; 21. RODE-N(o)T; 22. S(eason)-TOPPLE; 24. TRU(E)ST; 25. THEN, hidden; 27. S(CR)IMS, anagram; 30. CA-NOE(reversal); 31. CONDONE; 32. PER-SPI(R)ES; 33. TONGS, initial letters & lit. DOWN: 1. PAR-A-MOUNT; 2. PO-MELO(n); 3. E(r)OS; 4. C(L)AN; 5. NO-CI, reversed; 6. MEA(t)-L(unch) & lit; 7. B-UTTER; 9. PEONAGE, anagram; 11. APEX, hidden; 14. G(rind)-NASH; 16. LOLL(i-pop); 17. VE(N)TRAL, anagram; 19. COUNTER, two meanings; 20. SE(NOR)ES, ron reversed; 23. NO-1-NIP, reversed; 26. HOOP, reversal; 28. CROP, hidden; 29. DON'T, hidden.

SOLUTION TO JUNE DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 42). FRED MUSTARD STEWART: THE TITAN. Pickford . . . and Fairbanks were gods . . . leading the life of royalty. . . . The . . . English went wild, almost tearing little Mary's clothes off at a Chelsea garden party. . . . This was not the respectful adulation given . . . English royals: this was something new, wild, savage, exciting!

CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 43, Harper's Magazine, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to Harper's Magazine, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Entries must be received by July 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to Harper's Magazine. The solution will be printed in the August issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 41 (May) are Elizabeth E. Raymond, Binghampton, New York; Betty M. Law, Crossville, Tennessee; and Frank W. Lidral, South Burlington, Vermont.

# LETTERS

Continued from page 6

narrow and misguided conception the societal role of the author and I fiction. Can Bell be serious when condemns modern short-story write for portraying American life too acc rately? The fault lies not in our your literary stars but in ourselves.

Eric R. Alterman New Haven, Conn.

# A Note on Translation

Ryszard Kapuściński's "The Socc War," which appeared in the June i sue of *Harper's Magazine*, was tran lated from the Polish by William F Brand and Katarzyna Mroczkowska Brand. The introductory section was translated by Klara Glowczewski.

1 Risks International (Alexandria, Va. 2 From the Yaroslavsky Station, by Elizabeth Pond (Universe Books, New Yor City); 3 Voice of America/Radio Fre Europe (Washington, D.C.); 4 Radi Free Europe; 5 Electronic Media (Chica go); 6, 7 Inter-American Developmen Bank (Washington, D.C.); 8 Japanes consulate (New York City); 9, 10 Salo mon Brothers (New York City); 11 Firs Boston Corporation (New York City); 1. Selling Hitler, by Robert Harris (Panthe on); 13 Washington Analysis Corpora tion; 14 New York City Department of Health; 15 U.S. Office of Technolog Assessment; 16, 17 One Medicine, by R. V. Short (Springer-Verlag, Berlin) 18, 19 Population Reference Bureau (Washington, D.C.); 20 New York City Department of Health; 21, 22 National Institutes of Health (Bethesda, Md.); 23 U.S. Census Bureau; 24 Runzheimer In ternational (Rochester, Wisc.); 25. Mohammed Bailey and David F. Sly (Center for the Study of Population, Florida State University, Tallahassee); 26 Roper Organization (New York City); 27 United Nations; 28 Descendants of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence (New York City); 29 Washington Post-ABC News poll (New York City); 30 BVA (Paris); 31, 32 U.S. Office of Presidential Libraries; 33 R. L. Polk and Company (Ann Arbor, Mich.); 34 Boot Hill Cemetery and Gift Shop (Tombstone, Ariz.); 35 Florida Department of Corrections (Tallahassee); 36 The Iowa Poll (Des Moines Register and Tribune Company); 37 Marketing Research Association (Chicago); 38 U.S. Patent Office; 39 India Today (New Delhi); 40 George Bush's 1985 financial disclosure report.

# DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 43

by Thomas H. Middleton he diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 76.

## **CLUES**

A.	Human decoy used
	to lure others into
	spending or betting

B. Crippled

C. General pardon

D. Acquaintance

Large Norwegian breed of dog

Alone

G. Square block under a column's base

H. Decorate

Military advance

Trotters' tracks

Am. actress and singer whose autobiography is His Eve Is on the Sparrou (full name)

L. Trig

M. 1930 Kenneth Roberts novel

N. Sashav

O. "Have we eaten on the \_\_\_\_ root' (Macbeth)

157	165	54	44	172

160 92 167

102 143 115 50 56 4 137

36 175 45 24 140

187 170 127

60

141 162 115 191

174 146 134 26 145 72 169 14

183

7 110 132 88

144 111 180 159 186

176 164 125 119

13 148 44 6 154 67

Q. Perennial plant often credited with great medicinal

R. Up in arms; loaded for hear (3 wds.)

S. Signals

T. Fr. painter (1836–1902) who did a series of biblical watercolors

U. Hitler dictated Mein Kampf to him in prison

V. Long on looks (4 wds.)

W. Accept, believe

X. Official language of India

Seize and carry off by force

Z. Am. polar explorer (1880–1951)

Z1.Lime

P. As a rule

U 182

powers

69 66

21 114 165 106 147

158 136 130 78 190 34

51 62 37 1 185 15

181 142 75 138

77 87 47 182 117

135 150 124 121

16 129 179 149

103 65 154

116 85

120 29 41 192 178 123 12 89

N 177 H 178 Z1

188 H 189 G 190 S 191

33 153 193

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# PUZZLE

# Birds/Bees

By E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

Il clue answers are seven letters long. The first letter is placed in the appropriately numbered space, the rest of the answer, in order, in the six surrounding hexagons, in either direction; the solver must determine the exact position.

Seven unclued entries, all birds, are disposed in the diagram in the same fashion; their nesting places are shaded, and their initial letter will have to be determined in all but one case. The bees, however, are already entered... and since they are, there is no need to include them in the subsidiary portion of the cluing (anagram, reversal, etc.). (E.g., if the clue answer were MACABRE, the subsidiary indications would treat only MACARE: "Mother with anxiety is gruesome.")

The answers at 11 and 20 are not common words; 23 is not in many dictionaries; and 12 is a common phrase in none. The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 76.

# Clues

- 1. One in a large group acting like a magpie
- 2. Taking a shine to woodruff in garden center
- 3. The last thing seen on the rails? Lay two eggs, in case
- 4. Gave a present of down (crest of egret and cardinal)
- 5. Dopes it out, as suggested
- 6. Less hopeful...this doesn't hold water
- 7. Unable to sleep—could be a fluke after week
- 8. Puffin's back with drinks—the last ones?
- 9. Abstract art... and yet, a splendid array
- 10. A large stay, part of ship's burden
- 11. Drum disturbed merl after it returned
- 12. Orioles get their sticks from this one trail (two words)
- 13. Was a canary returning with the lady who grinds one's teeth?
- 14. Swing price after six
- 15. Married in dress of calico? Ridiculous
- 16. Parrot's first one nesting in damaged trees, being more of a nuisance
- 17. Pole pursues love with grandiloquence
- 18. Damage it with a local leader of the union?

- В В В В В B В В В В B В В В В В В В В
  - 19. Trees that bear nuts—each is pronounced
  - 20. Kind of plantain . . . it's almost worth going after right one
  - 21. Teeing off, getting 100...it's in the blood?
  - 22. Bright lights for flickers? So rest is disturbed
  - 23. Around North Dakota, teal is cooked as small fillet
  - 24. Elanet making comeback? It's reasonable
  - 25. Some bacteria arose freely, consuming energy
  - 26. Invested lavishly, but it could be redone
  - 27. Osprey at first flies awkwardly around, with more than one failing
  - 28. Looked like an owl? It's certainly connected
  - 29. Cassie dancing "The Itch"
  - 30. Word for a modern science one coins recklessly

Contest Rules: Send completed diagram, with name and address, to "Birds/Bees," Harper's Magazine, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to Harper's Magazine, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to Harper's Magazine. Winners' names will be printed in the September Issue. Winners of the May puzzle, "Double Entry," are Marjorie Shirley, Oakland, Oregon; Don B. Thackrey, San Francisco, California; and Ira Ewen, Jamaica, New York.

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RUILLINGHME

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JUL 1 6 1986

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The nation's first commander-in-chief, George Washington, answered it in 1790, when he said, "To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace." Two centuries later, that's still a good answer.

What's different today is that military preparedness now depends so vitally on high technology. To prevent war, America must have a commanding technological lead. If deterrence fails and we get into a war, then our technological edge will be necessary to overcome the other side's quantitative advantage.

This raises some hard questions: Will the U.S. generate the technology that military strength requires? Will America expend the educational, industrial, and military resources necessary to lead the world in technology in the next decade and into the next century?

America can maintain its technological momentum if we focus our national resources on this goal. Advancing technology requires a sustained, long-term effort. Quick financial fixes won't work.

Defense systems being built today have been made possible by a cumulative buildup of technologies evolved over the past decades.

Technical excellence requires longterm commitments throughout society in industry, in government, in education. Industry must invest its own funds in research and development without expecting an immediate return, but rather with a view to long-term performance and profit. Government should encourage this kind of investment. One way it can do so is to extend the R&D tax credit scheduled to expire at year end.

Progress in R&D requires more than the latest equipment and facilities. Above all, it depends on talented, dedicated people. Industry can help ensure American technological leadership by investing in people.

This begins with support for our schools and colleges. It continues in efforts to attract and motivate top-notch people. It requires giving them a stimulating and rewarding work environment. It involves encouraging them to keep on learning and growing throughout their careers.

A cooperative effort by government, industry, and education can create a national environment that stimulates the flourishing of technology. Our national security depends on it. So does our economic well-being.





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# LETTERS

# Anthropology Afield

Louis A. Sass's thoughtful review of epistemological shifts in anthropology ["Anthropology's Native Problems," Harper's Magazine, May] could have been expanded, had space permitted, to discuss the critiques now being undertaken in all of the social sciences.

Unlike the situation in anthropology, however, these other critiques remain at the margins of their disciplines and have barely dented the Panopticon inhabited by university professors, government researchers, institute staff members, and the dispensers of grants at quasi-public foundations. Hermeneutics and phenomenology are simply not taken seriously. The proponents of mainstream methodology still control entry into the professions and access to forums within each field. Most journals will not give the newer, hermeneutic work the necessary exposure, and this, in turn, all but rules out invitations to lecture, speak at conferences, and so on.

A broader consequence of the dominance of positivist social science is the pervasive influence that determinism has on welfare-state legislation. The standard methodology of psychologists and sociologists requires that people ("clients") be viewed not as active and purposeful agents but as objects moved about by remote, abstract forces. When translated into

Harper's Magazine welcomes Letters to the Editor. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced, volume precludes individual acknowledgment.

administrative practice, this justifies the continued stewardship of a professional knowledge class. Surely enough material for another article!

Thomas H. Fitzgerald Ann Arbor, Mich.

Louis A. Sass's report on anthropology is a penetrating examination of the trends in method and theory in this constantly changing field. However. I noted a curious omission.

Sass writes that "during [anthropology's] 'classical period'—roughly, from the 1920s through the 1960scertain ideas about method and subject matter were largely taken for granted." Not taken for granted by everyone: in a series of papers written mostly during the 1930s, the anthropologist and linguist Edward Sapir conducted an ongoing critique of the blind objectivism and naive empiricism that characterized the anthropology of his generation.

This critique anticipated many of the ideas of the current theorists quoted by Sass, notably Clifford Geertz and Pierre Bourdieu. Sapir. collaborated with the psychiatrist Harry Stack Sullivan to create the conceptual foundation for a radically different social science—one characterized by a focus upon culture as actually felt and experienced by individuals. These efforts were cut short by Sapir's tragically early death,

I would urge your readers to seek out Language (1921), one of his better-known works, for a pleasurable introduction to general linguistics and to his thinking. A biography of Sapir now being written by the anthropologist Regna Darnell will provide a full portrait of this fascinating man.

Robert J. Allen Albany, N.Y.

Louis A. Sass's article on the changes now rumbling through the ivory tower of cultural anthropology was sheer pleasure to read—and a nice eye-opener for us laypersons out here observing the mundane world of life in the streets of America.

But in his survey of anthropology's growing pains, he appears to have overlooked the role of fear—that gutlevel separation of the fieldworker from the interior life of the culture being observed. This fear is certainly akin to racism, and it must limit and distort any understanding of the subject at hand. How much clearer a picture might we gain if the Western academic could develop a real sense of trust and empathy with his or her "informants."

This is the underlying message of Carlos Castaneda's books about the Yaqui sorcerer Don Juan. Indeed, one might even consider Castaneda's "apprentice persona" a prototype for the new roles being tested in the field that Sass discusses. And isn't it about time, now that there are virtually no "primitive" societies left to study...

Jay Joyce San Francisco, Calif.

In his extremely informative report on the state of anthropology, Louis A. Sass illustrates that genuine objectivity—as distinct from neutrality and impartiality—is indeed attainable. His report is a model of objectivity. And that's all to the good. Why should one trust a field of study, let alone a science, if all it can produce is the untestable, albeit erudite, subjective observations of those engaged in it?

Tibor R. Machan Auburn University Auburn, Ala.

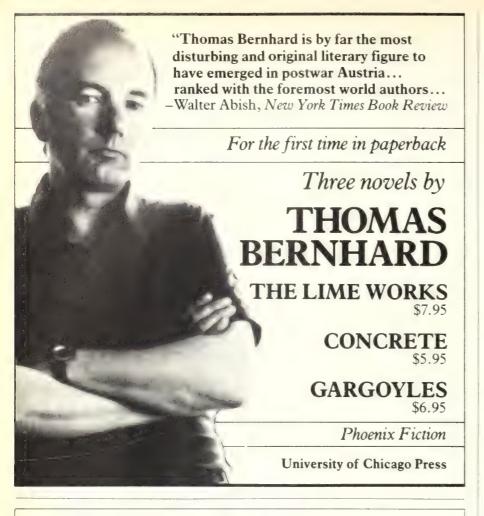
I am happy to see that the field of anthropology is going through an identity crisis. The "science" of culture, like the hard science of physics, is realizing that there is no line separating the observer from the observed. But even though an individual's observations must necessarily reflect his or her cultural bias, the anthropologist should not lose heart.

The unchanging truth that scientists seek can be found within all observations/interpretations. The answer is not to find a process of obser-

vation devoid of interpretation (an impossible task), but to distill many interpretations of the same phenomenon.

Fieldwork in anthropology seems to consist of observation and subsequent interpretation by one person. What is needed is a team approach. Each member of the team should arrive at his or her own interpretation, and then a consensus should be battled out. What better way





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to strengthen the foundation of a science than to have the followers of the discipline argue about where it stands?

Keith A. Weinberger Boston, Mass.

Louis A. Sass's fascinating piece left me with an old, familiar feeling: a sense of the unconscious bias, the unavoidable subjectivity, of the observer, which is anthropology's inherent flaw—its true "native problem."

So the latest savants of anthropology now believe that "rituals, myths, and kinship systems no longer appear so stable and distinct, or so regulative of human life, as they did in an earlier era." They might hold a mirror up to their own culture and read the same words. People cannot be stereotyped nearly as easily as social scientists would like. You see what you wanna

Terrence Dunst West Bend, Wis.

Louis A. Sass's article on anthropology was very nice-maybe too nice, since he failed to point out what deep trouble anthropology is in as a profession. It's all very well for tenured professors to chat about new ideas, but of all the disciplines, anthropology has the highest unemployment rate for recent Ph.D.'s. The few academic jobs available seem to be senior positions or (more commonly) one-year appointments to replace faculty members on leave. It's hard to turn out original work when you're scrambling to find your next temporary job. This situation isn't likely to improve for years.

A significant proportion of a whole generation of scholars-those who received their doctorates between 1975 and 1985—will probably not publish or teach, and the intellectual vitality of anthropology is bound to suffer. Those who do have junior appointments are racing to publish, and since innovation is risky, they will most likely play it safe.

But maybe the Big Boys (where were the women, the assistant professors, the part-timers, the graduate

Continued on page 77

# NOTEBOOK

# Band music By Lewis H. Lapham

It is a great art to know how to sell wind

—Baltasar Gracián

bout a month before the staging of the Fourth of July pageant in New York harbor, the television networks fell to quarreling about the division of the jingo's spoils. ABC had purchased exclusive rights to most of the attractions—among them, President Reagan's awarding of the Medals of Liberty and Chief Justice Warren Burger's administering of the oath of allegiance to 300 petitioners for citizenship-and the other networks complained about unfair restraint of the image trade. Executives at CBS and NBC dressed up their self-interest in the patriotic costumes of the First Amendment. Somebody said something about the Fourth of July "belonging to the American people"; somebody else said something equally idiotic about how it was getting hard to tell the difference between a politician and a circus performer.

That particular distinction was lost a long time ago, but it's conceivable that CBS and NBC might have been worried about losing access to the President and the chief justice for even as long as twenty minutes. What if one of Colonel Qaddafi's assassins managed to set off an explosion that wasn't part of the fireworks display? For the price of a special entertainment, ABC would have bought an option on a historical miniseries.

David Wolper, the Hollywood promoter who assembled the four-day spectacle and sold it to ABC for \$10 million, didn't bother to invoke the sanctity of "the people's right to know." Most of the events taking

place on Liberty Weekend, he said, belonged to him. He had hired most of the musicians and had had at least something to say about the placing of the aircraft carriers. He had taken the trouble to engage President Reagan and Chief Justice Burger as props for two of his occasions, and he didn't see why he should lend his props to anybody else's puppet theater.

"I'm paying for the Medal of Liberty," he said. "I created it."

His point was unassailable. Out of the clay of a press agent's dream he had forged the coin of publicity, and he deserves the compliment of grateful imitation. Let other networks follow his example and acquire the rights to any holidays that haven't yet been sold to the Japanese. I can imagine NBC presenting a national strike on Labor Day, complete with wellchoreographed riots in nine major markets during which National Guard units fire on angry mobs. The network, of course, would own all subsidiary rights-interviews with the wounded, books, movies, Tshirts, paperback reprints, audio cassettes, the bottling of the widows' tears, etc.: the network's ad salesmen wouldn't have much trouble selling the commercial spots to pharmaceutical and insurance companies as well as to the Business RoundTable and the teamsters' union.

If CBS obtained the rights to Christmas, it presumably could claim ownership of the entire national collection of toys, lights, tinsel strings, wreaths, and performances of Handel's Messiah. In the same way that David Wolper agreed to lend some of his Fourth of July footage to the other networks for their evening news

broadcasts, I'm sure that the executives at CBS would make an equally gracious gesture on Christmas Eve. They might allow a few representative orphans to appear on a rival network to open a few representative presents. They might even permit limited use of their videotape of President Reagan dressed as Santa Claus.

For having found yet another way to make something out of nothing, Wolper probably should receive one of his own Medals of Liberty. But I wonder if he, or anyone else, has yet considered the promotional opportunities recently made available in the United States Congress. Now that television cameras have been admitted into the Senate as well as the House of Representatives, the politicians in both amphitheaters must take a little more thought about their manner of dress. Obviously they cannot continue to wear the drab and miscellaneous suits in which they're accustomed to making a bankrupt shambles of the national enterprise. Nor can they be trusted to wear uniforms of a vaguely military air. Each of the states, and possibly some of the larger congressional districts, almost certainly would insist on designing uniforms to fit the specifications of regional pride, and I can all too easily imagine a garish profusion of gold braid worked into the figures of symbolic birds, vegetables, mottoes, animals, and trees. Although Thomas "Tip" O'Neill might look convincing in epaulets and a feathered helmet, the sight of Senator Alphonse D'Amato under a comparable weight of ornament might expose the gentleman to the danger of ridicule.



play on the Master Game

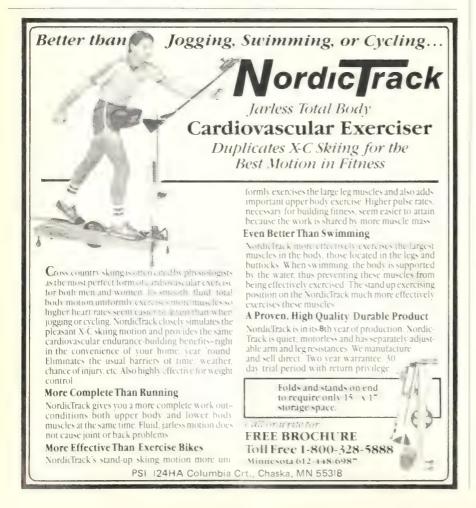
board. So, mix them up or play them side by side for a real groovy outta sight game.

Answers 1 Sealed With A Kiss 2 Mickey Mouse 3 Gold 4 M&M's 5 Elvis Presiev

All the right stuff for the trivia buff.

rivial Pursuit\*

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No, I'm afraid what's needed is something a good deal more straightforward and all-American, and I think the members of Congress would be well advised to wear jumpsuits of the type worn by drivers in the Indianapolis 500. The costume has the advantage of an egalitarian uniformity distinguished only by the sportsman's gradual accumulation of worth and merit. Every congressman would begin with the same bolt of empty canvas, but as he became more practiced in the art of raffling off fractions of the public interest, his jumpsuit would bloom with the endorsements of his grateful patrons and owners. Within a month of his arrival, or as soon as he can cast his first patriotic vote for a weapons appropriation, the apprentice maker of laws might be seen wearing the letterhead of the Lockheed Corporation or the trademark of Pepsi-Cola. Before the end of his first year he might add patches awarded by General Dynamics, Mobil Oil, and the Association of American Dairy Farmers. Over a period of time the truly accomplished members of Congress would acquire the dignity of totem poles. I imagine majestic figures dense with emblems, decals, and monograms, almost magical beings embossed with all the sacred names in the iconography of American enterprise.

During roll-call votes each congressman would be expected to wear a baseball cap bearing the insignia of the principal lobby or special interest that he stood ready to defend against the ingratitude of the poor. Any congressman worth his weight in campaign contributions would own an impressive collection of caps, but his choice of a particular cap on a particular occasion would alert the newsmen dozing in the broadcast booth to the issues at stake in the afternoon's play.

It's a pity that the jumpsuits couldn't have been made ready in time for the Fourth of July. Wolper might have rented a few senators as parachutists dropping onto the deck of an aircraft carrier just as a Marine band (wearing the patches of ABC Sports) concluded its rendition (available for \$14.95 on disc or cassette) of "The Star Spangled Banner."

# HARPER'S INDEX

Percentage of Americans who say the United States has never used a nuclear weapon in a war: 11

Percentage of cruise-missile test flights that have ended in failure: 30

Percentage of the proposed 1987 Star Wars budget that is allocated for "demonstration projects": 58

Chances that a family living below the poverty line in 1984 received no public-assistance payments : 2 in 3

Percentage increase in the number of blacks living in poverty since 1978: 24

In the number of whites living in poverty: 41

Number of blacks who left the South between 1980 and 1985: 470,000

Number who moved to the South: 528,000

Chances that a first-time bride in Kentucky is a teenager: 1 in 2

Average age of an American nun: 62

Chances that an American Catholic is Hispanic: 1 in 4

Number of the 173 private religious schools in Nicaragua that are subsidized by the government: 121

Number of academic conferences sponsored by the CIA in 1985: 70

Number of photocopies the Lenin Library in Moscow allows visitors to make each day : 2,000

Number of students per personal computer in public schools in the United States: 41

In the Soviet Union: 22,500

Percentage of Americans between the ages of 15 and 19 who say they have shoplifted: 43

Per-diem price of a bodyguard in Canton, China: \$3

In New York City: \$250

Percentage of lawyers who advertise: 17

Episodes of Perry Mason currently in production: 3

Percentage change in the number of libel suits filed since 1984 : -30

Percentage of Australian business executives who say the Japanese are untrustworthy and unethical : 89

Tons of cargo handled at the Port of New York and New Jersey in 1985: 15,344,000

At the Port of Los Angeles: 26,437,500

Number of rescues made by lifeguards on Southern California beaches in 1985: 33,278

Gallons of calamine lotion sold in 1985: 710,427

Walking speed of the average American woman (in feet per minute) : 256

Of the average American man: 245

Percentage of women who return to work within six months after giving birth: 63

Percentage of the 7,791,000 new jobs created since 1979 that were filled by women: 88

Chances that a woman who works full time earns less than \$10,000 a year: 1 in 5

Amount Nancy Reagan's hairdresser charges for a haircut: \$100

Amount he charges for a speech: \$1,000

Number of U.S. savings & loans that have added the word "bank" to their name since 1984: 116

Number of times Senate rules permit a senator to use his name on each page of his newsletter: 8

Pieces of mail the average person receives in a year : 598

Number of dreams the average person has in a year : 1,460

Percentage of Americans who say they dream in color: 40

Who say they dream in black and white: 23

Figures cited are the latest available as of June 1986. Sources are listed a second

# READINGS

[Conversation]

# MITTERRAND AND DURAS ON REAGAN'S AMERICA

From a conversation between François Mitterrand and Marguerite Duras in the May 7-13 issue of L'Autre Journal, a new magazine published in Paris. The conversation took place in April at the Elysée Palace. Translated by Jean-Philippe Antoine.

MARGUERITE DURAS: What if we talked about America?

FRANÇOIS MITTERRAND: If you want to...

DURAS: Isn't it rather strange, what happens in America?

MITTERRAND: Where? In Alaska?

DURAS: In Alaska too. [Laughter.] In New York, in New Orleans, in Chicago. Americans like Reagan.

MITTERRAND: Yes, he is very popular.

DURAS: And it is with the approval of his people that he bombed Qaddafi.

MITTERRAND: Indeed, he feels and expresses what his people feel and would like to express.

DURAS: You know Reagan. Tell us who he is.

MITTERRAND: I'e is a man of common sense, gracious and pleasant. He communicates through jokes, by telling ultra-California stories, by speaking mainly about California and the Bible. He has two religions: free enterprise and God—the Christian God. His time as gov-

ernor of California remains an important inspiration to him. He is not a man who dwells on concepts, yet he has ideas and clings to them.

DURAS: Is he honest?

MITTERRAND: What do you mean, honest? What does that mean to you?

DURAS: It means honest.

MITTERRAND: That he doesn't deceive his audience?

DURAS: No, that's not what I mean. Let's put it this way: Does he believe what he says?

MITTERRAND: Indeed.

DURAS: Common sense can sometimes be very wise, as wise as intelligence itself. Maybe that's the way it is with this country, at once civilized and savage.

MITTERRAND: Ronald Reagan has an intuitive approach to things, and he is able to get the gist of the sophisticated documents his aides place in front of him.

DURAS: One cannot conceive of Reagan as the leader of any country but America.

MITTERRAND: It is no small achievement to lead a country of 250 million. The American people are vibrant, powerful, full of energy, imagination, and character. Their continent is rich with extraordinary resources. They have an excellent university system. Put all these elements together and you have a great nation. But let's not idealize it. This great nation knows it possesses an empire. And the very idea of empire is a gnawing disease. America will require great fortitude to resist it....

What first strikes me about the United States



From the Utne Reader, a bimonthly digest of the alternative press published in Minneapolis.

is the immensity of the territory it still has to explore, to develop, to farm. When you fly from New York to Los Angeles, you spend more than an hour over the red and white sands of the desert, cut here and there by the blue lines of rivers. You feel that the journey west has just begun, that we are still at the dawn of time. For the people below, each step is like a conquest. I ought to have the same feelings flying over Siberia or the Brazilian Nordeste. But no, America is completely different.

DURAS: Salt Lake City, Henry Fonda, John Wayne, these names, this landscape, this sense of time: it's American cinema, John Ford. Westerns are about the crossing of deserts; their heroes, led astray by silence, belong to that solitude.

MITTERRAND: Don't forget that as soon as you leave this western, there is much noise, many people, freeways, interchanges, and jammed cities.

DURAS: I hope that Americans will preserve this emptiness, that they will never build on the deserts.

I used to be bored when I was in America, because you could talk about everything but politics. It was often deadly. Starting with the Vietnam War, Americans began, little by little, to change.

MITTERRAND: I made several trips to America around that time. In the universities, in 1967 and 1968, I met some very progressive young people. Their rhetoric was extremist and out of touch with reality—idealistic. They were reproachful toward Europeans like us—including socialists—who seemed to them timid, not sufficiently engaged in the battles from which they imagined revolution would emerge.

Once again, liberty had fired their spirit. Freedom, liberation—an ancient music to which young hearts respond. The journey, the adventure, the departure. Kerouac symbolized this need to escape, to go wherever your steps lead, to get away. From what? From convention; from home. Maybe from—who knows?—from oneself, from death. One is looking for a better world, or, rather, a different world, and that inevitably lies beyond the horizon. So one keeps walking, as long as there's hope. What society could fulfill this aspiration? None. It is a metaphysical quest, and politics provides no answers of this kind. Although no system will ever be able to satisfy those who harbor such a desire, I think that American democracy guarantees that the greatest number will enjoy a liberty that is genuine, lived, practical. This isn't so bad, even if it remains imperfect—very imperfect....

DURAS: I think America is the country I feel closest to, even though I've never lived there.

MITTERRAND: I would be very much at a loss living there.

DURAS: But you don't live with a city; you live with people. If you know three people in New York, you are saved. Not to know anybody there is suicide. I love America, myself. I am a Reaganite. Would you have believed it?

MITTERRAND: I think I have found that out! I feel sympathy for Reagan as a man, less sympathy for his policies. Should he ever read this, I don't think he would be surprised.

DURAS: I think he is the incarnation of a kind of primal, almost archaic, power. He governs less with his intellect than with common sense. But I approve of this. And he doesn't look for anything more than the approval of the American people.

MITTERRAND: But Ronald Reagan is not only President of the United States. He is head of the most powerful empire in the world.

DURAS: Good for us! Thanks be to God! It's funny, he displays the same defiance toward the Soviet Union as would an old member of a European Communist party. All of a sudden, he recognized what kind of people the Russians are, and he will never turn his back on this knowledge. That's it—the great virtue of simplicity. You may be slow, but when you learn something, it's forever.

MITTERRAND: A raid in Grenada, a bombing in Tripoli—certainly that's within the reach of an empire. But that's not necessarily what people expect from one.

DURAS: I don't think Reagan misuses his strength. He wants to kill Qaddafi the way any simpleton would if he felt he had been abused. But apart from that, he doesn't misuse it.

MITTERRAND: Tripoli seems to think otherwise.

I am, like you, a friend of the Americans, and even though my political ideas are very different from those of their current leaders, we maintain good relations. Not just for the sake of diplomatic good manners. I recognize the critical role played by the United States—whatever its flaws and fantasies—in safeguarding a certain way of life for which, all in all, I care. But I am, first and foremost, a son and servant of France, an out-and-out European, and this Americans must not forget.

Let us also recognize that in a country with as much liberty as the United States, one finds serious inequalities. Some statistics put the number of poor at 35 million. Enough to populate Spain. I have no doubt that President Reagan cares about this and agonizes over it. But the American system is responsible.

DURAS: The system and, let me add, mankind. I wrote once that "... the socialist man has remained a slave to his past . . . such that prosperity here is as impoverished as the destitution before...." Sorry. I think poverty is sometimes associated with liberty, a choice. I don't think those 35 million poor Americans would trade their freedom for any Soviet-style "prosperity"-to be fed, housed, controlled, forbidden to travel and wander.

Reagan is interesting to me from the point of view of power. His behavior is open and direct. He does not just make speeches. He explains what he wants to do and he does it. Here, lately, we have seen words so shamelessly abused, especially in the National Assembly. Political language becomes insupportable when it loses sight of the fact that words have consequences. Next to that of our politicians, Reagan's language is a breath of fresh air.

MITTERRAND: I don't like to teach lessons when there are so many to be learned! But misusing language is not a disease specific to the French.

DURAS: No, your own caution is not just rhetorical; it expresses what you really think. But could you-since in this field you are the king—say something about the relationship between language and politics?

MITTERRAND: The fit between Ronald Reagan's language and the American people is indeed a tight one. And I understand what you meant by describing Reagan's power as "primal": like a rock in the Morvan, like plain truth, like the wilderness of Nevada. But the problem is whether the state to which this language belongs is desirable. Once you have admired how well this language is adapted to the state it refers to, then you must look at the state itself. Is this state—let me repeat myself—desirable? I prefer to pose this question.

DURAS: But without this state, you wouldn't have this language. That is why I reject your question. You are trying to draw me onto your ground, and since I am as stubborn as you are, I won't let you do it....

Reagan plays Reagan; his praxis is day-to-day policies. He doesn't want to be distracted from his mission: the defense of America, and therefore of the rest of the world. Americans are killed in Berlin, he bombs Tripoli. What we are seeing now is the sacralization of the American citizen, of Americanism. It's only recently that Americans have gotten over the complex that Europe gave them, the complex of the shame of capitalism.

MITTERRAND: Americans can be proud of their history, proud of themselves. But you don't

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bomb Tripoli to get rid of a complex. Your explanation is inadequate. I grant you that after Watergate and Qaddafi's provocations, Americans needed to regain their trust in themselves. In this respect Ronald Reagan fulfills his mandate perfectly....Jimmy Carter, who was a much better president than is generally thought, is to Americans today a symbol of what one should not do. He left them with a sense of hesitance and of doubt. Ronald Reagan is better able to translate his faith into action.

DURAS: You have something there. That's one of the keys to Reagan. Of course, it's simple. But it's not necessarily unattractive.

MITTERRAND: Not necessarily. Indeed, it can even be appealing.

DURAS: Fifteen years ago, my publisher gave me a gift: a trip across America on the Zephyr, a train with panoramic windows, which traveled from New York or Chicago, I don't remember, to San Francisco. I am not sure that it still exists. People said it was good for no one but honeymooners and retired couples. In the Rocky Mountains, it went so slowly that schoolchildren would step on board while it was in motion. In the rear of the train, there was a big, open drawing room with a balcony from which to watch the scenery. It stopped in Sacramento, the city where Chaplin shot The Gold Rush.

MITTERRAND: It makes me dream, that train, that America—the time it takes for a trip like

DURAS: The trip took three and a half days. One full day of corn. One day of wheat. Then the deserts. Then the mountains. It's sad to think that such a train may no longer exist.

MITTERRAND: I know Salt Lake City. A place where a man could be reinvented. And God. The landscape forces you to look at the sky. You understand the Mormons perfectly. Not far from there, Death Valley beckons. And, another shock for me: the Grand Canvon. I speak like a postcard, but I was there on a day of lovely light, and I have never seen anything so beautiful.

DURAS: Wouldn't you say breathtaking, rather than beautiful.

MITTERRAND: Yes, breathtaking, but beautiful too. But I see what you mean. I imagine that the beauty of your crossing was the beauty of day-today things when they're endowed with grandeur. But let us not ignore smaller details. Like everyone else, at the Grand Canyon, I stayed in a hotel—a kind of fake ranch. And, like every tourist, I bought souvenirs. In particular, a walking stick. I am partial to walking sticks. I

don't need one, I'm not lame, but it entertains me; I swing it around my wrist, I use it to get thorns out of my way, and when my dogs are along I can guide them better. A walking stick is a friend. So I bought a walking stick sculpted by Indians, with snakes and totems. And I carefully brought it back to France. Not that it was rare you could buy it just like that. But I liked it. Then one day, at home in Paris, I was playing with it when I saw a tiny label: made in Taiwan. A good lesson in exoticism! A good lesson in economics! What do they actually make in the Grand Canyon? In the land of NASA, Nobel prizes, artificial organs, genetic engineering? It's something to think about.

# [Cable] CHERNOBYL: THE **GOURMET ANGLE**

The following cable was recently sent to Arthur Gelb, deputy managing editor of the New York Times, by Patricia Wells, a food writer in Paris who often writes for the Times. Gelb had apparently asked Wells to research the impact of the Chernobyl nuclear disaster on the gourmet food market. The cable appeared in the Village Voice's Press Clips column in June.

PRO GELB EX WELLS PARIS 27 MAY 1986. ARTHUR, PER OUR CONVERSATION OF ABOUT 10 DAYS AGO: I'VE THOROUGHLY CHECKED INTO THE SITUATION ON "RA-DIOACTIVE" CAVIAR, FOIE GRAS, SNAILS, FROG LEGS, ETC. FOR MANY REASONS, THERE IS NO BIG STORY HERE. THE FRENCH HAVE BLOCKED THE IMPORT OF FOIE GRAS, FROG LEGS, AND SNAILS FROM EASTERN EUROPE (FOR MOST PRODUCTS, JUST UNTIL THE END OF THIS WEEK) BUT THE BLOCK-AGE IS NOT HAVING ANY DEMONSTRABLE [GARBLED] FROM "SAFE" AREAS SUCH AS GREECE, TURKEY, AND ISRAEL. IF THE NU-CLEAR DISASTER HAD OCCURRED BEFORE CHRISTMAS TIME, WHEN ABOUT 80 PER-CENT OF THE FOIE GRAS IS IMPORTED AND CONSUMED, IT WOULD HAVE BEEN AN-OTHER STORY. ALSO, AM PRETTY WELL CONVINCED THAT THE CAVIAR IS SAFE, FOR THE SPRING CATCH WAS IN THE TINS AT TIME OF THE DISASTER. BECAUSE THERE IS SO LITTLE INFORMATION COMING OUT OF EASTERN EUROPE ON THE SUBJECT, NO ONE HERE SEEMS TO HAVE A CLUE AS TO LONG RANGE EFFECTS, BUT I'LL CONTINUE TO FOLLOW THE STORY IN CASE SOME-THING DEVELOPS. ALL BEST, AND HOPE TO SEE YOU SOON IN FRANCE. WELLS. PARIS.

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# **GUERRILLAS OF** THE RIGHT

At the Pump—From Project Free Angola: Activist Manual, distributed by the Young Conservative Foundation as part of its nationwide protest against Gulf Oil for trading with Angola. The foundation, which is based in Washington, employs the tactics of civil disobedience and nonviolent protest in its campaign against companies (and their university stockholders) that do business with the Soviet Union and its allies. The group recently led a successful campaign to force Gray & Company, a Washington public relations firm, to discontinue its lobbying activities on behalf of the government of Angola.

he following text outlines the basic procedure for initiating a "Free Angola" campaign. Successful implementation will prepare both you and your community for succeeding levels of escalation on your front of the Private Initiative War Against Moscow.

#### PHASE 1: SKIRMISHES AT LOCAL GULF STATIONS

The opening salvo of your campaign will be directed at local Gulf stations. The object is to persuade the owners to join you in condemning the actions of the parent company.

#### A. SELECTING YOUR TARGETS

- 1. Make sure the station is owner-operated, not leased.
- 2. Choose a large station with a high profile in the community.
- 3. Check to see if the station has an arrangement with local municipal services, such as the police or fire department. Sympathetic city council members may be persuaded to take their business elsewhere if you can convince them it is unpatriotic to protect their community with vehicles burning communist gasoline.

# B. STEP 1: WRITING THE LETTER

Your first action will be to write a letter to the owner of the gas station:

Dear [use proper name].

We want to believe your intentions are the best. That's why we're informing you of the atrocities your parent company, Gulf/Chevron, is committing, and why we're giving you an opportunity to distance yourself from these crimes against hu-

Gulf Chevron currently supplies through trade, about \$580,000,000 a year to the Marxist regime in Angola. The Marxists use these funds in part to pay for the 40,000 Cuban troops they've hired to carry out a program of genocide against their own people.

The fight for freedom in Angola is currently being fought by Jonas Savimbi and his UNITA forces. The Cuban troops in Angola are the only factor standing between millions of Angolans and freedom—and Gulf/Chevron is footing the bill for those troops. Gulf/Chevron is underwriting tyranny...and we can't believe that you support this morally.

To demonstrate your opposition to the violations of human rights being committed in the name of your corporation, we hope you will post an 11" × 16" poster, which we will be happy to supply, which reads: "This station does not support the Chevron corporation's policy of cooperation with the communist regime in Angola.'

Unless we are notified of your decision by [name a date two weeks in the future], we will be forced to assume that you support Gulf's funding of genocide, and will include you in our picket.

Send the letter by certified mail, then call every three days to check on the owner's response. By the time you are ready to picket, you should have a good idea of the general disposition of the opposition.

# STEP 2: YOUR NEXT MOVE

It is unlikely that the owner will agree to your request. If he does, make sure he posts the aforementioned poster. Take plenty of pictures of the poster in its prominent location. Then, repeat step 1 with your next Gulf station. If the owner does not respond, proceed to step 3.

# STEP 3: THE PICKET

Make one sign for every protester. Use slogans like "Gulf gas in your tank=Angolan blood on your hands," "Gulf loves Communism," "Boycott Gulf—They Hate Liberty," and so on.

Every motorist who enters the lot, as well as pedestrians strolling by, should be offered a bumper sticker, a poster, a flier, and a copy of the letter to the station owner.

Position two people at every entrance to distribute materials. Have the rest of the protesters march around or in front of the station. Keep walking; movement creates the illusion of even larger numbers.

#### C. PRESS RELATIONS

Call our national office at least a week in advance to coordinate notification of the press. This is crucial, as your effort will largely be wasted if the media have not been notified.

#### D. FOLLOW-UP

Naturally, you will continue the protest until the owner agrees to post the poster. Of course, once the first station has met your demands, others will follow suit. As more stations jump on the bandwagon, the publicity and the momentum will bring mounting pressure to bear on the next target of your campaign: the regional corporate headquarters of Gulf Chevron.

On Campus—From briefing materials distributed to participants at the American Israel Publie Affairs Committee (AIPAC) leadership training seminar, held last summer in College Park, Maryland. Each summer, AIPAC holds training sessions for college students from across the country. The following excerpts suggest responses to campus visits from pro-Palestinian speakers. The document was published in the Journal of Palestine Studies,

#### TIPS FOR LEAFLETS AND POSTERS

- 1. Use graphics, but don't be vulgar. Pictures can make a boring list come alive; they can catch the attention of people on the go; they may just get your leaflets read. Beware of gross propaganda-type pictures of shot-up corpses, etc., which the other side sometimes uses; they tend to come off badly and hurt your case more than they help it.
- 2. Avoid hysteria, but also avoid too much subtlety. A serious, factual tone is probably most credible, and so best. Remember that the goal of leaflets, as with all propaganda response, is to convince the probably ignorant and bored third parties in the audience. Do not go so far in your passion that you alienate these neutrals.
- 3. Either inform or startle or both. You can either try to cram lots of information (a damaging bio of the speaker, a list of PLO atrocities, etc.) into your leaflet or go for one big effect: a catchy headline and picture or one somewhat detailed gruesome incident. The trade-offs are that nobody reads long lists and people don't get much out of shock-effect posters. Try one of each, but no more than two or three, total.

# QUESTION-AND-ANSWER SESSIONS

Question-and-answer sessions are an opportunity to embarrass a bad speaker and at least make your point with a good one. You will never convince the speaker of the rightness of your position; your target is the audience, and that should always be foremost in your mind.

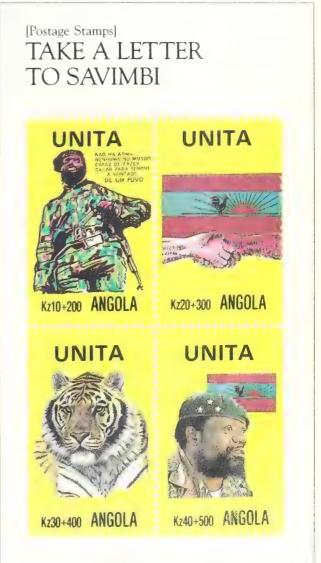
Have your questions prepared in advance. Memorize them; do not read them. Never lose control. Do not get flustered if the speaker interrupts you—just keep trying in a calm voice and he will look foolish. Do not expect him to have a heart attack if your question nails him; at best he will get flustered, but do not be surprised if he twists and turns away.

Think of the question as a few seconds of your

time, enough to make one point that might put his harangue in perspective for the audience.

# BAD QUESTIONS (HOWEVER WELL-MEANT)

- 1. You say all these things about Israel, but isn't the PLO just as bad? (Never give them the opportunity to define the terms of the debate.)
- 2. Aren't the PLO terrorists? (Never make vague accusations which leave a clever speaker room to evade the issues. Avoid general terms; wherever possible stick to specifics.)



Jonas Savimbi, president of the Angolan rebel group UNITA, commissioned the International Stamp Exchange Corporation (ISEC), of Miami Beach, to mint and market these "freedom stamps." According to ISEC, Savimbi's group operates a postal service in i' i ii trols. It costs twenty knansas (Kz) to send a consecutive costs ter and 100 Kz t. send an international.



# The week one of our readers was so inspired, he wrote a song.

A recent article in Newsweek on the convoluted morality of apartheid led a sightless reader to create a vision of simple outrage.

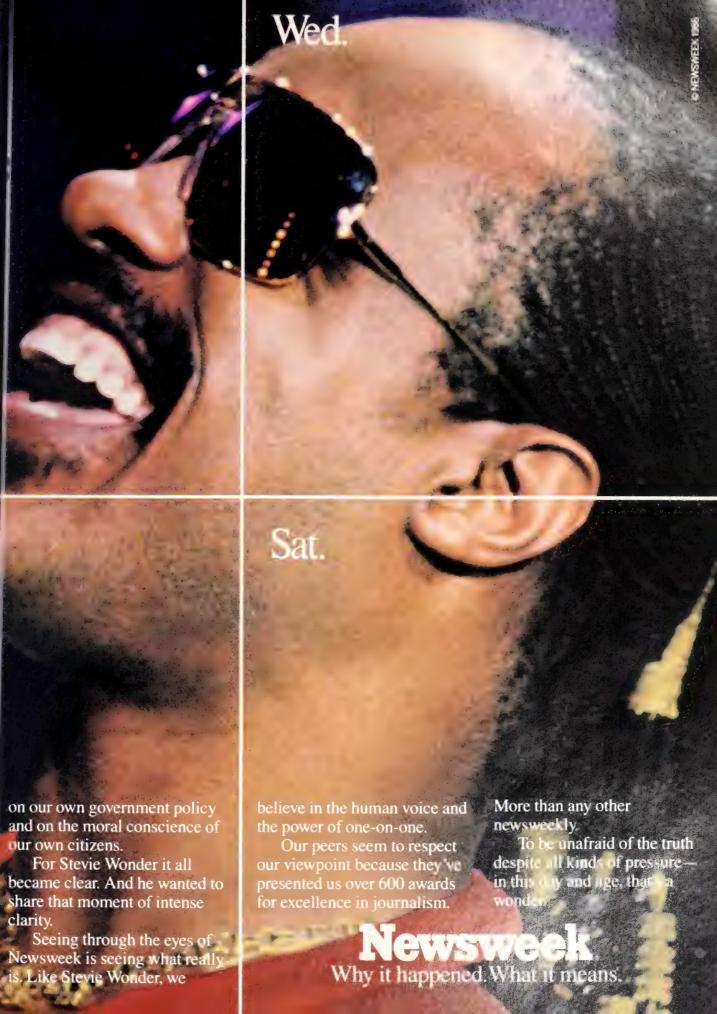
A song.

The reader was Stevie Wonder. And the song is "It's Wrong"—part of his new album, "In Square Circle." "I actually wrote it," he said,
"after reading Newsweek in
Braille. It gave me a little more
understanding of what apartheid was about."

Newsweek's commitment is to present the news in a way that leads to a greater understanding of what events mean to us. We not only tell what happened, but why it happened.

And we write it in a personal and human way that makes you a witness to events.

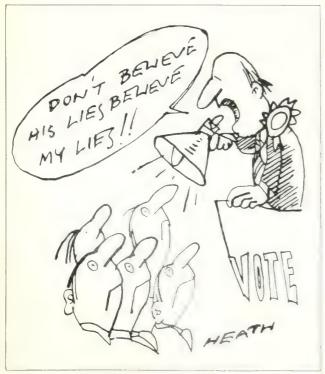
Our continuing special reports on "The Crisis in South Africa" have presented a sweeping picture of the forces at work in that country and have demonstrated their impact



3. You kill innocent women and children! (Never lose your cool. Always control yourself, using passion only in small doses to make a particular point. Otherwise, a good propagandist will easily portray you as a hysteric, and you will lose the audience.)

#### GOOD QUESTIONS

- 1. In an interview on April 3, 1982, Yasir Arafat said, "The Zionists are our eternal enemies. We will never give up the armed struggle until they are banished from all of Palestine." Do you agree with him? (Use specific, hard-hitting quotes from top PLO figures. This particular one is made up, but there are many which are just as damaging if not more so. Confront the speaker with a documented statement which he cannot escape.)
- 2. If the PLO wants peace and is willing to accept Israel, why has its charter never been amended and the several implicit references to the destruction of Israel been removed? (The facts of the case support your side; emotion cuts both ways. Avoid the latter, pile up the former. Use their own record against them.)
- 3. Same as Question 2. You should follow up questions which the speaker does not respond to. If he will not let you, have the next questioner from your group repeat the question.



From the Spectator, the English weekly.

# [Essay]

# THE ROARING **EIGHTIES**

From "The Debt Balloon," by Robert Lekachman, in the Spring issue of Dissent. Lekachman teaches economics at Lehman College of the City University of New York. His latest book, Visions and Nightmares: America After Reagan, is forthcoming from Macmillan.

nalogies both tempt and mislead. Still, it is hard to avoid recalling the merry 1920s, the last occasion when the abundance of international and domestic credit and ever rising stock prices stimulated pundits to project endless prosperity. In retrospect, it's quite clear what first inflated and then pricked the credit bubble. The Versailles peace treaty imposed upon defeated Germany an enormous burden of reparations. As Keynes memorably warned in his classic polemic The Economic Consequences of the Peace, protectionist barriers to German exports, the loss of Lorraine's iron to France and Silesia's coal to Poland, and the expropriation of Germany's entire merchant marine made it utterly impossible for the country to produce and sell enough goods to pay back the victors.

Not to worry. Americans happily invested billions of dollars in German bonds. The Germans transferred the proceeds to French, Italian, Belgian, British, and other claimants. For their part, the French and English promptly met installments due on the vast sums they had borrowed to win World War I. So long as American infatuation with German paper of dubious merit endured, all debtors paid up and creditors were euphoric. Toward the end of the decade, however, as all good things must, the charade ended. As soon as Americans stopped buying German securities, the Germans defaulted on their reparations, the European victors suspended service of their debt to the United States, and the paper inflation collapsed along with the dreams of affluence of many thousands of deluded speculators.

The New Deal partly revived the American economy, and that most wasteful of public works projects, World War II, completed the recovery. Henry Luce's American Century lasted barely a generation. OPEC's price coup of 1973-74 transferred vast resources from oil importers to oil exporters, notably Saudi Arabia. A nasty combination of inflation and unemployment afflicted the United States and Western Europe, but ingenious financiers worked out a saving solution. The Saudis and their co-conspirators deposited tens of billions of dollars in American and European banks. The gung-ho bankers eagerly pressed their new, loanable funds on the Zaires, Perus, Brazils, and Argentinas of the globe. The managers of these fragile economies shipped the sums they had borrowed back to OPEC, minus what they had deposited in their own Swiss numbered accounts. The process came to be known and loved by financial types as the recycling of OPEC earnings.

If the rest of the decade appears increasingly to be a disaster waiting to happen, it is because the recycling process displays ominous signs of unraveling. For starters, OPEC has lost control of oil prices, which have plummeted. The flow of those tens of billions of dollars from oil producers to Western banks has stopped. Those banks thus have less money to lend Third World oil importers at just the moment when many of them teeter on the edge of default. The best that Treasury Secretary James Baker has been able to suggest is new loans to Latin American and other borrowers so that they can pay the interest on earlier loans. No sensible financier is tactless enough to mention repayment of principal.

Lo descend to the anecdotal, two or three years ago I asked Felix Rohatyn whether Citibank, Chase, and other major Manhattan banks would not be bankrupt if they were compelled to value their dubious foreign and domestic loans at some approximation of market value. Rohatyn cheerfully agreed that in such an eventuality all of the major banks would register negative net worth, which is jargon for liabilities larger than assets. However, he quickly added, Paul Volcker and other establishment types would never allow a major New York bank or, as later events confirmed, even an important Chicago bank to go belly-up. In other words, the analogy between the 1980s and the 1920s falters because our financial leaders remember with proper apprehension the consequences of the debacle of the 1930s and exercise their considerable capacities of invention and deception to keep the rickety structure of debt more or less upright.

Still, the numbers are oppressive. In 1985, Americans saved just 4.6 percent of their after-tax income. Consumer debt as a percentage of anything you care to compare it with—gross national product, disposable income, consumer assets—is at a record high. Small corporations swallow much larger enterprises by issuing junk bonds, more courteously termed high-yield securities. The Third World owes the First World something over \$1 trillion, give or take a hundred billion or so. Our domestic farm debt exceeds \$500 billion, and corporate debt exceeds \$1.5 trillion. The numbers glaze vision.

INQUIRING MIND
WANTS TO KNOW

This list of the ten people Larry King most wants to have on his radio talk show appeared in the March issue of Washington Dossier.

- 1. Mikhail Gorbachev: "We'd talk about power."
- 2. Muammar el-Qaddafi: "Imagine his mind."
- 3. Laurence Olivier: "His approach blows me away."
- 4. Nelson Mandela: "That long in jail for a cause—Wow!"
- 5. Robert De Niro: "The next Olivier."
- 6. J.D. Salinger: "I like people who hate the press."
- 7. Andrei Sakharov: "What an amazing guy!"
- 8. Margaret Thatcher: "What's it like to be a woman running a country?"
- 9. Elmore Leonard: "Everything he writes is a borderline masterpiece."
- 10. Jane Fonda: "She's a fascinating person."

The economy will probably stagger through 1986, possibly even 1987, with the more important players in the major financial games able somehow to shore up faltering banks, lend new money to Third World debtors, and prevent a default on the part of either a major foreign borrower or an important domestic financial institution. Capitalism is a tough system. Its operators are superior con artists. They not only fear repetition of the Great Depression but have evolved techniques of cooperation unknown to earlier central and commercial bankers. All the same, one wonders how long this game of financial chairs can continue before the music stops.

Even the most casual of observers is aware that the bulk of the Third World debt will never be repaid. The best that can be expected is that the United States and Western Europe, in cooperation with the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank, will agree to forgive much, most, or all of this debt over a period of years.

There are two ways to repudiate debt. A borrower may simply refuse to pay, or lenders may

inflate their currencies to allow apparent repayment of debts in currency worth diminishing fractions of the initial values of the debts incurred. In 1985, the Federal Reserve increased the money supply 12 percent, and the value of the dollar against other major currencies declined. Still greater expansion of money and credit would diminish further the dollar's value and facilitate repayment of external debts in money worth far less than it was when the loans were made. Of course, the domestic accompaniment to such a policy would be a revival of the inflation that plagued the economy in the late 1970s, expelled Jimmy Carter from the White House, and bestowed upon America the dubious blessings of the Reagan Administration.

Whether it comes as a sequel to inflation or a desperate attempt to avert that inflation, the crash of the 1980s will both resemble and differ from that of the 1930s in ways I shall not endeavor to guess at. It is exceedingly difficult to see how it can be avoided, for it is no easier now than it ever was either to ride a tiger or to dismount from the beast.

[Report]

# THE BOERS' WAR

From "The Unrest," by Norman Rush, in the Spring issue of Grand Street. Rush, who lived in southern Africa from 1978 to 1983, visited the area last October. A collection of Rush's short stories, Whites, was published in March by Alfred A. Knopf.

## **BOER INSOLENCE**

The reflexive insolence of the Boers is a cultural trait that has to be taken into account in any attempt to project the course of events in South Africa. Western governments have dealt with the phenomenon by looking away from it, especially when they are its objects. The state president refers to the president of the United States as "the mispronouncing Mr. Reagan." South African Defence Force saboteurs are caught red-handed outside an American-owned oil facility in Angola, and the government flatly lies about their reasons for being there. The government, to recoup—this is the interpretation of an American diplomat in neighboring Botswana—raids Gaborone, that country's capital, and kills twelve people, half of them unrelated in any way to the African National Congress. The raid takes place while negotiations are in progress with the government of Botswana over the presence of ANC members in that country.

The South African government guarantees bail and the return to Britain for trial of four South Africans charged in that country with illegal export of arms, and then reneges on the agreement once the four are back in South Africa. The list goes on. Yet relations with the West, especially with the major Western powers, continue to be essentially normal.

How should this habit of insolence be understood? A common interpretation among the American foreign-service officers I knew in southern Africa went like this: Boer insolence arises out of immaturity (they've exercised power only since 1948), a certain impulsiveness, an unfortunate heritage of racism, a misguided and in fact berserk paternalism. It was something that would lessen as economic progress made the Boers more secure and as black progress yielded up more trained leaders that the Boers could respect.

On the left, Boer insolence was understood as primarily an epiphenomenon of the drive to maintain control over a subject labor force, something that would decline as self-interest convinced the Boers that it would be wise to prepare for integration into the inevitable socialist reorganization of society. Both approaches, I think, are weak.

Here's a sampling of Boer insolence:

- ☐ In October 1985, Lucas Makunyane, a member of the ANC, completed a five-year sentence for a violation of the Internal Security Act. A week after his release he was rearrested and charged with furthering the aims of an illegal organization (the ANC) during the last month of his incarceration in Potchefstroom prison.
- ☐ Condemned whites are hanged with a new rope; condemned blacks are hanged with a rope that has been used in previous executions.
- ☐ Coloured and Indian members of the Tricameral Parliament are permitted to eat in the Parliament cafeteria only upon invitation of a white member. The Parliament bar is closed to coloureds and Indians altogether.

I thought it would be touchy trying to get pro-government whites to talk about what I was calling (to myself) surplus repression. It wasn't. I expected that I'd meet denials of the truth of allegations about the ferocity of pacification in the townships—the *sjambokking* (flogging), the detention of very young children, the use of firearms against stone throwers. There were none. There was some backing off about torture, which was recast as "rough handling," but no apology for it. One man, a horse breeder, felt that putting Africans in solitary confinement was "very hard." He said, "Africans are very social, you know. Go to a hotel where Africans

stay and go down the corridor and you will see they leave the doors to their rooms standing open. They don't like to be cut off. They are in their rooms but the doors are open." But his conclusion was that solitary confinement was therefore an effective punishment.

I asked people if they didn't feel offended by the restriction of reporting on the unrest, and for that matter, didn't they think "unrest" was an insolent term? No was the answer to both.

But shouldn't more of the truth of the occupation be shown on television, since that was where 80 percent of South Africans got their only news? No again.

These were the reactions of middle-class whites—mostly centrists, it should be emphasized—people who still expect white and black to come together ultimately in some undefined accommodation.

#### "KRAGDADIGHEID"

It was a fundamental assumption among whites that no one who had not lived with Africans could understand that kragdadigheid-sudden, absolute force, or "terribleness"-was not cruelty, and was understood in a tacit way between blacks and the state. Robert Mugabe's swift and merciless expedition in Matabeleland in 1982 to punish the followers of Joshua Nkomo was, I was told more than once, an example of black kragdadigheid which resulted in Nkomo coming like a good boy to dicker with Mugabe about merging their two parties. The owner of a safari camp told me that handling blacks was like handling cobras or boomslangs. "Snakes will rear against you and fight you like hell, but once they are noosed and got in a sack they can be handled safely forever forward." I was told that it would pay me to study the way blacks had dealt with one another before the coming of the white man if I wanted to understand kragdadigheid. Boers had adopted kragdadigheid from the Bantus. Kragdadigheid was not arbitrary, but a matter of measured force, of getting the amount right. You would know it was right when peace returned to the townships.

#### 'KOEVOET'

The Botha regime's policy of force majeure coupled with manipulated reform will not yield a settlement, nor will the government be able to abandon it in good time. What it will do is strengthen the forces of the fundamentalist right, which will in turn further restrict the government's ability to maneuver toward concessions should it choose to do so at some more desperate juncture. The far right, parliamentary and extraparliamentary, is growing. White terrorism is on the increase. Twenty members of

the United Democratic Front—the largest legal multiracial opposition group—have disappeared, and eleven UDF officers have died under suspicious circumstances. The government displays a continuing inability to apprehend white terrorists or to follow traces of their work leading back to the police. An overtly fascist organization, the Afrikaner Weerstandsbeweging (Afrikaner Resistance), recruits openly and draws crowds of substantial size to its public meetings. The state's tolerance of freelance and subofficial violence and harassment by whites is seen by blacks as the beginning of broader sanction for death-squad operations. Koevoet (crowbar), a death

#### CRIMINAL'S APOLOGY



Thomas E. Kirby was convicted of Burglary First Degree for bur glarizing a residence in South Beach, Oregon on October 25, 1985. He has previously been convicted of burglary in Portland. He was placed on probation to the Corrections Division on March 7, 1986 and ordered to make restitution, pay a fine, perform community service and place this ad in the Newport News-Times applogizing for his conduct. At the time of his arrest, he was in a residence on Sam Creek Road in the Toledo/Newport area. Prior to this he resideded in Wald port

#### **APOLOGY**

I from Kirbs, wish to apologize to the people of the City of Newport for all of the problems I have caused. I know now what I did was selfish and wrong Talso trains that I have caused a forest hardships on people that were my friends and also my own family.

I want to thank the courts for a second chance to prove that I can be an honest upstanding person

My apologies again for causing any inconveniences to anyone

- Jam Ellery

CRIME STOPPERS TIP: As the jails and penten traries fill up and criminals remain in the community, be aware of which all your just to just a threat to your and your family. Don't hestitate to call a person's probation officer or the police if you observe any suspicious activity on their part. Be aware of who has been convicted of crimes and who may be committing crimes in your neighborhood.

This paid advertisement appeared in a recent issue of the Newport, Oregon, News-Times. Under a program established by Lincoln County District Attorney Ulys J. Stapleton, people found guilty of crimes against property can take out advertisements apologizing for their crimes instead of serving prison terms.

squad operating unimpeded in Namibia, would be the model.

Rightist discontent has split the core organization of Boer dominance, the Broederbond, leading to the formation of a rival and smaller group, the Afrikanse Volkswag. The Volkswag has developed a collaborative relationship with the Afrikaner Resistance, whose *stormvalke* (motorcycle guard) and *blitzkommando* (uniformed marching groups) appear at their functions.

The government's present compromise with extramural violence on the right serves several of its most pressing needs at once. Obviously there is a strong interest in not alienating the police through a search for the abettors of white terror. And terror is part of *kragdadigheid*. But the cost that will ultimately be paid in black hatred of all white authority will be brutally high.

Wider killing is on the way. The black struggle is largely guided by a belief that revolutionary success is imminent. Boers guide their war on the assumption that great enough force will compel blacks to negotiate on terms that will preserve the essential interests of the white minority.

Both are wrong.

[Interview]

### A BETTER MOUSETRAP

From an interview with Representative Robert Dornan, Republican of California, shown in January on C-Span, the public-affairs cable network.

If someone is such a nervous Nellie that they can't pass a lie-detector test, then maybe they're in the wrong profession. But people can be trained to beat a lie-detector test. In very sensitive cases, I believe more strongly in sodium pentothal than in a polygraph test. Sodium pentothal is pretty much foolproof. When you get to a case where a man says, "I swear to you I'm a nervous Nellie, I just can't pass this thing," just give him sodium pentothal and he'll be able to keep his job. If you have a hard case where you suspect someone of beating a lie-detector test, if he loves his country if he really wants the job, and if he has nothing to hide, he'll take an injection of sodium pentothal, and he'll let his subconscious be played out.

## [Essay] IDIOT WORDS

From Serious Questions: An ABC of Skeptical Reflections, by Erwin Chargaff, to be published this fall by Birkhäuser Boston/Pro Scientia Viva. Chargaff, a chemist and philosopher, is the author of The Heraclitean Fire.

Vords often stand for concepts, but sometimes they stand for their lack. Someone would like to speak out; he does not know what to say; he burbles. As he is no brook, but only an idiot in high places, what comes out of him are idiot words. I have gathered a few examples.

Jewish Self-hatred: When Hölderlin or Nietzsche spoke of his fellow Germans in quite abusive terms, criticizing them bitterly; when Stendhal compared the French with the Italians, much to the disadvantage of his own people; when Gogol or Goncharov painted Russian society in far from flattering terms; when Dante could find standing room only for the Italians in his Hell: who would speak of German, French, Russian, or Italian self-hatred? In what way does one, in criticizing one's fellow citizens or the nation to which one belongs, exhibit hatred toward oneself? And, for that matter, does hatred always annul the validity of its grievance? A Greek, asserting that all Greeks lie, may for once have spoken the truth.

How often have I encountered the stupid accusation of Jewish self-hatred when, for instance, certain actions of the state of Israel are being criticized by a Jew. Any stricture, justified and even lofty as it may be, seems immediately invalidated by that lazy explanation whose origin I would locate in the region where Freud rhymes with Fraud.

Self-appointed: I read in the magazine Science: "Meanwhile, XY, the President's science adviser, has lashed back at U.S. critics of the President's plans. XY... told the Electronic Industries Association... that the criticism came from 'self-appointed spokesmen.'..."

Jesus Christ was self-appointed; Pilate was not. Pilate had been recommended—not unlike Dr. XY—by some very rich contributors to the emperor's campaign funds. Would he make a good procurator of Judaea? Who cared? He was duly appointed. Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, were self-appointed. Not so the ministerial bootlickers who governed France in their time; they had been recommended for appointment by the king's cronies. Karl Marx was self-appointed; the professors who later claimed to

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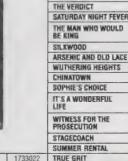
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Amerika (Baseball), a painting by R. B. Kitaj, from a shou of his work last March at the Marlborough Gallery in New York.

have shown him wrong had to wait for tenure. Thomas Jefferson was self-appointed; Ronald Reagan was not.

Nothing admirable in the world has been done except by way of self-appointment.

Consensus: Following a costly saturation campaign in the media to sell a certain soap powder, lipstick, or, for that matter, president of the country, one assumes that a consensus concerning that merchandise has been established. If in a nation of 250 million, 600 people out of 800 questioned say that this is the best soap powder, lipstick, or president, the existence of a consensus has been proved "scientifically," as one likes to call it. Consensus seems, hence, to be the crowning of another concept, public opinion, whose venerable age makes one forget that it, too, is an idiot word. But, whereas "public opinion" leaves open how many different, and even opposite, views it comprehends, "consensus" is a vectorial expression: it declares the identity of views. It is a dangerous word because it is used to conceal the lack of democracy in a democracy.

Controversial: Opinions that are said to offend the myth of consensus are controversial. The initially unobjectionable designation of disputable matter has been misused by the press to tar, indelibly, anybody who dares open his mouth or stick his neck out. In its present perverse use it would apply equally to Jesus Christ and Adolf Hitler.

Postmodern: One of the linguistic and conceptual maladies of our time consists in characterizing its various tendencies with the prefix post-: "postindustrial," "postideological," etc. One of the silliest of these vocabular neoplasms is the word "postmodern."

Each historical period follows, of course, the preceding one: reaction was postrevolutionary, liberalism was postreactionary. We now live in a form of postdemocracy that has not yet received a name. In any event, in all those formations, "post" indicates a temporal or causal succession. But would such a word as "postpresent" make any sense? Would it not mean that we call present what really is the recent past?

An explanation of the clumsy term "postmodern" can be found, I believe, in the feeling of homelessness, of not belonging, that has invaded our epoch. Every achievement that could be considered of the first rank appears to belong to the recent past: we seem to live in terminally epigonic times. Writing is post-Proust, post-Joyce, post-Kafka; music post-Bartók or post-Berg; painting post-Picasso or post-Braque; architecture post-Loos, post-Mies van der Rohe, post-Le Corbusier; and so on. Only the natural sciences appear to be an exception: nobody would speak of postmodern science.

#### [List] A FIELD GUIDE TO **AMERICAN POETS**

From Poison Pen; or, Live Now and Pay Later, a novel by George Garrett, published by Stuart Wright. Garrett, who teaches creative writing at the University of Virginia, is the author of numerous novels and volumes of poetry.

Philip Booth is the L.L. Bean of American

James Seay is the Hathaway man of American Poetry.

Hayden Carruth is the Mr. Whipple of American Poetry.

Richard Howard is the Judy Garland of American Poetry.

Stanley Kunitz is the Yoda of American Poetry. Karl Shapiro is the Coca-Cola Classic of American Poetry.

John Stone is the Dr Pepper of American

Peter Davison is the Sominex of American

Erica Jong is the Dolly Parton of American Poetry.

Ellen Gilchrist is the Minnie Pearl of American

William Matthews is the Wyatt Earp of American Poetry.

Dara Wier is the Dale Evans of American

Nikki Giovanni is the Gina Lollobrigida of American Poetry.

Czeslaw Milosz is the Lawrence Welk of American Poetry.

John Updike is the Fred Astaire of American

Harold Bloom is the Elmer Fudd of American Poetry.

John Updike is the Bugs Bunny of American

Heather McHugh is the Fay Wray of American

Louise Glück is the Lassie of American Poetry. Bin Ramke is the Ben Kingsley of American

Allen Ginsberg is the Gunga Din of American

Gregory Corso is the Bonnie and Clyde of American Poetry.

David St. John is the Cheech and Chong of American Poetry.

Cid Corman is the Sid Caesar of American

A.R. Ammons is the Don Knotts of American

Reg Gibbons is the J. R. of American Poetry. Mona Van Duyn is the Mamie Van Doren of American Poetry.

Alicia Ostriker is the Betty Friedan of American

Maya Angelou is the Sapphire of American

Anthony Hecht is the Adolphe Menjou of American Poetry.

William Jay Smith is the Sitting Bull of American Poetry.

Gregory Orr is the Raging Bull of American

James Dickey is the Bull Connor of American

William and R. P. Dickey are the wrong Dickey of American Poetry.

James Dickey is the Mr. T of American Poetry. X. J. Kennedy is the wrong Kennedy of American Poetry.

Stanley Moss is the wrong Moss of American

Harvey Shapiro is the wrong Shapiro of American Poetry.

Adrienne Rich is the Adrienne Cecile Rich of American Poetry.

James Hall is the Jim Hall of American Poetry. Jim Harrison is the Rex Harrison of American Poetry.

Gerald Costanzo is the Daniel Halpern of American Poetry.

William Heyen is the W.D. Snodgrass of American Poetry.

W. D. Snodgrass is the Rudolf Hess of American

Imamu Amiri Baraka is the Buckwheat of American Poetry.

Richard Eberhart is the Spanky of American Poetry.

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Robert Pack is the Wonder Bread of American Poetry.

Debeta Nystrom is the Banana Daiquiri of American Poetry.

Cynthia MacDonald is the Andrea Dworkin of American Poetry.

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Leslie Ullman is the Joan Benoit of American Poetry.

Carolyn Forché is the Christie Brinkley of American Poetry.

Stephen Sandy is the Charles Atlas of American

James Atlas is the Tom Thumb of American Poetry.

#### [Essay] TWO CHEERS FOR EXILE

From "In Praise of Exile," by Leszek Kolakowski, in the Times Literary Supplement, October 11, 1985. Kolakowski is the author of Main Currents of Marxism.

Then we speak of an "intellectual in exile," we almost automatically think of an escapee from one or another form of tyranny and thus assume that exile—even a forcible one—is in some important respects preferable to or better than the alternative. The advantages of an exile (freedom) as well as its miseries (uprootedness, intractable difficulties with foreign tongues, etc.) are obvious. Not so obvious is the answer to the question of whether exile is merely a lesser evil or whether it offers privileges unknown to those who are securely settled on their native

We can look for an answer in the vicissitudes of the most experienced exiles, exiles par excellence, the Jews. As long as they lived in ghettos, protecting their identity by an impenetrable shell of highly complicated rituals and taboos (perhaps the very complexity of their law made their survival possible: a pious man could not live among the Gentiles and observe all his customs, the very number of which compelled lews to live together and prevented them from dissolving in the Christian environment), they might have produced outstanding Talmudists and commentators, but their cultural life was necessarily self-contained. Geographically they lived for generations as expatriates, but they were by no means aliens in ghettos; they kept sheltering tenaciously in heart and mind the lost imaginary fatherland, more or less indifferent to the Gentile cultural world. To a pious Hassid it did not matter much, in cultural terms, whether he lived in Warsaw or Shanghai; he carried the deposit of faith, and to be a guardian of this deposit was enough to sustain his mental life.

Once the walls of ghettos began to crumble with the so-called emancipation (one needs to be aware of dubious aspects of this value-loaded word), the Jews invaded the spiritual space of Europe in an astonishingly rapid and powerful march. Some of them, like Marx, Freud, and Einstein, were to become real world conquerors; thousands of others found their places in the elites of all realms of civilization—the sciences, arts, humanities, politics. It was only by, as it were, exiling themselves from their collective exile that they became exiles in the modern sense. However hard they might have tried, they (at least most of them) failed to lose entirely their identity of old and to be unreservedly assimilated; they were looked upon as alien bodies by the indigenous tribes, and it was probably this uncertain status, the lack of a well-defined identity, which enabled them to see more and to question more than those who were satisfied with their inherited and natural sense of belonging. One is even tempted to say that it was the anti-Semites (as long as they did not express their ideas in terms of gas chambers) who were to a large extent responsible for the extraordinary achievements of the Jews, precisely because by barring to them the path to the moral and intellectual safety of the tribal life-whether French, Polish, Russian, or German—they left them in the privileged position of outsiders.

That the position of an outsider offers a cognitive privilege is well known and unquestionable. A tourist often sees things which a native does not notice, as they have become a natural part of his life (one thinks of a tourist in America named Alexis de Tocqueville). For the peoples of the Book, both Jews and Christians, exile is, of course, the normal and inescapable lot of mankind on earth. One can go further and say that the myth of exile, in one form or another, lies at the core of all religions, of any genuine religious experience. The fundamental message embedded in religious worship is: our home is elsewhere. Suppose that the theologians are right and that our progenitors in Eden would have acquired the knowledge of carnal love and

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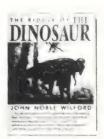
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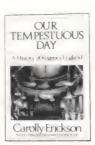
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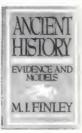
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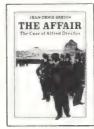




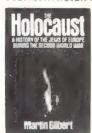


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produced offspring even if they had resisted the temptation and remained blissfully unaware of Good and Evil. They would nonetheless never have originated mankind as we know it—a race capable of creating. It was the *felix culpa* and the subsequent exile, including its miseries and risks, that tore them out of their celestial safety,

## [Poem] NORTHERN SUMMER

By George Faludy. From Selected Poems of George Faludy, edited by Robin Skelton and published by the University of Georgia Press. Faludy, who was born in Budapest in 1910, emigrated from Hungary in 1956; he is now a Canadian citizen. "Northern Summer" was translated by Eric Johnson.

A poppy-red bird (its like I've never seen) chirps good morning at me from its branch. I'm walking beside a brook that flows into an unnamed lake in which I'll soon be swimming. Sharp blades of grass glint yellow in the sun-Bronze Age swords meant only for self-defense. Raspberry bushes pose as Christmas trees, their dripping fruits like bulbs of frosted glass. Beyond lies glacial rock in huge smooth slabs. Too bad I've reached these shores a little late to find myself a poet's desk out there. On a brown boulder huddle virulent green mold and moss—I've seen those globular stains before, great ovals spreading darkly on dead tributaries of the Amazon. For several brief weeks the sky, the earth, the sun and animals play tropics here: only half these hairy-stemmed small scarlet blooms were here when I was, yesterday. If they have a name I do not know it. Creepers work their way like watersnakes, and where the stream pauses in a stagnant pool waterspiders race from base to base. In violet depths of indelible ink big fish eject clear comet nebulae of fertilizing sperm, then flash away. Embraced like biplanes, dragonflies fly low across my shoulder, blinded by their lust. Everything buds, bursts open, flourishes, makes love and hurries on as if it knew how short this florid orgy's bound to be. I'm running now to reach the nameless lake; beside me, young, transparent, silver-hipped, spilling flowers from bunches in her arms, races, races Summer, my mad Ophelia.

exposed them to evil, danger, struggles, and suffering, and thus laid the necessary condition of human existence. Creativity arose from insecurity, from an exile of a sort, from the experience of homelessness.

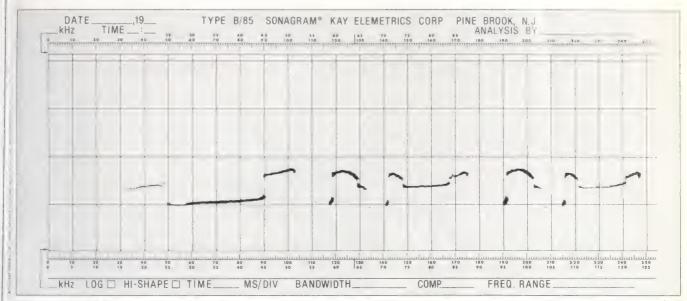
The Christian notion of the first exile can be enlarged and applied to the second one—that is, the exile from exile—and the third, and the fourth. (It is arguable, for instance, that Spinoza was a quadruple exile, being excommunicated from the lewish community which established itself in Amsterdam after the expulsion from Portugal, where they had lived as exiles from the Eretz given them by God as a place of exile from Eden.) Any exile can be seen either as a misfortune or as a challenge; it can become no more than a reason for despondency and sorrow or a source of a painful encouragement. We can use a foreign tongue simply because we have to, or try to discover in it linguistic treasures which are unique to it, untranslatable, and which therefore enrich our mind, not only our technical ability to communicate. We can confront the perspective of an alien with that of a native and thus sow an alarming mental discomfort which frequently turns out to be productive and mutually beneficial.

The examples abound throughout modern history. I am not aware of any study specifically examining the cultural role of various forms of exile, individual and collective, in the history of Europe. There is no doubt, however, that without so many religiously or politically motivated expulsions, and self-expulsions, without all those wanderers and refugees, European intellectual and artistic life would be much different from what it is. One thinks of Huguenots in England and Holland; of Italian Christian radicals and Unitarians looking for shelter in the (then very tolerant) Poland of the second half of the sixteenth century; of Polish Unitarians in Western Europe in the second half of the seventeenth century, promoters of the early Enlightenment; of lews expelled from Iberian countries; of refugees from communist-ruled Central and Eastern Europe. All of them contributed, sometimes dramatically, to the civilization of the host lands, much as they might occasionally have been less than welcome and greeted with suspicion. Emigrés from the Third Reich made an enormous impact on American intellectual life. (Some say it was a nefarious impact, but who knows the ultimate balance?)

We have to accept, however reluctantly, the simple fact that we live in an age of refugees, of migrants, vagrants, nomads roaming about the continents and warming their souls with the memory of their—spiritual or ethnic, divine or geographical, real or imaginary—home. A total homelessness is unbearable; it would amount to

#### [Voice Print]

### LOON TUNE



This coice print of the territorial call of a male loon was part of a presentation by William Barklow at the International Congress of Ornithology, held in Toronto in June. Barklow has developed a method for identifying individual loons by the distinctive aspects of their calls. Leg banding, the traditional identification method, is often traumatic and, because the bands are hard to spot, ineffective. In this print, the vertical axis represents pitch (one unit equals 1,000 cycles per second; middle C on a piano is 262 cps). The horizontal axis represents time (five units equal one second).

a complete break with human existence. Is a perfect cosmopolitanism possible? Diogenes Laërtius reports that Anaxagoras, when asked if he did not bother about his motherland, replied that he did bother very much indeed and pointed at the sky. Some people today make similar claims, denying any partial interest in, or special loyalty to, their original tribal community; to what extent this claim may be made in good faith is debatable.

Next to individuals who have either escaped tyranny or been driven away from their land, there are entire nations whose people, without moving from native soil, have been robbed of their right to be citizens of their motherland, while being citizens of the State, because their country itself is under foreign rule; and this is the destiny—temporary, let us hope—of Central and Eastern European nations. The split between the State, which people feel is not theirs though it claims to be their owner, and the motherland, of which they are guardians, has reduced them to an ambiguous status of half-exiles. The ambition of the unsovereign State is to rob its subjects of their historical memory by distorting and falsifying it according to political requirements. And the collective memory is ultimately the motherland. One half of Europe having been thus uprooted, what can the other half expect? Is the entire world going to be driven into an internal half-exile? Does God try to remind us, somewhat brutally, that exile is the permanent human condition? A ruthless reminder, indeed, even if deserved.

## [Essay] REAL TRAVEL

By Edward Hoagland, in a special issue of Pequod entitled "Secret Destinations: Writers on Travel."

ravel is a complicated subject because people do it in the exuberance of a honeymoon or from the devastation of divorce; to sun themselves or hike museum corridors; to live well as "the best revenge" (I've often wondered what the revenge was supposed to be for, in the dictum that "living well is the best revenge"—a sold-out life?); or to try to set off starbursts in an imagination that has flagged. Some people wish to go and stand on the edge of the known world in the Arctic or the Amazon. Others choose to visit British cathedral towns and the Louvre and Parthenon.

With a passport and a credit card one can transport oneself in a day or so from New York

City not only to a shooting war in Beirut, Nicaragua, or the Afghan-Pakistan zone of horror, but to numerous places in Africa where famine is now building toward a human catastrophe unknown in peacetime on a comparable scale since the Black Death plague of 600 years ago. This sort of telescoping of experience is of course new to the world, but so is the fact that most destinations one may be heading for will have already been shown in précis form on TV.

Real travel in itself is often a matter of life and death, or at least I've thought so. One makes instant alliances on the spot to stave the latter off. I generally arrive by air, in the modern manner, but without plans or reservations and usually after dark in a city like Dar-es-Salaam or Cairo or Sana'a or Khartoum, to see what happens and lend my first impressions an old-fashioned immediacy. Then I go on by bus or truck or train. In Eskimo villages at forty-below I have simply put myself at the mercy of the residents: help me or I'll die. A selfish but effective method of learning how they live.

There is a voluntarism to risks like this; but most travel, and all travel by travel writers, has in the past been voluntary. Henry Stanley, Alfred Russel Wallace, Charles M. Doughty. Nothing ventured, nothing gained. There should be a bit of the author's blood in the ink of a travel book, indeed. At the least, travel ages you—seeing starvation in Sicily twenty-five years ago or in Eritrea today. On the Greek island of Samos the villagers like to tell of a middle-aged Englishman who danced past midnight at a local moonlit festival, saying, "It's so beautiful I could die here." And in the wee hours he did. They like to point out his grave.

## [Short Story] EASY

By Christopher Coe. From StoryQuarterly 21, a special issue edited by J. D. Dolan consisting of stories from workshops taught by Gordon Lish, the novelist and editor.

y life is easy. All of my life, every part of it, everything about my life is easy. My life lives itself.

Here is the place for what should come next, the place to add the commonplace, the obvious, to say that bad things like hardship come up in every life. Here is the place for hardship, for hard times, for down-heartedness, sick-heartedness, the place to say that I have had my share of them, of all of them, and my share of loss of heart.

It is true that all of that is obvious. It is also true that none of it is true.

For one thing, I have everything. One way or the other, everything has been provided, everything has come my way.

My life is like the drinking toast in Mexico that is common, as I understand it, in the houses of the rich. It is a toast I heard of years ago, from my father, who, in his life, took many trips. As I understand it, as my father told it, the rich in Mexico drink to health, beauty, wisdom, love—and the money to enjoy them. In their toast, the

rich in Mexico could be drinking to my life, as I understand it. Rea

hen life is easy, it is an easy thing to take a life.

Years ago, I did. Years ago, my father planned to marry a pleasant enough woman who called herself Carmelita. For all I know, it may have been her real name. She was pleasant enough, but I was sure that if my father married her, Carmelita would outlive him. Carmelita, I was sure, would go through all the money, spend it up, evaporate it, all of it, before any of it came to me. She would do this, I was sure, because—who wouldn't?

I had no doubt of this. How could I have any doubt, when there was no doubt to have? It was clear that, pleasant enough though she was, Carmelita could give me a hard life.

You could say that Carmelita's was the life to take, but hers was not the life I chose. It was clear that if I took Carmelita's life, killed Carmelita, got Carmelita out of the picture, I would need to take more lives, because killing Carmelita was no guarantee that my father would not take up with someone else. With Carmelita out of the picture, my father could have found a Juanita, he could have found a Rosita. He could have found a Pamela.

It was clear—the one to get out of the picture was not Carmelita.

t the back of her house Carmelita had a ride. It was a thing for recreation, for the outdoor life, a cable that ran down from Carmelita's deck to Carmelita's lake. Carmelita herself did not enjoy the outdoor life; she never took the ride. It was my father who rode the cable to the lake, and sometimes I did, too. What you did was grab a bar and kick yourself off from the deck. You went swinging out, streaking downward to the water, racing over hard ground and rock below, far down. Once over the water, you would let go, let yourself drop.

You were not supposed to drop before—betore you got to water.

What I did to my father I did not do to him. I did it to the screws in the fixture that braced the

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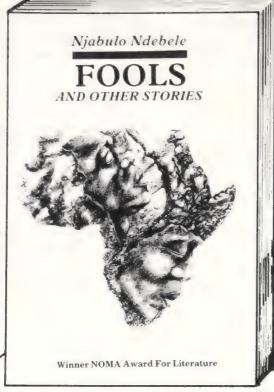
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cable to the house. I gave those screws some turns in the direction of loose.

My father was a large, a heavy man, a carnivore. I turned the screws the way you would turn them when you had half a mind to take them out but had not quite made up your other half. When my father took his last ride down Carmelita's cable to Carmelita's lake, he did not get to Carmelita's lake. His weight pulled the fixture from the side of the house. The cable came with it, snapped away, and my father went down with the cable, with his weight, many feet down. He plunged to rock, between Carmelita's house and Carmelita's lake.

It was something to see, and I saw it. I saw my father go down, saw his fall, his plunge, and never before had I seen, nor have I seen since, anything so alive turn so dead, so fast.

I looked down to the life lying broken on the rock, and a thought raced to mind with the speed of the plunge: a life so quick to break, so quick to be destroyed—if breaking it destroys it—has got to be easy, has got to live itself, if it is to be lived at all. Such a life, I thought, must care for itself, because if it were left to me, to care for such a life myself, I would not know how to live. I thought that if my life was just a thing that anyone could break open on a rock, I want-

ed to stop right there, before my life could break me first with hardship.

It comes up quite often in my life, the drinking toast of the rich in Mexico. It is a thing I love to tell, and I tell it every chance I get. It is likely that I have told it more often in my life than my father did in his.

Sometimes, not often, I tell about what I did to the screws. It must be a credit to my character that I am never believed. Even the people who know me best find it impossible to picture me doing such a thing—actually turning screws.

Even those who should believe me, don't. For example, not long ago I bumped into Carmelita at the airport. She was coming in, I was taking off. We waved and had a drink and Carmelita told me how many times she had been married since I had seen her last, in the almost twenty years since I had done it to the screws. She said she could not explain it, she just had a way of losing husbands, of outliving them.

She looked healthy, beautiful, and rich. I told her she looked marvelous, and she said I did, too. It was true, I did look marvelous, and I said to Carmelita, I guess we have our secrets.

I reminded Carmelita of the other thing my father liked to say. It was the other thing he had heard on his travels, I can't recall where, about how a woman, when she is forty, gets the face she deserves. I never understood why my father

found this particular item, this particular homily, so worth repeating, and I still do not, but for all these years it has stuck with me. Even though I still have some years to go before I need to worry, and am not even a woman, I keep waiting for it to happen. I keep waiting to get the face I deserve.

I know it will not happen, but I still keep waiting anyway.

It will not happen, not to me. I am not a person it could happen to. As a matter of fact, this face thing is not the kind of thing that I am inclined to believe. Because look around you. Look around, and ask yourself who in one life could find the time to deserve a face like some of the faces that you see.

I do not believe in that kind of evil.

Fortunately perhaps, I have never found it necessary to believe a thing to say it. When I told Carmelita about the women at forty, I did not say women, I did not say forty. I said people, I said everyone. I said we all get the face we deserve.

Carmelita aimed her rich beauty at me and said that some things just aren't true.

That was when I told Carmelita that I had done it to the screws.

Carmelita said maybe I thought I had, but I only thought I had, it was only a thought. Then she gave me a look that I could spend my life describing. I would be a fool to try. It was the look that people give you when they do not want their faces to be seen.

I said, Carmelita, what are you saving.

Carmelita said that she was saying that the screws had been loose anyway. I could not have turned them myself, Carmelita told me, if they had not already been turned.

When Carmelita said that, I said, Carmelita, please tell me what are you saying.

Oh, honey, Carmelita said, try not to think. It's bad for your mind.

I ou would be right to say that I was shattered, though I might be more inclined to say stunned. Whichever one I was, I got over it. Maybe the one that I got over was really both at once.

When shattered, when stunned, I am inclined to recover. I find it easy. This is no special strength, no great credit to my character. It's just my life. Recovery is what comes when my life takes over, when my life lives itself.

Your life can do this. Your life can live itself, if you let it. You leave your life alone, you give your life its way, and your life takes over and turns you in the direction to take. It takes you along, it pushes you ahead.

Your life pushes you ahead, then your life pulls back, and you come out ahead of your life.

# A STUBBORN SENSE OF PLACE

obody," said Flannery O'Connor in 1960, "wants his mule and wagon stalled on the same track the Dixie Limited is roaring down." She was describing the influence of William Faulkner on his Southern contemporaries, though she might as well have been referring to the equally pervasive influence of the Fugitives, a group of Southern writers led by Robert Penn Warren, Allen Tate, and John Crowe Ransom. Whatever the origins, the fact remains that people used to know what you meant when you talked about "Southern writing." The celebrated writers of the South created a literature rooted in resignation and defeat and irony, a distinctive body of work with an enduring sense of community.

During the last quarter-century, though, the Dixie Limited has been replaced by superhighways and Miami Vice, and the agrarian ideal of the Fugitives has given way to furious industrialization. The South remains a fertile ground for gifted writers, but they write about different things these days, and they don't always stay so close to home. Do they remain recognizably Southern? Harper's Magazine asked nine Southern fiction writers to put aside their works in progress and consider the place of the writer in the new American South.

MARY HOOD lives in Georgia. She received the Flannery O'Connor Award for Short Fiction and the Southern Review/Louisiana State University Short Fiction Award for How Far She Went, her first collection of short stories. Her latest book, And Venus Is Blue, will be published this month by Ticknor & Fields.

ecause my father is a native New Yorker and my mother is from Georgia, I have never felt comfortable with the we/they dichotomy. Even if I could, I would prefer not to choose: I am both. Though I was born in Georgia and have spent all my life here except for travels, as a child I never thought (nor do I now) of "up North" and "down South" as being anything but geographical distinctions. In me the twain met. I am like Laurie Lee's fabulous two-headed sheep, which could "sing harmoniously in a double voice and cross-question itself for hours."

I cannot think of a single more important influence on my writing, and certainly upon my life, than my parentage. It has given me a duty toward both no-nonsense brevity and encompassing concatenations: the Northern preference for sifting out why in twenty-five words or less and settling it once and for all, the Southern for interminably savoring how, cherishing the chaff of irrelevancy around the essential kernel. It must have been a Northerner who invented the questionnaire. A Southerner would have been more likely to think up—but not bother to apply for a patent on—the essay response. (A Southerner always issues an essay response unless suffering fools.)

Suppose a man is walking across a field. To the question "Who is that?" a Southerner would reply by saying something like "Wasn't his granddaddy the one whose dog and him got struck by lightning on the steel bridge? Mama's third cousin—dead before my time—found his railroad watch in that eight-pound catfish's stomach the next summer just above the dam. I think it was eight pounds. Big as Eunice's arm. The way he married for that new blue Cadillac automobile, reckon how come he's walking like he has on Sunday shoes, if that's who it is, and for sure it is." A Northerner would reply to the same question (only if directly asked, though, never volunteering), "That's Joe Smith." To which the Southerner might think (but be much too polite to say aloud), "They didn't ask his name, they asked who he is!"

When I began to write fiction, I made a conscious decision to try to sound like the Southern talkers I had heard tell such wonderful things, but every word I wrote had to pass the sternest censorship from that Northern conscience in me—the one that stands ready, tapping its foot,

jingling the car keys, rustling the map, wanting me to get on with it, asking with every turn and delay of plot, "So?" I didn't set out to try to sound like Southern books. (I hadn't read all that many.) Rather, I imitated the actual talkers in my own daily life: kinfolk, neighbors, strangers on street corners, passengers in the bus seat behind me; I strove for an accurate transcription. I thought of myself as American, blooming where planted—which happens to be with a Southern exposure. But I believe that if I had been anywhere else when I set buds for such bloom, I would have adapted to that climate as well and flowered in season. Because the people I was writing about were Southern, I wrote "Southern."

I had not researched the genealogy of the noble house of Southern Literature, whose heritage seemed grander than any to which I, with my library card and secondhand paperbacks, could lay claim of kinship. It was, then, a great surprise to discover that I had already and automatically inherited it, was in fact a Southern Writer, without even trying! I found it out in New England, and the one who broke the news to me was a Long Island novelist who, upon hearing my accent and discovering that I was from Georgia, by assumption conferred on me fraternity into that worthy tradition to which I had not yet become reconciled—Southern letters.

"How far are you from where Flannery O'Connor lived and worked?" she asked me.

"About thirty years," I replied. But I'm catching up.

MADISON BELL lives in Maryland. He is the author of The Washington Square Ensemble and Waiting for the End of the World. His third novel, Straight Cut, will be published in September by Ticknor & Fields. He teaches at Goucher College and the 92nd Street Y Poetry Center in New York City.

while I was growing up in Tennessee I had the pleasure of knowing a gentleman who described himself an an expatriate. Pressed for detail, he would explain that he had expatriated himself to Nashville from Montgomery, Alabama. It was funny at the time, but some years later, after I had graduated from a fine Yankee university and moved to the peripheral slums of perhaps the ultimate Yankee capital, I thought of that gentleman again, and more seriously, because I now very definitely felt that I had moved to a foreign country.

Where I was raised was a ninety-some-acre farm a ways south of Nashville. We grew our own vegetables and killed our own meat. My mother (who'd earlier been one of the first Fulbright scholars) taught riding, grew and canned a garden, and read voraciously whenever she had time. She still does all that. My father was a country lawyer and is now a circuit court judge. Neighbors were dispersed at half-mile intervals. It was as far from a Hispanic ghetto in Brooklyn as the dark side of the moon.

I grew up living a kind of pastoral good life, very much as it had been described by a group of poets, novelists, and professors known as the Agrarians, who were attached to Vanderbilt University a good many years before I was born. I have never known whether my parents deliberately designed their lives on the Agrarian model, or whether it all came about as a natural result of their pursuit of what they believed would make them happy. But it is certainly true that when my parents went to Vanderbilt, they had as professors many of these self-same Agrarians, some of whom had earlier been known as the Fugitive Poets. Our house was full of all their books, and so, being a bookish kid, I cut my teeth on the work of Robert Penn Warren and Andrew Lytle and Allen Tate and, later, Flannery O'Connor and Faulkner, discovering a literature that dovetailed perfectly with what I knew so far of real life and that lived not only between book covers but also in the persons of my parents' old professors (long dispersed from Vanderbilt), who sometimes came to the house. And, more than anything else, I wanted to grow up to be one of them.

Later, when I began to try to write fiction, the sheaf of stories and the one and a half novels I produced were all quite consciously constructed on the models my elders and betters had provided. The work was for the most part dry and derivative, as anyone but me could have anticipated. When I got out of college, though, I began to entertain suspicions, and I stopped writing for a while and began to float. Pretty soon I had drifted up on the Brooklyn bank of the East River. In my swatch of Brooklyn everyone was a foreigne, from Puerto Rico or Warsaw or Santo Dominge of Tennessee, and for me the territory was doubly strange because I'd never read about it. And because my own literary heroes down South had left it alone, it seemed to me that I could have it for myself. I stamped the ghetto on my brain and then, in maybe the ultimate irony, went back South to try to write it down.



I am beginning to realize that there are a sizable number of Southern writers moving through a similar kind of diaspora. We may not be generally recognized as Southern, but we can recognize one another because we are all engaged in applications of the old vision to new subject matter. Our work does not have the cohesion of Southern Renascence literature, an accomplishment so extraordinary that we've all had to find extraordinary ways of wriggling out from under it. What we do have in common is origin, a point of view, and the experience of being strangers in an increasingly strange land. The fact is that we are all one nation now, for better or worse, and if more and more people are beginning to feel displaced, estranged, "expatriated" on both sides of the old division, maybe it's only a sign of how alien to us all is the world that we have made.

LEE SMITH lives in North Carolina. Her most recent novels are Oral History and Family Linen. She teaches English at North Carolina State University.

Well to answer your question, yes things are changing down here.

Things are not what they used to be.

Take Miss Everdeen Foscue's house on the corner for instance, you know the one with all the gingerbread on it and the widow's walk they put up there for her Aunt Elizabeth who lived with them because she never got over the fact that her husband Clarence Lee failed to come back from New Orleans where he went apparently on business? and she used to just stand up there on that widow's walk and look down at all the little Bible School children drinking red Kool-Aid at ten o'clock in the morning on the playground of the First Presbyterian Church next door and cry her eyes out. I guess she knew by then she'd never have a child or a man either one...

Well that house has got a health food store on the first floor now and the Turkey Jackson Insurance Agency (that's State Farm) on the second floor, and Louise Rideout's combination Beautyrama and Tanning Salon up on the third floor where she's got these big box things that look like coffins and you get in them nude and get a tan. You would not catch me dead in one of them, just on principle, not to mention the ultraviolet.

You can't tell who's nice anymore, either, not like you used to could back in the days when you just naturally knew everybody in town and what

their daddy did. Now people that you have almost never heard of are running everything. I mean the guy from high school who used to wear the soft brown flattop, you know the one I mean. You just can't remember his name. Or his last name anyway—you think his first name was Dave. Dave! What a dumb no-account lackluster name, nothing like Fontaine B. Barrett IV or Hogface Haines. In high school he wore highwater pants that showed his white socks and short-sleeved plaid shirts or shirts that had a little all-over pattern? and a pen-and-pencil set in a clear plastic case in his breast pocket? Now he's grown up and bought him some Miami Vice clothes and got a portfolio. He's running this town, and nobody even thinks to ask who his daddy was.

About the only thing down here that is still the same, in fact, if you ask me, is the way Southerners will talk. On and on and on. I mean, whether you want them to or not. I mean, if you just ask them a simple question such as "Where is the post office?" they will start in about one time their cousin was going to the post office and she got bit by a mad dog, or how the postmaster has not got enough help in there and it is clear to all that he has been shorting the public and bought a bassboat. In fact I had an uncle who used to say, if you asked him anything, "Well, I'll tell you a story about that." I don't know if you know what I mean or not. It's like everything is a story, I mean even things that somebody from Ohio, say, would not even bother to mention, much less think it was a story.

Sometimes I think I can see these tendencies in myself, and I tell you, it gives me pause. In fact I think I might already have caught the deadly Southern Door Disease, which attacks white women of a certain age and makes them unable to leave a room without holding the door open for a minimum of fifteen minutes meanwhile talking talking always talking...

HARRY CREWS lives in Florida. He is the author of eleven books. His latest novel, Also Going to War, will be published next year by Harper & Row.

ny writer who can trace his people back four generations in the South lives in and writes out of a corrupted dream. We shared a dream and it is irrevocably lost.

I am not talking here about the consequences of the Civil War, or the fact of Southerners being a defeated people, or the fact of tribute being exacted of us. Although some of us did hear about that time in the South from our grand-fathers, who were themselves retelling what had been told to them by their fathers, fathers who had heard the rifles and seen the flames. We cannot forget it because of the way in which we came to knowledge of it. It is one thing to learn something out of a book and quite another

to learn it out of the mouth of blood kin. Consequently, it stays lodged somewhere in the collective memory of the South, but is not part of the

corrupted dream.

Neither are the sins of my fathers. I really don't know why people feel it necessary to get in my face and preach about what the South has done and is doing to blacks. Such people must think that I'm an idiot, or that my sensibilities are totally dead, or that I have a turnip for a heart. Can they imagine that I don't understand the hurts, the injustices, the evil that has been done? Or is it because I carry Georgia in my mouth and therefore am fair game when I speak,



fair game for any jackleg with a soapbox who hears my accent?

I bring up this business of war and race because to be a writer in the South, it seems to me, is to be thought morally inferior or obsessed with the past. The past lives in us as it must live in all people, but I do not think we are obsessed with it, nor

do I think, obviously, that we are morally inferior. But Southern writers have come to expect such attitudes from the rest of the country.

If we are obsessed with anything, it is with the loss, the corruption of the dream. And the dream was the dream of neighborhood. The entire Deep South and all its people were one enormous neighborhood. Everything about the South—the idiom and accent of speech, the food, the music, even the manner of worship—was separate and distinct from the experience of other Americans. We were a proud and reticent people, a people who knew that manners were important because manners saved us from our-

### A Visit to Richmond: 1905

It came to one, soon enough, by all the voices of the air, that the negro had always been, and could absolutely not fail to be, intensely "on the nerves" of the South, and that as, in the other time, the observer from without had always, as a tribute to this truth, to tread the scene on tiptoe, so even yet, in presence of the immitigable fact, a like discretion is imposed on him. He might depart from the discretion of old, if he were so moved, intrusively, fanatically, even heroically, and he would depart from it to-day, one quite recognized, with the same effect of importunity, but not with the same effect of gallantry. The moral of all of which fairly became, to my sense, a soft inward dirge over the eternal "false position" of the afflicted South—condemned as she was to institutions, condemned to a state of temper, of exasperation and depression, a horrid heritage she had never consciously invited, that bound up her life with a hundred mistakes and make-believes, suppressions and prevarications, things that really all named themselves in the noted provincialism. None of them would have lived in the air of the greater

world—which was the world that the North, with whatever abatements, had comparatively been, and had conquered by being; so that if the actual visitor was conscious now, as I say, of the appeal to his tenderness, it was by this sight of a society still shut up in a world smaller than what one might suppose its true desire, to say nothing of its true desert. I can doubtless not sufficiently tell why, but there was something in my whole sense of the South that projected at moments a vivid and painful image—that of a figure somehow blighted or stricken, discomfortably, impossibly seated in an invalid-chair, and yet fixing one with strange eyes that were half a defiance and half a deprecation of one's noticing, and much more of one's referring to, any abnormal sign. The deprecation, in the Southern eyes, is much greater to-day, I think, than the old lurid challenge; but my haunting similitude was an image of the keeping-up of appearances, and above all of the maintenance of a tone, the historic "high" tone, in an excruciating posture.

> —from The American Scene, by Henry James

selves and from each other. Now our manners are gone and our idiom turns up in the *Journal of Popular Culture*. The food we eat comes from McDonald's and our preachers are more interested in sociology than theology. There is just enough of the dream of neighborhood left to caricature all that it once was. Since I'm not a politician or a social planner, I don't know what the South *ought* to be. I only know what it has become. It has been corrupted all the way to quaint.

What, then, is a writer who places his fiction in the South to do? The best he can. The same thing that writers everywhere do. Each of us will work it out in his own way, just the sort of thing writers have always done. Those who are familiar with my work know that it is populated with what people have chosen to call freaks, a word that I don't like and that I don't think reflects the way they are rendered in the fiction. I would say that I invent almost nothing but the narrative line that tries to hold everything together. Everything else—the people, the incidents, the passions, the preoccupations—I have seen literally or I have seen its metaphorical equivalent. Such is the nature of the way I live my life, such are the consequences of living in the South and the work I do. To those people who are upset by my life or my work, I send this message: try not to think about it.

#### WILLIAM PRICE FOX lives in South Carolina. He is writer-in-residence at the University of South Carolina. His books include Southern Fried, Dixiana Moon, Chitlin Strut and Other Madrigals, and Dr. Golf.

hen my dad came back from World War II with a Venetian mandolin and about fifteen Puccini arias he could play, he also brought home what he liked to call a broader view of humanity. I can still hear him holding forth at Charley's Bar and Grill: "The trouble with living up North is cloud cover. No lie, the average Yankee has about four months a year when there's no sun. Anybody right off the street will tell you, when you can't see your shadow for that long your timing gear starts slipping and you start needing some front-end work."

This would attract some attention, and two or



three of his cronies would edge in as he rolled on about traveling from Sicily to Copenhagen visiting the art galleries: "Y'all know that painting of St. George and the dragon? Well down in Palermo, which is about as far south as you can get in Europe, that painting is almost all dragon. I'd say he was five or six stories high and as long and as wide as a football field, and he was shooting out about a hundred feet of raw flame. Old George came in about the size of a wide receiver and hit him right at the kneecap.

"Well O.K. that's Palermo, but as you get on into northern Italy George is about the same but that dragon has been shrunk down to the size of a good-sized Clydesdale. He's still got some fire and smoke going but it's not enough to write home about. But now get this, up in Oslo and Copenhagen, which is what I call the True North, George is holding him up by one ear. I swear to God there it is—no smoke and no flame and they've shrunk him down to the size of a good-sized rabbit. I'll put my hand on the Bible—that dragon wouldn't have dressed out no more than six pounds tops."

And someone would say, "O.K., sport, what's the point to all this?" Dad would take a pull on his beer and come back with: "My point is, you spend six months out of every twelve chopping wood getting ready for winter and you don't have any time to be thinking about dragons. That's how we're different down here, we've got more leisure time and that's why we've got more imagination. Your average Sicilian sings more and dances more than a Norwegian. You ever heard of any good music coming out of Denmark or Sweden? The only thing they've got going up there is 100-proof vodka and the Guinness world record on suicides." And then someone would buy the next round.

One of the first stories I wrote was called "Have You Ever Rode the Southern?" The first line ran "Brother, have you ever rode the Southern from Atlanta to Columbia?" The line had for me that tick-tick-tick sound that the trains pick up on the track joints. Anyhow, when the story appeared in print the line ran "Brother, have you ever rode the Southern from Atlanta, Georgia, to Columbia, South Carolina?" I guess it was right about in here that I realized that magazines wanted clarity with a capital C. And it was also in here that I realized Dad was right. Northerners want sense, Southerners want sound. The Bronx could never have produced Faulkner, nor could Cheever have come out of Tallahassee.

I still haven't worked this out and probably never will but I do know one thing for certain. Dad was at Charley's on the day I handed him the "Southern" story, and he read the first line over a couple of times before he pointed at it.

"No one, I mean no one, talks like this." Then he called Charley and his buddies over. "Y'all know what a tin ear is? Listen to this." He recited my old line. Then he read the revision. Then he grinned. "Now ain't that just like a goddamn Yankee?"

LEON V. DRISKELL lives in Kentucky. He is the author of Passing Through and (with Joan T. Brittain) The Eternal Crossroads: The Art of Flannery O'Connor. His stories have appeared in Carolina Quarterly, Prairie Schooner, and the Georgia Review.

Frowing up in the South, even without specific religious affiliation, I could not avoid the Bible. Every week the Bible Lady came to my public school, and we earned small rewards for memorizing Bible verses. Sometimes we had what was called sword drill. All of us lined up, armed only with our Bibles, and the Bible Lady rapped out citations: Isaiah 37, Second Samuel 24, Ezekiel 47. The first of us able to wave a hand and then read the opening lines of those passages would advance to the head of the line. It got harder, for the Bible Lady would indicate specific verses from other chapters. Though such practices were in clear violation of the principle of separation of church and state, some of us benefited—as we did also from "opening exercises," in which one of us would pick Bible passages to read and then lead our classmates in the Lord's Prayer and the Pledge of Allegiance.

Flannery O'Connor would say some years later that readers would not understand her fiction until they knew the Bible. For all the urbanization and secularizing that has occurred in the Deep South since my boyhood, I continue to feel that the Bible, and the facts of Southern history, haunt those of us who write from a Southern consciousness. Race was not an important issue for O'Connor. She treated it as a fact of life, a reality, but it remained clearly less important than the spiritual realities she attempted to dramatize in her stories and novels. For others of us, however, race was of major import. Our guilt went marching on.

I recall my first genuine encounters with the blacks I had always known and lived with. On a train to Washington, D.C., as a chaperone for Schoolboy Patrol members, I shared drinks with the black chaperones. They insisted on paying. In Washington I would go out to restaurants and clubs with them, but always to black establishments, for I could not take them to "my" places.

When I was undergoing basic training at Fort

Jackson, South Carolina, my mother corresponded with me and with a boyhood friend, Jerome Sims, a black undergoing the same training at the same fort. As a result of my education and ROTC background, I enjoyed the rank of platoon sergeant during basic. My privileges included a cadre room separate

from the barracks. One Sunday afternoon, a July day with the temperature in the high nineties, I was eating and drinking in my room with cadre and platoon members. We had whiskey and beer (entirely illegal), canned roast beef, cheese, crackers, and salami. Somebody knocked on the door and I answered. It was Jerome. My mother had given him my company address and he had walked several miles to see me. After our initial shouts of recognition, we both paused. I had been about to call him not Jerome but "Sap," his neighborhood nickname. And he had been about to call me, as he had done since we were fourteen, "Mister Leon," We hugged and I introduced him around the room. He sat on my bed and we drank and ate.

I thought maybe I had at last come of age and could write about my Southern experience, but I remain today unable wholly to overcome the barriers imposed on me by the shades of the South I was born into. Those shades have shielded and protected me, but they have prevented many of us finding a place in the sun. The ghosts of my past linger; I cherish and despise them. My guilt goes marching on.

RICHARD FORD lives in Mississippi. He is the author of three novels, the most recent of which is The Sportswriter. A collection of his short stories will be published next year.

Lersonally, I think there is no such thing as Southern writing or Southern literature or Southern ethos, and I'm frankly sick of the whole subject. What "Southern writing" has always alibied for, of course, is regional writing—writing with an asterisk. The minor leagues. It's also meant writing mostly by whites. Writing by black Southerners is known as black writing, and has not always precisely qualified—wrong category. Categorization (women's writing, gay writing, Illinois writing) inflicts upon art exactly



what art strives at its best never to inflict on itself: arbitrary and irrelevant limits, shelter from the widest consideration and judgment, exclusion from general excellence. When writing achieves the level of great literature, of great art (even good art), categories go out the window. William Faulkner, after all, was not a

great Southern writer; he was a great writer who wrote about the South.

And by Southern literature, what would we mean, anyway? Writing just by Southerners? Or just writing about the South? Could we also mean writing by people born in the South but living elsewhere? Or writing by people not born in the South but living there? (Are these actually Southerners?) What about writing that only appeals to Southerners? Would writing by Southerners on non-Southern subjects also qualify? Surely any definition of "Southern writing" that admits fewer than all these possibilities, plus any others I can't now think of, fails as a good definition of what Southern writing might be at its as yet unrealized best. What it ought to be.

And for what purpose such a categorizing? If we could define Southern writing in a way to silence these other nigglings, who, and what end, would be served? Not writers. What interest could the most ambitious writer have in bracketing his or her best work? That doesn't make sense; though I recently heard a grown man argue—in defense of this silly business—that Southerners need to know it's "all right to write about the South, the South as they know it." Why does this seem like a moot point?

So, then, who else would be helped and instructed, consoled or delighted? I think I know the answer: bad critics, ever resourceful for a way to take serious work less seriously and to make their jobs simpler. Or else "the experts," the taxonomists, small-minded Babbitts of the imagination. Dust collectors. Literary Rotarians.

Some people I know like to wonder why such a disproportionate number of writers come out of the South. And my answer is: do they? Are there really numbers to bear this out? I've never heard an explanation for why it should be so that was any more than self-serving, or for that matter that even made sense. Is there also a disproportionate number of wonderful writers from the South? More than from New York? Massachusetts? More than from St. Louis? The whole Midwest? I doubt it. I think it just never seems

as crowded outside the tent as in.

The small truth here is, you just can't generalize about Southern writing intelligently enough to draw up a good category; no more than you can about Southern ethos or Southern speech or Southerners themselves. (Or really about much of anything, if what you're saying means to be very accurate.) Once you admit to your definition blacks and Asian-Americans and Indians and all that they write, your definition gets unwieldy, then just sinks into simply writing: good or bad.

In this world, we ought to be able to detect and champion what's excellent and say what it is we like without imposing indefensible restrictions of an outdated geography. In fact, it is in our behalf to be able to do so. If it's possible to have a wish for a region and a literature, mine for the South and the writing done there is that its writers forget all about Southern literature. If it ever had a time and a shape, they're gone now and were never very useful to great writers anyway. Better to imagine literature with no limits, with nothing proscribed, nothing helpfully predefined for us, nothing to hold us back or the world in its place but whatever talent—the native impulse to abridge and select and judge we are lucky enough to bring to the task.

LEE K. ABBOTT lives in Ohio. He is the author of The Heart Never Fits Its Wanting and Love Is the Crooked Thing. Strangers in Paradise, a collection of his stories, will be published next year by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

henever I am asked what it means to be a Southern writer, I rise up on my high horse, as my father said the aggrieved ought to do, and insist that I am, if these distinctions matter at all, a Southwestern writer. By which I mean to put in the minds of the curious a picture of Disney-worthy color and dimension: vistas and Martian-like scrub, high heavens and sterile New Mexico deserts that go yonder forever. I mean for the keen to see mountains like organ pipes, a Rio Grande wet in spring only, and, moving upon that mostly rural world, a loud, Jeep-happy, jean-clad population with names like Jim Bob and April May Rains. (Honest.)

The truth is that until 1979 I had no voice, least of all a Southwestern one. Instead, I had that voice (in the lies I published and the life I led) you can hear from the time-and-weather folks—dispassionate as a toddler's "Speak & Spell," what a Chrysler says when its door's ajar. But that year I went umpteen hours by Amtrak

and four more by Greyhound to visit my father in Las Cruces after he'd sold our house to take up the bluehearted life of a retiree. So it was in my weeks there, in the Town & Country apartments off Desert Drive behind the Apodaca Park baseball diamonds I'd played Little League

### The Sahara of the Bozart: A Second Look

In all that gargantuan paradise of the fourthrate there is not a single picture gallery worth going into, or a single orchestra capable of playing the nine symphonies of Beethoven. or a single opera-house, or a single theater devoted to decent plays . . . you will not find a single southern prose writer who can actually write.... When you come to critics, musical composers, painters, sculptors, architects and the like, you will have to give it up, for there is not even a bad one between the Potomac mudflats and the Gulf. Nor a historian. Nor a sociologist. Nor a philosopher. Nor a theologian. Nor a scientist. In all these fields the south is an awe-inspiring blank—a brother to Portugal, Serbia and Esthonia.

—from Prejudices: Second Series, by H. L. Mencken (1920)

Theologians in the South : 1 per 101,567 people In the United States : 1 per 90,305

Philosophers in the South: 1 per 88,570 people In the United States: 1 per 68,216

Historians in the South : 1 per 2,329 people In the United States : 1 per 2,931

Writers in the South : 1 per 88,470 people In the United States : 1 per 35,963

Orchestras in the South: 1 per 134,668 people In the United States: 1 per 399,284

Book critics in the South: 1 per 88,696 people In the United States: 1 per 40,905

Museums in the South: 1 per 4,779 people
In the United States: 1 per 3.773

(Sources Directors of Inc., American Sea, Critics Circle, Official Museum Directory, Census Bureau.) on, that I came to my writer's decision: I am a shitkicker.

Voice—which has something to do with character and spirit, custom and practice, habit and morality—is a function of place. Its authority comes from the crossroads where you learned what you know. And in 1979 I understood that all I knew, and could therefore type about, was Heibert's Drive-In, the Pit Stop where rock and roll was learned, the rivalry our country club

had with the Elks' version of gentility, skiing on the irrigation canals, skinny-dipping at the flumes, persuading older, wiser sorts to buy hooch for us at the Cork and Bottle—all given meaning by the chitchat they were lived in.

Now I live in Cleveland (which, at the right nighttime hours and in the right frame of mind, could be a Southwestern town, too), and from here I realize that, last and always, literary matters like voice are really cultural questions. Mine

### The Southern Writer Observed: 1956

We Northerners do not, I believe—unless we have been a good deal in the South—really grasp the state of mind of the Southerners. We have always made a point, in our relations with them, of disregarding what we call the Civil War, they of remembering it and calling it the War Between the States. We like to assume that the United States is an integrated, homogeneous and smoothly functioning nation, and unless we are professional historians, we succeed in forgetting completely that the former Confederacy was an occupied country to a greater or lesser extent for twelve years after the War, and that it has still a good deal of the mentality of a resentful and rebellious province under some such great power unit as the old Austro-Hungarian Empire. Except when an issue arises so troublesome that it cannot be ignored—such as that of the recent Supreme Court ruling against racial segregation in the schools—we hardly realize how deep and how virulent, from a long-standing sense of grievance, runs the instinct toward repudiation of any responsibility on the part of the South to that federal government of states which are by no means so completely united as the Northerner likes to suppose. The Northerner does not take account of the extent to which the Southerner—if not overtly, at least among other Southerners and in his own most intimate being—disassociates himself from the North. For a writer, this has special consequences.

The commercial elements in the "New South" more easily make common cause with the corresponding elements in the North and West. They do not worry about the meaning of history, the philosophical values of life. But the writer in or from the South is out of harmony with his opposite number in the North in certain rather serious ways. His education, to begin with, is distinctly different. This is likely to be based on some acquaintance with—or, at any

rate, respect for—the Greek and Latin classics, some knowledge of the English eighteenth century, a close familiarity with the romantic poets, and a reading of Dickens and Thackeray. If it goes further, it may run to an interest in memoirs of the French court. The old-fashioned Southerner was steeped in Scott. The newer kind picks up modern literature in its most non-political phase—Joyce, Eliot, Henry James. The only writer he much admires who has any sort of political implications is W. B. Yeats, the spokesman of a long ago subjugated but still insubmissive nation, who played nobly, in relation to the non-Irish world, the role of a defiant anachronism....

What I am saying is, of course, not true in every respect of every Southern writer, but the Northerner is apt to underestimate the degree to which the Southern writer—however intuitive, intelligent, imaginative, well-travelled, well-read—may fail to accept our assumptions or to sympathize with our aims. We do not realize that he lives in a world in which planning, reform, progress, making the world safe for democracy, laying the foundations of a classless society, promoting the American way of life do not really mean anything at all. What makes his indifference possible, and even tolerably easy, for the Southerner is the fact that such phrases as these are often the merest cant and may disguise other interests less worthy. But the Southerner among Northerners, with his easy politeness and his discretion of minority status—and what with our being so sure of ourselves that we do not suspect others of doubting—is likely, in ordinary contacts, to conceal from us his lack of response, his complete non-participation. Yet the faith and the hope we cherish are definitely, inveterately, not there.

> —from The Bit Between My Teeth, by Edmund Wilson

is the yammer from the place where nothing, and everything, happened: love and the hurt of it, what the glands say, how the good and bad get to be the marvels they are. Language, my friends, is culture. The wonderland I hail from tolerates, even celebrates, much human comedy, hollering at paragraph length, and a hope that says real life is neither complicated nor ambiguous. This is the culture of five-dollar whiskey, the joy a hole in one makes to those who hear of it, the ways of men with maids—plus the dense sentences such scenes are seen in.

My father used to say, with and without irony, that you could spot a gentleman by the shine on the heels of his shoes. He had a lot of crackpot ideas like that—about how dishes are dried in the perfect world, how the virtuous mow the lawn, what little ought to be made of honorand I, his dutiful son, have inherited this often unbecoming habit of mind. It makes for good drama at parties, and it allows me now, Southwestern writer that I am, to insist that, in literature at least, ethos is lingo too.

LEIGH ALLISON WILSON lives in upstate New York. From the Bottom Up, her first collection of short stories, won the Flannery O'Connor Award for Short Fiction.

e're all of us in my family East Tennesseans, have been ever since our one-legged forefather, James Patrick McGuire, came hobbling out from Fermanagh County, Ireland, to settle in lefferson County, Tennessee, searching for riches in 1792. He didn't find them, and neither has anybody else in my family. His failure must have killed the spirit of adventure in the rest of us, because for 200 years nobody has moved around much. A few people have been to Los Angeles and New York, and there was a second cousin once removed who got stationed in Japan during the aftermath of World War II, but he shot himself there, confirming everybody's suspicion that what was good for America in strange places wasn't all that good for people in our family. If they can help it, my family mostly

This is not to say that they think of themselves as regionalists, or even Southerners. They are Jefferson Countyists, perhaps, or Wilson-Blackburn-McGuireists. What they usually are, no doubt about it, is selfish, self-righteous, and self-referential, just like everybody else is half the time. There's no getting around incredible foolishness and incredible pride, even in your own home. Most especially in your own home.

When you know every twisted tree and misshapen rock and paint-chipped sign on the way to the Cas Walker grocery store, you can't help but think you know just about everything worth knowing in life. I don't think this is particularly Southern, though I do think it might be peculiarly American. Most likely it's simply human.

I went off to college in New England, an anomaly in my family, and during the first few weeks there a great change came over me. At home I'd been demonically opinionated and, I thought, intellectual as all get-out; I could squeeze the humanity out of any Southern social problem and turn it into a grand abstraction, a generalization as smooth and polished and bloodless as a pebble. After holding forth at college for a while, though, things came to a crisis. One day I had a vision of my family, all of them—aunts, uncles, grandparents, cousins, the whole bunch—and I had a vision, too, of the places I'd known, the details of home that, one after the other, were the summation of my life until then. And in that vision I saw other people, complete strangers, coming to take their places beside my family, people from Hamblen County and Knox County. Then more people came, crowding in from Georgia and Mississippi and Florida, all of their faces different, all of their lives a complete mystery to me. Next all I saw was a map of the South, the states in different colors but turning dark with teeming pinpricks that stood for people. And at the very end of that vision, there was just a globe of the world with no people on it anywhere. Nothing I cared about existed any longer, and neither did I. That's when I turned against those kinds of generalizations.

Since leaving Tennessee to go to college, I have made homes in Virginia, Massachusetts, Iowa, California, and New York. In all of these states there are details that have formed me, people I have loved, places whose images burn in my mind like recurring dreams. I don't think this is because I am from the South. I think it's because we all of us on earth appreciate the familiar and titillating and mysterious details of our homes, wherever they are, whoever lives there. That the South has been blessed with many great writers is, it seems to me, simply a fact, not some sort of grandiloquent and puzzling truth. The truth of things lies in much smaller details, a twisted tree here, a skyscraper there, a greening cornfield or an embarrassed smile somewhere else. My family are all East Tennesseans, have been for two centuries. They mostly stay put. They are selfish, self-righteous, and selfreferential when you give them the chance. They all of them know so very much about the things and people around them, and so very little, and that's just like everybody else.

# HOW TO AVOID THE DANGERS OF COUNTERFEIT AUTO PARTS

INFERIOR PARTS COULD THREATEN YOUR SAFETY

Today, a counterfeiter no longer has to print phony twenty-dollar bills. Selling imitation automotive replacement parts—packaged to resemble products from legitimate manufacturers—is big business.

For people who buy and use counterfeit auto parts, though, the consequences can be costly. For example, body panels may require expensive labor to bring their finish quality up to the rest of the car. Bogus oil filters have failed after 200 miles, causing unprotected engines to seize up, requiring their complete replacement.

Inferior transmission fluid has solidified at 0° Fahrenheit, ruining transmissions. And counterfeit antifreeze has eaten right through aluminum parts.

The failure can be safety-related. A fatal 1985 bus accident in Britain was attributed to the installation of counterfeit brake parts. Ill-fitting counterfeit gas caps can fall off, increasing the risk of a fire in a roll-over accident.

Here's how to make sure you receive parts that are made to work best in your GM car. Your most reliable source is your GM dealer. He can supply any part for your GM car or truck. Buying popular brand parts from reputable stores or garages is another way to improve your chances of getting the right part. But wherever you buy, be suspicious of discounts that seem too good to be true.

Some tip-offs that a part might be counterfeit:

Flimsy packaging. Lack of name-brand identification such as AC-Delco.

"Look-alike" graphics or a change in the spelling of a recognized trade name. In this way counterfeiters can avoid prosecution under the 1984 Trademark Counterfeiting Law. So examine the package carefully.

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helped U.S. marshals confiscate parts in raids on 29 counterfeiting operations. Another eight operations have been uncovered and prosecuted in foreign countries.

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## UP AGAINST IT

The Berlin Wall, concrete symbol of the Divided Self By Peter Schneider

he Charité, a large hospital with an illustrious history, was situated in the center of Berlin when the city was an imperial capital. It is now relegated to the western edge of the eastern half of the city, a consequence of the postwar partition. The western side of the hospital complex is bounded by that construction which in East Berlin is called the Antifascist Bulwark, and in West Berlin simply the Wall. One day a group of patients broke out of the psychiatric ward and ran, pursued by their doctors and nurses, in the direction of the setting sun. It was never established whether the choice of this direction was a product of ignorance—the hospital is, after all, surrounded by walls—or mad calculation. We know with certainty only that as the group of escapees set about imitating the sun by leaping across the wall, the border guards released the safety catches on their machine guns, as they are required to do. At that instant, the doctors and nurses screamed in chorus: "Don't shoot! They're all insane!"

I no longer know whether it was this story or another I told that evening which provoked a friend to raise her lips from a glass of Pinot Grigio and exclaim: "Wahnsinn." For that matter, I no longer know when the word Wahnsinn—madness—became the catchword of pubs and parties in Berlin. It must have been around the end of the seventies. At any rate, one evening my friend said "Wahnsinn," without any further explanation; and although I wasn't sure whether she meant the wine or the story I'd told, I realized at that moment that a new era had dawned. Of course, I was well acquainted with the word Wahnsinn, but not with the intonation she had given it. The concept of madness seemed suddenly to denote a special kind of pleasure accessible only to cognoscenti, some new kind of high. The old connotations of the word had lost their value overnight.

Peter Schneider is the author of The Wall Jumper, a novel. He has lived in West Berlin since 1961, the year the Wall was built.

It is a remarkable fact that the city's most famous, if not its most beautiful, architectural monument is practically invisible to the Berliners themselves

As far back as the sixties, you could hear the prices of a new deli in the Fasanenstrasse decried as sheer Wahnsinn. But now the term could be applied to a scarf, spaghetti carbonara, a new hairdo. Films and their directors were ennobled by Wahnsinn; a new Talking Heads album was sold out because too many people believed that by listening to it one could attain Wahnsinn. It didn't take long for the new buzzword to enter political discourse—and effectively put an end to it. Within a few months, wars, acts of terror, and nuclear weapons were Wahnsinn; the quality was attributed as well to political leaders and entire nations. The events in Iran were Wahnsinn, and so, by the way, was the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. I also met several dogs named Wahnsinn.

The new code word is not meant to denote emotional confusion. Nor does it have to do with medical diagnosis. It is not derogatory at all. It is a term of acknowledgment, which is not to say affirmation: whoever says Wahnsinn declares his allegiance to a spiritual condition beyond good and evil. Wahnsinn is a visa without guarantee of a return trip, a linguistic approximation of the infinity symbol. If the word does imply a patient, the patient's name is Planet Earth.

I'm not saying that this sense of madness was invented in Berlin. Culture critics in every country have caught the scent of this new sensibility and can attest to its universal validity. They report a worldwide ideological hangover which, depending on the writer's taste and philosophical provenance, is called the new irrationalism, the end of the Enlightenment, or, with a certain simplicity, postmodernism. Apparently what's meant is a kind of Alka-Seltzer mood: that stale and shallow feeling after too many nights with Marx and Freud. It doesn't matter whether the new feeling is called postmodernism in New York or Wahnsinn in Berlin; this feeling has found its natural home, so to speak, in the divided city.

It would be a mistake, however, to attribute the Berliners' sense of madness to the city's schizophrenic situation. For the Wall—which began its life as a barbed-wire barricade twenty-five years ago this month—is not an issue in Berlin. Its effect on daily life resides precisely in the way that we Berliners keep it outside our field of consciousness: a twelve-foot-high, twenty-eight-mile-long, concrete blind spot. It is a remarkable fact that the

city's most famous, if not its most beautiful, architectural monument is practically invisible to the Berliners themselves.

ust how difficult it is to render the Wall visible is something I discovered in a way while making a movie. It was to be the largely true story of a man whose westward leap across the Wall threw him into such confusion that he turned his experience into a lethally dangerous sport: he continued jumping across the Wall, back and forth. Obviously we couldn't use the real Wall for our film. There would have been no possibility of a second take of his leap to the East. We needed an imitation Wall, and knew we could find one: American movies shot in Berlin always include a scene where someone zooms across a fake Wall on a motorcycle or in a balloon. Our investigation led us to a company that specialized in the construction of fake Walls. It was reputed to have reconstructed, at one time or another, every segment of the Wall, concave or convex, in such faithful detail and with such stability that you could rehearse World War III on them.

The Wall we ordered was built overnight on a construction site just three hundred yards from the real Wall, and it resembled the original so precisely that only an art connoisseur could have established that ours was a copy. Not surprisingly, perhaps, our perfect replica disrupted the neighborhood. Several residents gazed out of their windows, half-asleep, and, thinking that only a nightmare could have transported their houses to the other side, returned to bed. Others pinched themselves in the arm when they saw men in East German uniforms walking around, then reached for the telephone when the image refused to vanish: this was it, then, the Russians had finally

come. An extra dressed as an East German border guard was treated to champagne by the superintendent of one of these buildings, and was addressed by him as "Comrade." A drunk stopped in front of our "checkpoint" and patiently waited for his papers to be examined: he was heading for the pub on the corner, where he intended to pay with East German currency. More serious complications developed after the day's shooting, when several extras dressed in East German uniforms and carrying imitation Kalashnikovs climbed an observation tower near the real Wall and waved at their stupefied colleagues in the watchtowers on the eastern side

of the Wall. An Allied protest was the response, and we were very nearly forced to abandon our project: near the Wall, extras can set off a conflagration.

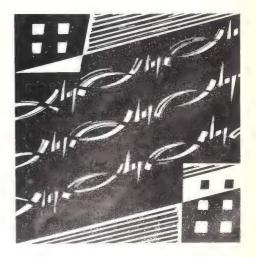
f the make-believe Wall seemed so real, does the real one actually exist? To put it differently: Does the tourist's quasi-obligatory visit to the Wall provide him with the experience of the original? Or does he see only the miserable representation of a concept that has long overpowered the thing made of solid concrete? Perhaps the Berliner's refusal to take any notice of the Wall is a realistic appraisal: after twenty-five years, the Wall, like the God of the Old Testament, is in truth invisible and not named. It functions largely as a symbol of the spiritual condition that for the time being is called *Wahnsinn*. And the curiosity foreigners bring to all things pertaining to Berlin—especially in recent times—is in fact focused not so much on the Wall itself as on the mental condition of Berliners.

I have been in the United States for several months. Each time I answer the question as to where I'm from, I have the impression of witnessing a certain therapeutic gleam in the eyes of my American interlocutors, an attentiveness compounded of sympathy and disgust, comparable to the emotion elicited by the white foundling raised by Indians in old Hollywood westerns. The presence in Berlin of an artists' group called the new fauves—more exactly translated, the new savages—gives additional weight to the comparison. But I'm afraid the international attention enjoyed by this group is less a result of their painterly skills than of their place of residence and the notions evoked by it. Simply being from Berlin suffices to turn any Berliner into a case; he will be surrounded by curiosity and careful solicitude. Anyone from Berlin is considered a specimen of a spiritual condition not worth experiencing but very much worth examining at a safe distance. Berlin has become the modern theater for the staging of an ancient mythical drama. The myth is that of the Divided Self.

This myth is one of the oldest and most stubborn inventions of the human imagination. The figure of Doctor Faustus, who has two souls in his breast, was neither created nor completed by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe: the German Romantics developed it further into the theme of the doppelgänger; Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde send greetings from England; the spy comes in from the cold. The two world-systems that stand at loggerheads in Berlin are merely trivializing this ancient myth by politicizing it.

Every evening in Berlin, you can watch the mythical drama unfold on TV. Between 7:00 and 8:00 P.M., two middle-aged gentlemen appear, one on the heels of the other, reading the news in front of a map of the world. If you have a remote-control button, you can watch the first one finishing up and putting aside his sheets of paper with a shy smile, and then click to another channel to find the other just picking up his sheets of paper. One is immediately struck by the similarity between these two gentlemen. Both wear their hair short and parted on the side. Both evince the same taste in their selection of ties and jackets. Both raise their eyebrows in the same winning manner when they have reached the end of their report. The impression that you're dealing with twins who perhaps have not seen each other for a long time is reinforced by a comparison of their manner of talking. They are both extremely careful not to swallow the last syllable of any word; and if either of them ever commits a slip of the tongue, he does it so

Berlin has become the modern theater for the staging of an ancient mythical drama. The myth is that of the Divided Self



Illustrations by Jean Tuttle

After forty years, the division of Germany has produced not only two German states but also two cultures, two ways of life

fluently that the viewer is led to believe it was he, the viewer, who misunderstood what was said. And never has anyone seen either of those two cough or sneeze. Needless to say, they speak the same language.

It's not until you really listen to what they are saying that you realize your first impression was superficial. If these two are brothers, they are brothers opposed in bitter enmity. Each one's goal seems to be to assert, evening after evening and point for point, the opposite of what the other has just said or will soon be saving. And there's another thing you notice: each gentleman prefers to talk about the other's country rather than his own, and everything he has to say is derogatory. It's inconceivable that one of them should ever concede a record crop to the other; they are interested in crops only when they fail. The cost of living in the other nation is mentioned only when it is rising. One gentleman notes that the number of unemployed in the other country is once again approaching 2 million; the other gentleman demonstrates that the unemployed in his country still live better than the employed in the other country. The two newscasters acguire personality only by contrast, and without each other's constant contradiction they would have little or nothing to say. They have been conducting this little drama ever since the advent of TV news, and they have not yet shown the least sign of exhaustion or excitement. Even on the day when they will report the outbreak of a war-which will have been caused, of course, by the other country—these two gentlemen will neither raise nor lower their voices.

To a viewer like myself, who has been watching both programs for years, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde convey only a single item of information: it took just forty years, in a land that once threatened to "heal the world," for two opposed ways of thinking and talking to take root and flourish and contradict each other evening after evening and point for point. However, to hold these two gentlemen responsible for Berliners' feeling of *Wahnsinn* would be to overestimate their influence. They don't impress one as whipsnapping demagogues; they look more like victims of a remarkable animal trainer. And any halfway critical viewer regards them with a certain suspicion, if only to preserve his own sanity.

Nevertheless, it would be rash to consider their performances insignificant. First of all, as the years pass it is impossible not to develop a certain preference for one or the other of the two. Precisely for this reason, the antagonist of your favorite newscaster will assume the authority of an omnipresent doubter, a perpetual grouser and bad sport who will trip up any opinion before it's properly gotten a toehold. There is no fertile soil in Berlin for planting the idea that the social system on the other side of the Wall represents the Empire of Evil. The two gentlemen are continually forcing each viewer to watch his own team through the opponent's eyes. But here is what's most important about them: the discord they so eloquently make manifest no longer expresses merely a disagreement between two governments trying to work their wills on an essentially unified German people. After forty years, the division of Germany has produced not only two Germany has produced not only th

man states but also two cultures, two ways of life, and the road from West Berlin to East Berlin has for many years been much longer than that from West Berlin to New York.

he idea that the Wall demarcates not just a political border but also a cultural one became clear to me on the twentieth anniversary of its construction. On TV stations in both the East and the West, the anniversary was celebrated in the usual fashion. An East German program showed members of factory defense groups, armed with twelve-foot-long flags and goose-stepping Prussian-style, honoring the Antifascist Bulwark, while official well-wishers performed their obligatory hand-waving and watched grimly from the sidewalk. On the West German station, a youth organization steered by the Christian Democrats waved black flags of mourning and, without tears, deposited memorial wreaths for those who had died as

a result of the Wall. A tap on the remote-control button and there, in the East, just a few yards away, flowers were being thrown on the graves of East German border guards who had lost their lives "in the observation of their high responsibility."

As I switched back and forth between the two programs, my attention was captured by a character who had catapulted himself onto West German TV by means of a nearly fatal leap. He had been a butcher in East Germany, had owned a successful meat-supply business, and today he was telling a West Berlin reporter how he had planned and executed his escape: "I'm feeling good today," he had told his wife one spring evening. "Today I'll do it." The wife, who was eventually allowed to follow her husband west by the route of family reunion, told how she had sat on the balcony that night, listening in a westward direction. If she had heard shots, she would have known they were aimed at her husband: "There was no way I could hold him back."

The man told the reporter how he had long kept a ladder near the Wall, and how, on that night, he had leaned it against the Wall, climbed it, drawn it up after him with his foot, and leaped into the sandy strip beyond the Wall—right onto a board concealed beneath the sand and studded with five-inch-long nails, which pierced his foot up to the ankle joint; how, after pulling his foot off the row of nails with both hands, he continued on his way, still shouldering the ladder; how he scaled the anti-tank barriers, ignoring the border guards who came rushing from both sides; how finally, with the help of his ladder, he climbed the second Wall, the one to the west, and let himself drop on the other side; how, since he was still officially on East German soil, he hid in a hole formed by the remains of a World War II ruin until the sound of voices on the other side of the Wall subsided. Only after several hours was he able to attract the attention of the West German border patrol.

But it wasn't the story itself that captivated me, since I had already heard it on previous anniversaries of the Wall. The astonishing thing was that from the moment the man reached the point in his retelling where he jumped over the Wall, he switched from the first person—"I had hidden a ladder near the Wall"—to the impersonal "one": "One had to pull one's foot off the nails with both hands. . . . Of course one had to take the ladder along and put it up against the second Wall.... The next thing was to let oneself fall and wait. . . . " Even the recounting of something that had happened just two years earlier was delivered in this manner: "Sometimes, of course, one goes back to that place, it's something one has to digest. . . . If one looks at it with hindsight, it seems crazy, but one was lucky. . . . Still, one will have to live with the consequences for a few more years, maybe one's whole life...." As to his motives for taking such a risk, his remarks were typically vague, but definite in the use of the "one" form: "One no longer had any real future over there. . . . One just got fed up with living without any freedom, until one knew: either you make it today or you die trying."

It may be that I have read too much into the butcher's words, but this marked shift of gears did not strike me as an expression of proletarian modesty, or as the awkwardness of someone who was taught very young that you shouldn't say "I" too often. This man had simply hit upon a valid narrative form for the story of someone who lost his ego at the moment of leaping across the Wall.

I hardly know a single person who has crossed the forbidden border for whom the experience was not a traumatic version of the myth of the Divided Self. My friend Jakob, from Odessa, who reached the West with a violin as his only piece of luggage, experienced the crisis within a few months of his arrival. He had come as a convinced anticommunist; the crisis was not a political one. But the man I had seen in black-and-white photographs, playing his gypsy tunes in Russian provincial cities, soon found himself isolated in West Berlin, performing exclusively in striptease joints and trans-

I hardly know a single person who has crossed the forbidden border for whom the experience was not a traumatic version of the myth of the Divided Self



Only the presence of the Wall still supports the illusion that the word Freiheit, meaning freedom, also implies, East and West alike, a plea for Western democracy vestite bars. This stern, white-haired man was billed as a warm-up feature, and surrounded by transvestites, homosexuals, and whores. Within a few months, he got to know the night life of West Berlin better than I had in years. "Peter," he said to me, "I not understand. People crazy! But transvestite better people: bosom false, soul big."

And I have already told the story in my novel about my neighbor in

And I have already told the story in my novel about my neighbor in Berlin whose suitcase fell open as I was helping him break into his own apartment after he had lost his key: this seventy-year-old bachelor, always properly dressed, has his valise pop open, and out roll wigs, beaded garters, and powder tins. This man, once a master automobile mechanic in East

Germany, had "found himself" as a transvestite in West Berlin. He sang sleazy songs in a nightclub in the district of Schöneberg under the stage name Frieda Loch.

inguists on both sides of the Wall have been asking themselves for some time whether there aren't now two German languages. There are numerous indications supporting this assumption: identical objects go by different names on different sides of the Wall. A driver's license in West Berlin is called Führerschein; in East Berlin it has been christened Fahrerlaubnis. The prefix Führer struck the East German authorities as a covert profession of allegiance to a notorious politician who had himself addressed by this word. I could cite more examples. But basically they do not reveal much. If one compares the German spoken in Austria with that spoken in Switzerland, one discovers similar divergencies.

But there is another, much more alarming and fateful, question: Do German people on the two sides of the Wall mean the same thing when they use the same words? And this question must be applied in particular to words having to do with so-called fundamental values, concepts like freedom and democracy.

According to a widely held view, two official German languages have indeed developed, but at beer tables east and west of the Elbe, the same words still mean the same thing. This thesis strikes me as too pat. It is true, of course, that when Germans sit together over their famous beer, they speak a different language from that of their governments. But to conclude from this that they are all speaking the *same* language seems like wishful thinking to me. Only the presence of the Wall still supports the illusion that, for example, the word *Freiheit*, meaning freedom—which is uttered on both sides as a plea against the Wall—also implies, East and West alike, a plea for Western democracy.

Take the concept of *Meinungsfreiheit*, free speech. I know many East German intellectuals who make this demand of the socialist bureaucracy. But not one of them would want veterans of the SS to have the freedom to publish newspapers or hold reunions. An East German writer who spent five years in prison for attempting to flee the country told me after living in West Berlin for two years that only now, after being in the West, did he understand Lenin's situation in 1918, when he imposed state control of the press: "If all opinions have an equal right, there's no way the correct view can win out!"

Or take the economic aspect of the concept of freedom: many East German intellectuals mistrust the centrally planned economy and want more latitude given to private initiative. But hardly any of them connect the demand for more freedom in planning and production with the restoration of Western-style private ownership of the means of production. (Most Western commentary on Solidarity overlooked the fact that no one in Poland wants the return of the entrepreneur; the workers were demanding greater independence for their factories, not for capitalists.)

Or consider the aspect of freedom that is perhaps most interesting to East German citizens: the freedom to travel, to move. Naturally, most of them would like to be able to travel without hindrance wherever and whenever they please. But this wish does not necessarily mean that they applaud



those who leave the country for good, or that they would like to follow them. Most Western observers have failed to notice that the East German writers who are most critical of their country are precisely the ones who regard with suspicion those who leave. The books these authors write condemn the Wall as the ultimate obstacle to freedom of movement. But those who try to overcome it are regarded as traitors of sorts. Not in Christa Wolf nor in Stefan Heym nor in Heiner Müller nor in Volker Braun are those who leave treated as heroes. The reader's sympathy is instead drawn to those who don't leave, despite all their rage and criticism. This phenomenon can be explained as a kind of self-censorship. I prefer a different interpretation: the demand for freedom of movement is not a demand merely for the right to physically get up and go. It remains harnessed to a project, to a belief in a utopia where socialism and freedom can be reconciled.

Finally, let us examine the concept of democracy. I profoundly doubt that those East German intellectuals who demand the realization of what is, after all, a promise included in their constitution mean the same thing that we in the West do. Many of those who demand more democracy do not conceive of it as the free interplay of all forces of society, or political pluralism. Many Eastern Europeans who are now living in the West express a fundamental skepticism and even contempt for Western democracy, dismissing it as a rotten compromise and pure fiction. If one questions them long enough, it turns out that what they mean by democracy is the dominance of the "true" over the "false," the "false" meaning party bureaucracy. One of the fundamental misconceptions in the West is that Eastern European dissidents, being critics of socialism as it is practiced in their countries, are therefore Western-style democrats. It often becomes clear when

the dissidents arrive in the West that what they have in mind is not Western democracy but the return of the czar. the pope, or some other king.

wonder what would happen if a messenger arrived on horseback, direct from the Kremlin, to order the demolition of the Wall. I don't believe the East Germans would rush into the open arms of the West Germans. Nor would those Western arms actually open. There would be instead a hesitant standing still. Presumably there would be an eruption of the hatred that has accumulated in the forty-year history of separation. It would become evident that what has developed is not two states but two ways of life, two different value systems. Only then could a genuine contest be carried out, point for point, to determine which state has done what better in the years after the war that gave birth to them and set them apart.

Translated from the German by Joel Agee.

Many of those in East Germany who demand more democracy do not conceive of it as the free interplay of all forces of society, or political pluralism

# THE PIZZA HUT PAPERS

A plaintiff parable By Eric Treisman

n Thursday, June 10, 1982, a fluorescent bulb broke in the kitchen of Santa Fe's Pizza Hut store number two. The state health code requires that bulbs be protected by plastic shields, but this one wasn't, and glass flew to every corner of the room. The health code also requires that dishes and pans be stacked face down, but there was a gurney full of pans piled face up nearby.

Brenda Nicholson spent the morning of Saturday, June 12, helping two slow-pitch softball teammates of hers move into a new apartment. Afterward they went to Pizza Hut store number two. Brenda was on her second slice when she bit down on something sharp. It jammed into her gum. Moments later she pulled blood-covered bits of glass and pizza out of her mouth. The women asked to speak to the manager, Arnold Padilla. Padilla did not admit that Pizza Hut was at fault. He apologized to his three anxious customers and told them to go to the emergency room at St. Vincent's Hospital. Pizza Hut would pick up the tab.

The emergency room report shows that Brenda was experiencing mild distress that evening: rapid pulse, fever, nausea. She was sent to radiology to make sure there was no internal bleeding. Two hours later she went home, still nauseated and \$109.64 poorer. Brenda had trouble sleeping for a week. She went back to Pizza Hut several times to ask the manager for the money he had promised her. He was out. He was busy. After two months she called the Santa Fe lawyer referral service and was given the name

Enc Treisman is a lawyer in New Mexico. The names of his clients have been changed in this story to protect their privacy.

of the next lawyer on the list. She was sitting in Eric Treisman's office the following day.

Treisman empathized. When he was in law school he had been poisoned by a hamburger. Never did anything about it, but never forgot it. He still ate fast food. Treisman sensed there was some social utility in Brenda's case, as well as the chance of making a fast buck on contingency. Lacking a roster of major corporate clients, he took whatever he could get. For her part, Brenda liked the office: lots of books, brick floors, Navajo rugs, degrees and certificates on the walls. She agreed to pay Treisman a third of what he managed to get out of Pizza Hut, plus court costs. Nothing if she lost. He doubted there would be any court costs.

Pizza Hut referred Treisman to its insurance adjuster, Bob Gentry, of Crawford & Company. Treisman called Gentry and offered to settle Brenda's claim for \$3,000. Who would eat glass for less? The company would spend three times that much trying the case and would still have to pony up in the end. Gentry laughed politely. You have a hundred dollars in actual damage, he said. We'll pay quadruple. We'll even come up to \$500. But that's it. We don't care about the economics of a given case, he explained. It's the principle of the thing.

The case went into Treisman's hopper. Over the next two months he drafted a three-page complaint setting out the legal reasons why Pizza Hut of America Inc. (the official name of the owner of the restaurant) owed Brenda Nicholson damages: for common-law negligence, in allowing glass to get in the pizza; without regard to negligence, since food sellers are liable for any adulteration of their product; and according to the provision of the Uniform Commercial

Code stating that consumer products are implicitly guaranteed to be fit for the purpose sold. Upon such resonant causes of action did Brenda Nicholson enter into the did-so, did-not of litigation in the United States of America.

eanwhile, life went on as usual at Pizza Hut's store number two. Half a dozen kids were hired, half a dozen kids moved on. In July, state health inspector Charles Hules arrived at Pizza Hut number two in the course of his annual rounds. He found more of the same code violations for which the restaurant had been cited repeatedly since it first opened: food stored near toxics, food on the floor, lavatory violations. His immediate response to all this was to put a small red sticker on the window, warning the close observer that the restaurant had failed to meet state health standards. He later sent the manager a form letter stating that because of serious and repeated violations, a hearing would be held to determine whether the restaurant should be closed. Arnold Padilla had seen this particular form letter two times since taking charge in 1976. He demanded his right to reinspection. Daily. On the fourth day Pizza Hut complied with the health standards. The sticker was removed, the hearing canceled.

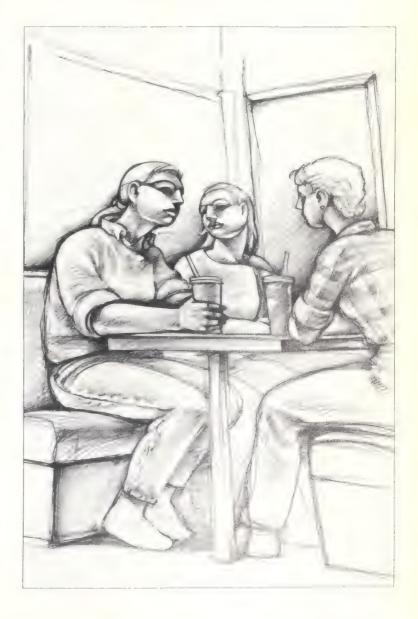
In September, Davey Pitcher and a friend became violently ill after eating a pizza that tasted like cleaning fluid. In October, a new employee saw a screw come through the rollers of the dough-rolling machine. Later that month, the assistant manager noticed a bolt in the dough tray of the dough roller. He told Padilla that they should go over the whole machine with a screwdriver, tighten things up. A washer fell off, too, but nobody noticed.

On October 14, during a sleet storm, Rusty Billups, a weather-beaten ranch hand, pulled into Santa Fe from Colorado with his wife, Debbi, and her little girl, Mara. Rusty, Debbi, and Mara had been living out of the back of a Ford Courier all summer, subsisting on Rusty's \$535 monthly disability payments. But they had recently put down \$200 to rent a mobile home; they were going to settle. They were down to their last twenty dollars, and Rusty's check wouldn't come for a week, but he would surely find some kind of work the next day. So when they saw Pizza Hut's familiar red roof, they decided to splurge and celebrate the new home, the new life. They went inside and ordered a crispy vegetarian. (They had become vegetarians the year before after hearing a lecture in Boulder by a Hindu holy man.) Debbi bit down hard on the crunchy crust and found the washer. Hairline fractures radiated to the roots of three of her molars.

The manager quickly appeared. He didn't admit that the restaurant was liable. He merely took the washer, apologized, reassured, and ushered them out. He said Pizza Hut would pay for a dentist. But it was almost five o'clock, too late to find one, and Debbi's mouth throbbed all night. In fact, it throbbed throughout the week to come as she searched for a dentist who would treat her on the basis of the manager's promise. Rusty and Debbi went back to Pizza Hut three or four times to ask him to put the promise in writing. He was never in, and they couldn't afford the gas to keep making the trip. Debbi's mouth continued to ache. She began to have nightmares.

A few weeks before Debbi bit down on the washer, Treisman had filed Brenda Nicholson's complaint. The *Rio Grande Sun* ran a little article about it: "EXTRA CRISP PIZZA BIT TOO CRISP, SUIT CLAIMS." Rusty saw the article and picked

Upon such resonant causes of action did Brenda Nicholson enter into the did-so, did-not of litigation in the United States of America



Illustrations by Douglas Fraser \* REPORT 55

Pizza Hut's
policy on
accidents was
not to admit
liability and not
to answer
questions

up the phone. Within a week, Treisman filed a second complaint with the District Court. This time, in addition to Pizza Hut of America Inc., he sued the manager, the area supervisor, and the district director. Everyone in sight. Or so he thought.

Insurance defense lawyers in gray suits answered Treisman's complaints in equally gray prose. His three resonant theories of liability were met with eight equally resonant defenses: the complaints failed to state a cause of action; they were barred by the plaintiffs' sole negligence, by the plaintiffs' comparative negligence, by the plaintiffs' contributory negligence; they were barred because the plaintiffs had failed to take steps to mitigate damages, because the injuries were caused by unknown third persons, because the court lacked jurisdiction to hear such cases, and because the plaintiffs' injuries were a result of unforeseeable acts of God.

Treisman knew all about insurance lawyers. He knew that almost 10 percent of America's gross national product goes toward insurance premiums and that less than half comes back in benefits. He knew that the assets of the largest insurer in America approached twelve figures. The lawyers offered Brenda \$3,000 to settle.

Now it was Treisman's turn to laugh politely.

It cost Treisman \$100 to file the two complaints and \$50 to have a process server deliver them to the defendants. He had decided to try Brenda's case before a judge, but he paid the court clerk an additional \$200, one day's jury fee, to reserve Debbi's right to a jury trial. Then he paid \$175 to a court reporting service and deposed Arnold Padilla, the manager:

Okay. This was about—I'd say five months ago. I really don't know what the guy's name is. He was new here in Santa Fe at that time. He red-tagged us. The reasons were for—one were a couple of dented cans; having open space under the door, as far as—you know, rodents, insects, and again, for not—I didn't know, and that—you know, that our dishes and pans had to be turned over, okay, upside down....

Oh, our temperature on our walk—on our make table, which was something like at that time 52 degrees, it was supposed to be between 40 and 45, and that was it....

That same day—again, the health inspector was a new guy...every time I'd call him back, he'd find—you know, he'd find something else....

I was really—not only myself but the area supervisor were really mad because of what this guy was doing to us. I don't know if he was trying to, you know, impress his management now that he came into Santa Fe or what the deal was, but I have seen some bad restaurants here in Santa Fe that should

be completely closed, you know, compared to, you know, what Pizza Hut procedures are.

The inspections were news to Treisman, the manager's attitude toward them exciting. Treisman started to smell punitives. He began to dream of adding a den to his house; blueprints danced in his head.

Punitive damages are awarded not to reward the party who gets them but to punish the party who pays, and to set an example. They are based not on the extent of the harm suffered but on the wealth of the wrongdoer and the gravity of the conduct to be discouraged. Pizza Hut, Treisman reminded himself, sold a lot of pizza. So, several months after filing the two complaints, he amended them to ask for \$7 million in punitive damages. The winter of the first year of litigation drew to a close.

In the spring, Treisman sent interrogatories to Pizza Hut of America Inc. requesting information about prior lawsuits involving foreign objects in the food. Pizza Hut refused to answer, claiming it was a burden to search its records. In the second summer of the case, Treisman moved for an order to compel Pizza Hut to comply and he took more depositions. The cost of all this was adding up: he had already put more than \$2,000 into the case, not counting the cost of his time.

The assistant manager of Pizza Hut store number two testified that he had found the bolt in the dough tray and that the dough roller had a short circuit and a defective switch. He said that dough in the mixer was contaminated by machine oil, sometimes daily, sometimes weekly. The area supervisor explained that Pizza Hut's policy on accidents was not to admit liability and not to answer questions. Customers, he claimed, were always playing tricks to get free pizzas. When the state health inspector was deposed, he said his department kept records on every restaurant in Santa Fe County. Those records showed that Pizza Hut number two had the worst record of any pizza place over the previous ten years.

It was during the deposition of the district director that Treisman learned that his defendant, Pizza Hut of America Inc., was owned by another corporation, Pizza Hut Inc., which was owned in turn by PepsiCo. All safety and quality-control officials worked for Pizza Hut Inc. Pizza Hut of America Inc. just owned the stores. Treisman wanted to depose the quality-control chief. Pizza Hut of America Inc. would not produce him. Treisman moved to amend the complaints to add Pizza Hut Inc. as a party.

The law says that complaints may be amended freely in the interest of justice, but it is nonetheless a matter for the court's sole discretion.

The defense briefs were better written, grayer, more effective than Treisman's. The court refused to compel Pizza Hut to answer Treisman's interrogatories about prior litigation and would not allow an amendment adding Pizza Hut Inc. to the list of defendants. Then one day the men in gray suits offered Treisman's secretary a big raise plus better benefits to go to work for them. She took it.

Deated in the dusty stacks of the county law library, desperately boning up on fine points of trial procedure, Treisman reflected grimly on the nature of the litigation process. Whole continents of relevant reality were cordoned off: nothing privileged, nothing by hearsay, nothing about settlement negotiations. None of this could enter into the consciousness of the Blindfolded Fact Finder.

Even to breathe the word "insurance" is enough to abort a trial in most jurisdictions. Juries are thought to despise insurance companies, and judges do not allow lawyers to play on these prejudices. Treisman hated insurance companies too. When an insurer is presented with a claim, its examiners determine whether the claim is valid. (A debtor, as it were, determining its own debt.) The bulk of tort litigation in this country involves claims brought by people who don't like the decision of some insurance examiner. Treisman reflected on the fact that the word "insurance" must not be uttered in a court system devoted largely to insurance claims.

He knew that it was crucial that he play the game correctly. To play the game in New Mexico, he had to know the ninety-five Rules of Civil Procedure, the ninety-eight statutes governing trial procedures, and the seventy-six Rules of Evidence governing the introduction of information into the consciousness of the Blindfolded Fact Finder. Some of the rules sound like others but not quite. Each day they danced before Treisman's eyes like the Hebrew prayers and Babylonian rituals from which they ultimately descend.

7(a) There shall be a complaint and an answer; a reply to a counterclaim denominated as such; an answer to a cross-claim, if the answer contains a cross-claim denominated as such; a third party complaint, if a person who was not an original party was summoned under the provisions of Rule 14...

Treisman also knew that insurance defense lawyers do nothing but litigate civil claims. They are a tightly knit group of gray-suited men who make most of the money to be made in the civil courtrooms of America. They know the rules perfectly. But Treisman didn't have to be the best lawyer in New Mexico. (So he told

himself again and again.) The facts would speak for themselves. Res ipsa loquitur.

Pizza Hut number two continued to have its problems. In April 1983, Don Bjorklund, a traveling salesman from Houston, was eating a slice of pizza when a sharp metal object stuck in the roof of his mouth. He picked a lawyer at random from the phone book. The lawyer referred him to Treisman. The next day Bjorklund decided that all he wanted was to get out of town and not come back, but he gave Treisman a statement anyway. In May, a local television newscaster and six friends developed food poisoning after eating a pepperoni pizza at Pizza Hut number two. They complained to the health department. An inspector paid a visit: the restaurant failed three inspections and Arnold Padilla received another warning letter.

It was about this time that Treisman learned of articles in the January and February 1982 issues of *Restaurant Business* which revealed that Pizza Hut had a history of inadequate management training. According to the journal, "uncontrolled expansion stripped Pizza Hut of its ability to recruit, train, and maintain qualified unit and middle management. As a result, product quality and service declined." Some of the very Pizza Hut Inc. executives Treisman had wanted to depose were quoted in the articles, admitting to chain-wide problems with "product execution."

Treisman knew he could not directly introduce the articles as evidence: they would be regarded as hearsay. He decided to use expert witnesses to get the material into court, since such witnesses are permitted to describe publications on which they base their opinions. But nobody from a rival fast-food chain wanted to be put on the spot. Experts-for-hire were beyond Treisman's budget. He had already scaled back his building plans. The snows of the second winter of litigation fell and Brenda's trial

ter of litigation fell and Brenda's tria date approached.

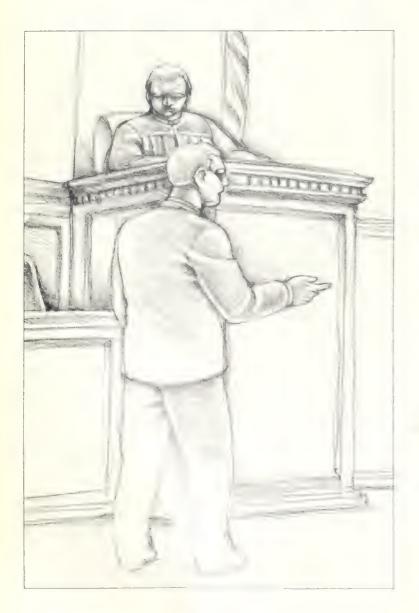
Ooon after Brenda Nicholson moved to Santa Fe in 1980, she took a job waitressing at the local Ramada Inn. The waitresses and bartenders were in the habit of enhancing the tip pool by failing to ring up occasional drink orders. Brenda went along with the scam for a few days, but then everyone got busted. As a first offender, she was required to make restitution and to join a counseling program. And as a first offender, her records were sealed. The Ramada Inn eventually rehired her; at the time of the trial, she worked there on weekends as a dance instructor. She never talked about the episode to anyone except her counselor and her fiancé. Andonce—to a friend at the insurance agency where she worked.

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At Brenda's deposition in February 1983, the men in the gray suits learned that she worked for one of their clients. (Shortly after the deposition she had a talk with her boss and discovered she was out of a job.) The men in the gray suits also learned that she had not had medical treatment or psychological counseling since leaving the emergency room eight months before. Immediately after the deposition, Treisman sent her to a clinical psychologist, who found that she showed signs of stress related to the Pizza Hut incident. A week before the trial was scheduled to start, Pizza Hut offered Brenda \$2,500. A year earlier it would have sufficed.

The day before trial, the state's attorney told Treisman that Pizza Hut had subpoenaed the sealed records of the Ramada Inn episode. Sealed records

A scramble to serve a few last subpoenas. Get the files in order. Get a clean shirt. Trial.



In his opening statement Treisman told Brenda's story, exposed Pizza Hut's record of healthcode violations, and asked for damages in order to send a message to PepsiCo. Pizza Hut said that this was all puff and asked for court costs. The state's attorney, believing that the integrity of his first-offender program was at stake, argued against the admissibility of the sealed records. Judge, Treisman replied, the damage is done. They've opened the book and we've got to read it to see that there's nothing there. Provided, of course, that your honor will examine the offending material in camera? The judge nodded and ordered the courtroom cleared. Brenda burst into tears at the revelation of her police record. She had never mentioned it to Treisman.

Brenda pulled herself together on direct examination, but the defense made her cry again with a tough cross-examination, wringing soggy admissions about her medical problems and her character. Treisman objected once or twice just to keep his hand in. He didn't really care. The tears were getting the judge interested; they might help the case. Afterward, Treisman called the manager of Pizza Hut number two, the health inspector, the emergency room tech, and the clinical psychologist. The men in the gray suits demolished the shrink, but there was nothing they could do about the others.

The judge dismissed Brenda's claim for punitive damages but awarded her actual damages, costs, and attorney's fees. The total: \$14,249. Pizza Hut made no move to pay. Debbi's trial was just two weeks away.

Now Treisman knew he had a case, a terrific case. This was his big break. He was going to make a million dollars and build a platinum-plated wing onto his shabby little house. And Debbi and Rusty were going to join the upper middle class, too, thanks to the men at PepsiCo, those gray-suited bastards.

At Treisman's request, the general counsel to the state health department studied Pizza Hut number two's record of health-code violations and agreed to testify that it was unusually bad: The problem was, he explained, under current state regulations, the slate is wiped clean each time a restaurant complies with the code. Treisman saw this as a strong argument for punitive damages. He finally ponied up for an expert witness, a fried-chicken executive who would read the trade journals into the record. The expert told him that Pizza Hut gave bonuses to managers who kept their overhead down; that was why the help was new and the machines old. Bingo.

You've heard the testimony, Treisman told his bathroom mirror every morning. The company sells a billion a year; it has profits in eight figures. You've heard about the bolt in the dough roller, the defective wiring, the machine oil in the dough mixer. You listened to our expert tell you they kept the equipment on four years too long. How much did they save? You heard the cost data, you heard the testimony. They saved \$10,000. (It was just a guess, but he had subpoenaed all the records of Pizza Hut of America Inc.'s state comptroller; he'd have the real numbers in time for the trial.) Now multiply that by the 4,200 stores in the system. Pizza Hut is saving millions of dollars a year on maintenance. It saves maybe \$20,000 a year in Santa Fe by paying almost everyone minimum wage. Multiply that by the 4,200 restaurants. Pizza Hut is saving \$80 million a year in wages in exchange for a certain number of Debbis. Maybe a thousand Debbis a year. We've got to send Pizza Hut a message.

The mirror stared back at Treisman. He needed a shave.

Treisman was certain that Debbi's actual damages were large enough to support a substantial verdict. After all, by biting down on the washer, she had more or less destroyed three of her molars. She had found a general practitioner willing to work on credit and interested in doing root canal. During twenty sessions, he cut the nerves out of seven roots and replaced them with cement and steel posts. By March of 1983 the work was done. Debbi had three gold teeth and a bill for \$2,149.80.

In July, the men in the gray suits scheduled an "independent" exam for Debbi with a dentist forty-nine miles from her home. It took the whole afternoon. The dentist's report said she had a bad attitude about dental care: before biting down on the washer, she hadn't been to a dentist for five years. The independent medical examiner said that the GP's treatment was fine and that there would be no problems in the future.

In the fall, Debbi's teeth were still giving her trouble. She was still having bad dreams and she had lost eighteen pounds. She paid a visit to the shrink Treisman fixed her up with, who duly recorded that she was under great stress. A month or so later, Debbi went back to the GP. He told her that she had an abscess and sent her to Santa Fe's only endodontist. Trial was only one month away, and the endodontist said he would wait for his money. He found an eighth root that the GP had missed. He did the necessary work in two long sessions and presented Debbi with a \$500 tab.

A week before the trial, Treisman made a big mistake. He had been kicking himself ever since the judge denied his motion to include Pizza Hut Inc. in Debbi's complaint. Why in hell hadn't he originally sued *up* the line to Pizza Hut Inc. and PepsiCo, instead of down the line to the dis-

trict director and the manager? What did he want the manager on the spot for, anyway? He was too local, he would get some jury sympathy. So Treisman dismissed the individual defendants. Now when the judge said, "Raise your targets," there would be only one target—Pizza Hut of America. Treisman received a fifty-page defense brief seeking summary dismissal of the punitive-damage claim. He had been expecting it, and responded with a fifty-page brief marshaling his evidence. Three days before trial the judge ruled against summary dismissal, but on very narrow grounds: the prior instances of hardware coming through the dough rolls.

ware coming through the dough roller. Trial.

fter the jury had been chosen, the judge summoned Treisman and the defense lawyers to his chambers. He was reconsidering punitive damages. Treisman's heart slipped into his shoes. Under New Mexico law, an employer is not liable for the conduct of an employee unless it has ratified that conduct. The men in the gray suits had a brand-new affidavit from a vice president of Pizza Hut of America Inc. The vice president swore that it was not the policy of Pizza Hut of America Inc. to be grossly negligent or to endanger its customers. Any acts by employees that did so were outside the scope of their job descriptions. Now Treisman's mistake came back to haunt him. Because he had dismissed the manager, there was no longer any individual employee defendant.

When the defense comes forward with an affidavit, the judge reminded Treisman sourly, it is the job of the plaintiff to contravene it with other affidavits. The judge saw nothing in Treisman's brief to contravene the vice president's affidavit—not even the expert who was ready to testify that Pizza Hut turned over its machines too slowly and its employees too fast. So Treisman lost. There would be no punitives. Pizza Hut of America Inc. conceded liability. Once this was done, the causes of Debbi's accident were no longer a factor. And that was the last mention of Pizza Hut.

The four-day trial was devoted solely to the question of whether Debbi was asking for too much. A dud trial, a charade. The real trial, Treisman thought, would have to wait until the appeals court corrected the trial court's error and granted a new trial on issues of fault and puni-

tive damages.

Still, Treisman did have to put forward his evidence. He went through the motions genially in an attempt to put the jury in a mood of generous sympathy. The men in the gray suits hinted strongly that Debbi was some kind of deadbeat welfare mother living in a van. Their independent dental examiner said that Debbi's mouth

The vice president swore that it was not the policy of Pizza Hut of America Inc. to endanger its customers

A final small sum of money would change hands. The direction in which it would flow was not yet known

exhibited signs of gingivitis and pyorrhea. Under cross-examination she admitted that 80 percent of Americans suffer from these diseases, but she stood by her opinion that no future dental work was necessary. The endodontist was not so sure: he said there was a one-in-three chance that more work would be needed. The judge instructed the jurors that they could not award damages on the basis of a one-in-three chance. After three days the jury found Debbi a little greedy and awarded her \$25,000. Treisman knew it could have been worse. It was \$5,000 less than the lowest judgment he would have been willing to accept, but the 15 percent annual interest while the appeal languished would come to \$3,750.

Treisman appealed the summary dismissal of Debbi's claim for punitive damages. He moved for a new trial for Brenda on the grounds that he had new evidence: the expert witness he didn't have before. Motion denied. Pizza Hut appealed Brenda's verdict. Treisman filed a cross-appeal for denial of punitive damages and denial of a new trial. He offered to settle Brenda's case for \$12,000. Pizza Hut responded with a counteroffer of \$11,416. The time had come for Treisman's next big mistake. He told Pizza Hut that he ran a one-price shop, and he walked out. Like Wile E. Coycte, he had gotten a little bit ahead of him-

self. Now the long drop to the canyon

he cases went before a third set of claims examiners, the New Mexico Court of Appeals, in the second spring of the litigation. It was painless enough at first. Treisman and his clients possessed court judgments for \$14,249 and \$25,000 plus costs: almost \$45,000 altogether, all of it compounding nicely. But as he labored over the appellate briefs and tried to make sense of the complex appellate procedures, he realized that he had not yet seen a cent for either of the cases and that he was very, very tired of them. He was making trivial mistakes. He submitted a brief that was too long because he had failed to count the title page and the table of contents. Pizza Hut promptly asked the court to dismiss the appeal. The court declined to do so but sternly noted the importance of strict adherence to the rules. He and his clients had their judgments, all right, but the judgments were still at risk.

One day in the third spring of litigation the clerk of the Court of Appeals called Treisman and read the opinion in Debbi's case to him over the phone. There was a mistake in the first line concerning the number of teeth that had been affected. The opinion started from the proposition that punitive damages would be denied and worked backward to dispose of each and every

one of Treisman's ingenious points. The court did not take Debbi's jury award away, but interest was denied and she was ordered to pay Pizza Hut's appeal costs. The Billupses couldn't wait another year for a state Supreme Court review. They took the money and ran. Minus dental bills, costs, and Treisman's fee, they netted \$11,812.10. Treisman's cut was just under \$8,000.

Three weeks later, the court handed down its verdict in Brenda's case. She hadn't died; she hadn't lost a baby. She had suffered two tiny cuts in her mouth and some minor annoyance. The decision to award Treisman attorney's fees was reversed and she was ordered to pay Pizza Hut's appeals cost of \$1,300. The verdict in her favor would stand if she agreed to accept only \$3,709. Otherwise, she would have to go to trial again on the sole issue of her actual damages. There would be no chance of winning punitives. And in any case, she owed Pizza Hut \$1,300 up front. More than \$3,709 had been spent so far. Treisman gave up on the idea of punitives and petitioned the state Supreme Court to grant certiorari and restore the trial court verdict. The Supreme Court declined. In the fourth summer of litigation, Brenda's case went back to the trial

The trial was initially set for late 1985, but the case was dropped from the calendar and transferred to another division of the court. In another six months, maybe, it would be heard. In another year or two, a final small sum of money would change hands. The direction in which

that small sum would flow was not yet

reisman sits brooding before his word processor. He drafts incorporation documents for a public interest group: People Against PepsiCo. Smite them, expose them, cut them off at the

Naah, he thinks, negative attitude. Accentuate the positive. He considers placing an ad in the National Enquirer, or maybe Weekly World News. "SEND ME YOUR PIZZA HUT HORROR STO-RY. There may be money in it for YOU! Please be sure your story relates to PIZZA HUT, the distinctive red-roofed chain owned by PepsiCo." He might get away with it.

Treisman fingers a few keys on his terminal, stores the cases of Brenda and Debbi on a cutrate floppy disc, and fumbles for the "off" switch. He does not know if he had nothing and puffed it up for the sake of a den and a fancy new bathroom or if he had a good case and butchered it out of inexperience. All he knows is that he encountered the men in the gray suits, the legal eagles of Pepsi. And that the experience left a dark brown taste in his mouth.

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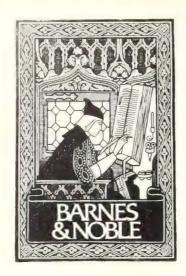
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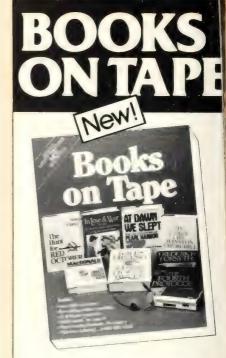


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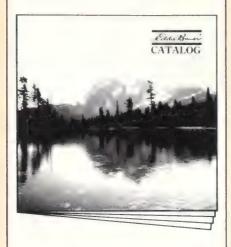
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## FOR THE CONTRA

Selling a new la

This appeal for support of the contras and for President Reagan's policy toward Nicaragua makes no direct mention of either product: a trendy political ad, like one for Bergdorf Goodman, markets not specific goods but a vision. It announces a shift in taste, and invites the reader to wear a more fashionable opinion. Join us, move along to something new. The move here is to the right. The back page of the New York Times Week in Review, where this ad appeared (cost: \$36,137), was once largely given over to messages from the chic left: "War Is Over! If You Want It," John and Yoko announced on December 21, 1969. On March 16, 1986, the day this ad appeared, liberal stalwarts who spend Sunday mornings with the Times were invited to help keep a little war simmering.

"Democratic resistance," "yearning for democracy," "democratic friends"—the words democratic and democracy turn up seventeen times in this brief text, seventeen times more than in the Declaration of Independence. Nowhere in the text is it mentioned that the "democratic resistance"—the contras, to all but the copywriters—enjoys the recognition of no other democracy but ours.

David Aaron, Zbigniew Brzezinski, Richard Holbrooke—good Democrats all. So much for the idea that the Carter Administration, or Mondale-Ferraro, would have produced a Democratic alternative to what is now called the Reagan Doctrine. What we have here is proof of the new "unity" of which the ad boasts. Liberals who remain committed to a non-interventionist foreign policy find themselves shoved to the ideological margin—wimpish or dowdy figures vulnerable to the charge that they are "soft on communism."

#### We support mile to the Nicara for den

On October 18th of ast year the Sandinista government of repression against the country sindependent churches and langits organizations. The campaign cannot be explained as a resident standinistas determination is rule the Nicaraguan people those who are now being attacked by the Sandinista security polytopic November 17, 1945.

The Sandinistas have presented the Reagan Adminiour democratic mends in Nicaragua, arxield to the consolidation there is a better alternative; give Nicaragua's democratic resista

Such an ellen must now have a military component and diplomatic measures will have a most entical important whole Today those who urge political and diplomatic initiative Sandinistas. Those who taxor military and to the resistances of succeed only when international diplomatic pressures. Nicar more related to the control of the property of the prop

- Democraci has griwn stronger in Central and Soushow a clearer understanding of the Sandinistas there is a growing possibility, that substantial press dinistas toward democracy and negotiations. Our dwhile adhering firmly to the conviction that peace the government of Nicaragua denies peace and f
  - Sandinista repression has now shattered any rem gressive direction. Hither present campaign of rep selves more isolated and more vulnerable to dip government, together with Nicaraguan democratic campaign of public diplomacy and education resistance.
  - The United States must use every appropriate mewithin the resistance movement, especially amorsible representation of the Nicaraguan people i democratic in both its composition and its condmain resistance organization to enunciate a der gram within its armed forces are steps in the right dismissed as public relations measures
  - The Sandinistas will not change course so long democratic resistance. A vact infusion of Soviet bal by Cuban, and other foreign Communist p states and its democratic allies must prompily i air missiles—and the training it needs to defe
  - Our assistance to the resistance cannot, howey States and throughout the world must help the The resistance needs help from government ar services, to strengthen its organizational capal States Government should encourage and as viding and and support for the Nicaraguan re

In this past decade the Nicaraguan people his seems likely to be a long one. The success of such an elf Most of all, it will require an unusual unity of spirit Republicans, between liberals and conservatives, between the Americas, and, not least of all, among N

The present debate about Nicaragua in the U one session of Congress, that will outlast one Presider among the promising democracies of the Americas

#### Friends of the Democrati

J. Peter Grace & Co

Richard Holbri former Assistant of State, Carter

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## FTER A FASHION

#### Eric Alterman

#### sistance ghting

teolycige and began a sweeping campaign its non-governmental political and human icaragua itis a conclusive demonstration of :nor Minister Tomas Borge acknowledged. reideas. But that is a dangerous arsenal. (La

enge either send t. S. military forces to save astate on the American mainland Webelieve arrive this totalitarian assault.

upon military assistance in the end, political , moreover must fit together into a coherent on the premise that these alone can move the the key to see ess In truth the resistance can sures and et' tive military revistance all grow ind the Cong. ss will achieve a new coherence

nd many of the region's democratic leaders ind subversion. Because of this we believe aughthe Contadora process to push the Sanavigorous revival of the Contadora process are for the rest of Central America so long as

gua has been moving in a humane and proresisted the Sandinistas will soon find thememai political pressures. The United States nds of democracy must undertake a massive te Sandinistas and to win support for the

splete respect for democracy and human rights ffort should be made to draw the broadest posnt and its leadership. A movement that is not home or abroad. The recent steps by UNO the and to establish a significant human rights prochieve a much greater reality if they are not to be

La decisive military victory over the Nicaraguan and field artillers - frequently manned in comndinistas hope of a military victory. The United istance with the weapons - including ground-toive and sophisticated military attack

ilitan needs. Friends of democracy in the United winto a full-fledged popular freedom movement sabroad-to develop health education and other effective voice in international forums. The United nmental organizations here and elsewhere in pro-

and a powerful yearning for democracy. Their struggle courage and determination on the part of all profiled sorters of democracy a unity between Democrats and · (ongress between the United States and other democ

the the beginning of such a whity a unity that will outlast the Sandinistas' effort for plant a new form of oppression

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The text was drafted by Penn Kemble, a member of the executive committee of Friends of the Democratic Center in Central America (PRO-DEMCA), the group that bought the ad. Kemble is a conservative Democrat of long standing; he hasn't the heartfelt voice necessary to convince the wavering liberal that PRODEMCA's war with the Sandinistas is different from the one being waged by, say, the Heritage Foundation. This delicate touch was provided by Bruce Cameron. Once a human-rights activist, Cameron soured on the Sandinistas, and now lobbies Congress for funds to achieve their overthrow.

Under Martin Peretz, the New Republic has become an important vehicle of the new, tough sensibility. It backs the contras in the requisite "hard decision" style; its support was most thoroughly articulated earlier this year in a long and pained unsigned editorial. A week after it appeared, thirteen of the New Republic's nineteen contributing editors signed a lengthy letter of protest, which was later published in the magazine. One of them, Abraham Brumberg, tried briefly to initiate a mass resignation, a foolishness which resulted in his dismissal.

> Among the signers, John Silber approaches most closely the beau ideal of Genghis Khan. A number of other strong-minded conservatives were asked to sign, but declined the invitation. Jeane Kirkpatrick wouldn't sign; neither would Norman Podhoretz. The text, he said, kept getting bogged down with that spineless word negotiation.

Eric Alterman is a fellow of the World Policy Institute in New York.

## IN SEARCH OF THE RATTLESNAKE PLANTAIN

By Margaret Atwood

shore, through the place where there are a lot of birches. The woods are open, the ground covered with a mat of leaves, dry on the top, pressed down into a damp substratum beneath, threaded through (I know, though I don't look, I have looked before, I have a history of looking) with filaments, strands, roots, and skeins of leaf mold laid through it like fuses, branched like the spreading arteries of watercolor blue in certain kinds of cheese.

Against the dun color of the fallen leaves, which recedes before us, the birches stand out, or lie. Birches have only a set time to live, and die while standing. Then the tops rot and fall down, or catch and dangle-widow-makers, the loggers used to call them—and the lopped trunks remain upright, hard fungi with undersides like dewed velvet sprouting from them. This patch of woods, with its long vistas and silent pillars, always gives me the same feeling: not fright, not sadness; a muted feeling. The light diffuses here, as through a window high up, in a vault.

"Should have brought a bag," says my mother, who is behind me. We go in single file, my father first, of course, though without his ax, Joanne second so he can explain things to her. I come next and my mother last. In this forest you have to be close to a person to hear what he says. The trees, or more probably the leaves. blot up sound.

"We can come back," I say. Both of us are referring to the birch bark, curls of which lie all

Margaret Atwood's new collection of short stories, Bluebeard's Egg, will be published by Houghton Mifflin in November.

around us. They ought to be gathered and used for starting the fire in the wood stove. With dead birches, the skin outlasts the center, which is the opposite from the way we do it. There is no moment of death for anything, really; only a slow fade, like a candle or an icicle. With any-

thing, the driest parts melt last.

"Should have used your brain," says my father, who has somehow heard her. They have the ability to hear each other, even at a distance, even through obstacles, even though they're in their seventies. My father raises his head without turning his voice, and continues to stomp forward, over the dun leaves and the pieces of Greek temple that litter the ground. I watch his feet, and Joanne's, ahead of me. Really I watch the ground: I'm looking for puffballs. I too have brought no bag, but I can take off my top shirt and make a bundle with it if I find anv.

"Never had one," says my mother cheerfully. "A ball of fluff. Just a little button at the top of my spine, to keep my head from falling off." She rustles along behind me. "Where's he going?" she says.

What we're doing is looking for a bog. loanne, who writes nature articles, is doing a piece on bogs, and my father knows where there is one. A kettle bog: no way in for the water, and no way out. Joanne has her camera, around her neck on one of those wide embroidered straps like a vodeler's braces, and her binoculars, and her waterproof jacket that folds up into its own pocket and straps around the waist. She is always so well equipped.

She brought her portable one-person kayak up for this visit, assembled it, and whips around over the water in it like a Jesus bug, which is what they used to call those whirligig water beetles you find sheltering in the calm places behind logs, in bays, on stormy days, black and shiny like Joanne's curious eyes.

Yesterday Joanne stepped the wrong way into her kayak and rolled, binoculars and all. Luckily not the camera. We dried her out as well as we could; the binoculars are more or less all right. I knew then that this is the reason I am not as well equipped as Joanne: I am afraid of loss. You shouldn't have a kayak or binoculars or anything else unless you're prepared to let it sink.

Joanne, who is bright and lives by herself and by her wits, is ready for anything despite her equipment. "They're only binoculars," she said, laughing, as she squelched ashore. She knew the address of the place where she would take them to get them dried out professionally if all else failed. Also she had a spare pair of hiking boots. She's the kind of woman who can have conversations with strangers on trains with impunity. They never turn out to be loonies, like the ones I pick, and if they were she would ditch them soon enough. "Shape up or ship out" is a phrase I learned from Joanne.

Up ahead my father stops, looks down, stoops, and pokes. Joanne stoops too but she doesn't uncork the lens of her camera. My father scuffles impatiently among the dried leaves.

"What's he got there?" says my mother, who has caught up with me.

"Nothing," says my father, who has heard her. "No dice. I don't know what's happened to them. They must be disappearing."

My father has a list in his head of things that are disappearing: leopard frogs, certain species of wild orchid, loons, possibly. These are just the things around here. The list for the rest of the world is longer, and lengthening all the time. Tigers, for instance, and whooping cranes. Whales. Redwoods. Strains of wild maize. One species of plant a day. I have lived with this list all my life, and it makes me uncertain about the solidity of the universe. I clutch at things, to stop them, keep them here. If those had been my binoculars, there would have been a fuss.

But right now, right at this moment, I can't remember which thing it is that must be disappearing, or why we are looking for it in the first place.

We're looking for it because this isn't the whole story. The reason I can't remember isn't creeping senility: I could remember perfectly well at the time. But that was at the time, and this is a year later. In the meantime, the winter, which is always the meantime, the time during which things happen that you have to know about but would rather skip, my father had a stroke.

He was driving his car, heading north. The stroke happened as he turned from a feeder lane onto an eight-lane highway. The stroke paralyzed his left side, his left hand dragged the wheel over, and the car went across all four lanes of the westbound half of the highway and slid into the guardrail on the other side. My mother was in the car with him.

"The death seat," she said. "It's a miracle we weren't mashed to a pulp."

"That's right," I say. My mother can't drive. "What did you do?"

This is all going on over long-distance telephone, across the Atlantic, the day after the stroke. I am in a phone booth in an English village, and it's drizzling. There's a sack of potatoes in the phone booth too. They don't belong to me. Someone must be storing them in here.

My mother's voice fades in and out, as mine must for her. I have already said, "Why didn't you call me as soon as it happened?" and she has already said, "No point in upsetting you." I am still a child, from whom the serious, grown-up things must be concealed.

"I didn't want to get out of the car," my mother said. "I didn't want to leave him. He didn't know what had happened. Luckily a nice young man stopped and asked if we were having any trouble, and drove on and called the ambulance."

She was shaken up; how could she not be? But she didn't want me to fly back. Everything was under control, and if I were to fly back it would be a sign that everything was not under control. My father was in the hospital, under control too. The stroke was what they called a transient one.

"He can talk again," said my mother. "They say he has a good chance of getting most of it back."

"Most of what?" I said.

"Most of what he lost," said my mother.

After a while I got a letter from my father. It was written in the hospital, where they were doing tests on him. During the brain scan he overheard one doctor say to another, "Well, there's nothing in there anyway." My father reported this with some glee. He likes it when

people say things they haven't intended to say.

We are past the stand of dying birch, heading inland, where the undergrowth is denser. The bog is somewhere back in there, says my father.

"He doesn't remember," says my mother in a low voice to me. "He's lost."

"I never get lost," says my father, charging ahead now through the saplings. We aren't on a path of any sort, and the trees close in and begin

to resemble one another, as they have a habit of doing, away from human markings. But lost people go around in circles, and we are going in a straight line. I remember now what is disappearing, what it is we're supposed to be looking for. It's the rattlesnake plantain, which is a short plant with a bunch of leaves at the base and knobs up the stem. I think it's a variety of orchid. It used to be thick around here, my father has said. What could be causing it to disappear? He doesn't want one of these plants for anything; if he found a rattlesnake plantain, all he would do is look at it. But it would be reassuring, something else that is still with us. So I keep my eyes on the ground.

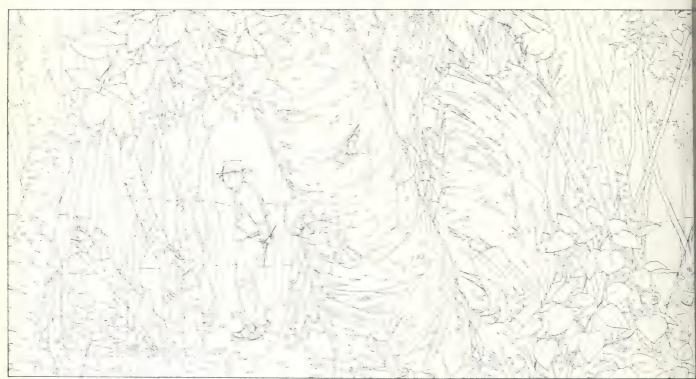
We find the bog, more or less where it was supposed to be, according to my father. But it's different; it's grown over. You can hardly tell it's a bog, apart from the water that oozes up through the sphagnum moss underfoot. A bog should have edges of moss and sedge that quake when you walk on them, and a dark pool in the

up using. But she is a good guest.

There are no rattlesnake plantains here. The rattlesnake plantain does not grow in bogs.

It's summer again and I'm back home. The Atlantic lies behind me like a sheet of zinc, like a time warp. As usual in this house I get more tired than I should; or not tired, sleepy. I read murder mysteries I've read before and go to sleep early, never knowing what year I'll wake up in. Will it be twenty years ago, or twenty years from now? Is it before I got married? Is my child—ten and visiting a friend—grown up and gone? There's a chip in the plaster of the room where I sleep, shaped like a pig's head in profile. It's always been there, and each time I come back here I look for it, to steady myself against the current of time that is flowing past and over me, faster and faster. These visits of mine blur together.

This one, though, is different. Something has been changed, something has stopped. My father, who recovered almost completely from the



center, of water brown with peat juice. It should remind you of the word tam. This bog has soaked up its water, covered it over and grown trees on it, balsam six feet high by now. We look for pitcher plants, in vain.

This bog is not photogenic. It is mature. Joan ne takes a few pictures with her top-of-the-line camera and never-fail close-up lens. She focuses on the ground, the moss; she takes a footprint filling with water. We stand around, slapping mosquitoes, while she does it. We all know that these aren't the pictures she'll end

stroke, who takes five kinds of pills to keep from having another one, who squeezes a woolen ball in his left hand, who however is not paying as much attention to his garden as he used to—my father is ill. I've been here four days and he's been ill the whole time. He lies on the living room sofa in his dressing gown and does not eat or even drink. He sips water, but not more.

There have been whispered consultations with my mother in the kitchen. Is it the pills, is it a virus of some kind? Has he had another stroke, a tiny one, when no one was looking?

He's stopped talking much. There's something wrong with his voice; you have to listen very carefully or you can't catch what he's saying.

My mother, who has always handled things, doesn't seem to know what to do. I tell her I'm afraid he'll get dehydrated. I go down to the cellar, where the other phone is, and telephone the doctor, who is hard to reach. I don't want my father to hear me doing this: he will be annoyed, he'll say there's nothing wrong with him, he'll rebel.

I go back upstairs and take his temperature, using the thermometer I used to check my fertility when I was trying to get pregnant. He opens his mouth passively to let me do this; he seems uninterested in the results. His face, a little one-sided from the stroke, appears to have shrunk and fallen in upon itself. His eyes, under his white eyebrows, are almost invisible. The temperature is too high.

"You have a temperature," I tell him. He doesn't seem surprised. I bring a bowl of ice

tells me. "He says there are some trees he has to finish cutting."

"It's the temperature," I say. "He's hallucinating."

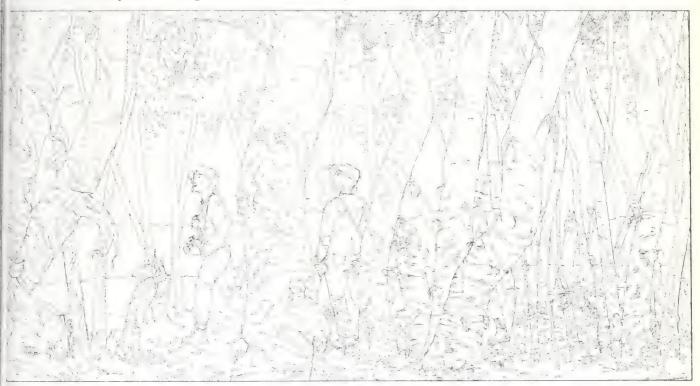
"I hope so," says my mother. "He can't drive up there." Maybe she's afraid it isn't the temperature, that this is permanent.

I go with her to their bedroom, where my father is packing. He's put on his clothes: shorts and a white short-sleeved shirt, and shoes and socks. I can't imagine how he got all of this on, because he can hardly stand up. He's in the center of the room, holding his folded pajamas as if unsure what to do with them. On the chair is an open knapsack, beside it a package of flashlight batteries.

"You can't drive at night," I say. "It's dark

He turns his head from side to side, like a turtle, as if to hear me better. He looks baffled.

"I don't know what's holding you up," he says to my mother. He looks baffled.



cubes to him, because he says he can't swallow. The ice cubes are something I remember from my childbirth classes, or could it be my husband's ulcer operation? All crisis is one crisis, an improvisation. You seize what is at hand.

"Did he eat the ice cubes?" says my mother, in the kitchen. He doesn't hear her, as he would have once. He doesn't say no.

Later, after dinner, when I am rereading a bad Agatha Christie dating from the war, my mother comes into my room.

"He says he's going to drive up north," she

"We have to get up there." Now that he has a temperature, his voice is stronger. I know what it is: he doesn't like the place he finds himself in, he wants to be somewhere else. He wants out, he wants to drive, away from all this illness.

"You should wait until tomorrow," I say.

He sets down the pajamas and starts looking through his pockets.

"The car keys," he says to my mother.

"Did you give him an aspirin?" I ask her.

"He can't swallow," she says. Her face is white. Suddenly she too looks old.

My father has found something in his pocket. It's a folded-up piece of paper. Laboriously he unfolds it, peers at it. It looks like an old grocery list. "The rattlesnake plantain is making a comeback," he says to me. I understand that, from somewhere in there, from underneath the fever, he's trying to send out some good news. He knows things have gone wrong, but it's only part of a cycle. This was a bad summer for wood mice, he told me earlier. He didn't mean there were a lot of them, but that there were hardly any. The adjective was from the point of view of the mice.

"Don't worry," I say to my mother. "He won't

If worse comes to worst, I think, I can back my car across the bottom of the driveway. I remember myself, at the age of six, after I'd had my tonsils out. I heard soldiers, marching. My father is afraid.

"I'll help you take off your shoes," my mother says. My father sits down on the edge of the bed, as if tired, as if defeated. My mother

kneels. Mutely he holds out a foot.

Ve're making our way back. My father and mother are off in the woods somewhere, trudging through the undergrowth, young balsam and hazelnut and moose maple, but Joanne and I (Why? How did we get separated from them?) are going along the shore, on the theory that, if you're on an island, all you have to do is go along the shore and sooner or later you'll hit the point you started out from. Anyway, this is a shortcut, or so we have told each other.

Now there's a steep bank, and a shallow bay where a lot of driftwood has collected—old logs, big around as a hug, their ends sawed off clean. These logs are from the time when they used to do the logging in the winter, cross by the frozen lakes, cut the trees and drag them to the ice with a team of horses, and float them in the spring to the chute and the mill in log booms, the logs corralled in a floating fence of other logs chained together. The logs in this bay were once escapees. Now they lie like basking whales, lolling in the warmed inshore water, Jesus bugs sheltering behind them, as they turn gradually back to earth. Moss grows on them, and sundew, raising its round leaves like little greenish moons, the sticky hairs standing out from them in rays of light.

Along these sodden and sprouting logs Joanne and I walk, holding on to the shoreside branches for balance. They do the logging differently now; they use chain saws, and trucks to carry the logs out, over grave! roads bulldozed in a week. They don't touch the shoreline, though, they leave enough for the eye; but the forest up here is becoming more and more like a curtain, a

backdrop behind which is emptiness, or a shambles. The landscape is being hollowed out. From this kind of logging, islands are safer.

Joanne steps on the next log, chocolate brown and hoary with lichen. It rolls in slow motion, and throws her. There go her second pair of hiking boots, and her pants up to the knees, but luckily not the camera.

"You can't never trust nobody," says Joanne, who is laughing. She wades the rest of the way, to where the shore slopes down and she can squelch up onto dry land. I pick a different log, make a safe crossing, and follow. Despite our shortcut, my parents get back first.

In the morning, the ambulance comes for my father. He's lucid again, that's the term. It makes me think of *lucent*: light comes out of him again, he is no longer opaque. In his husky, obscure voice he even jokes with the ambulance attendants, who are young and reassuring, as they strap him in.

"In case I get violent," he says.

The ambulance doesn't mean a turn for the worse. The doctor has said to take him to Emergency, because there are no beds available in the regular wards. It's summer, and the highway accidents are coming in, and one wing of the hospital is closed, incredibly, for the holidays. But whatever is or is not wrong with him, at least they'll give him an intravenous, to replace the lost fluids.

"He's turning into a raisin," says my mother. She has a list of everything he's failed to eat and drink over the past five days.

I drive my mother to the hospital in my car, and we are there in time to see my father arrive in the ambulance. They unload him, still on the wheeled stretcher, and he is made to disappear through swinging doors, into a space that excludes us.

My mother and I sit on the leatherette chairs, waiting for someone to tell us what is supposed to happen next. There's nothing to read except a couple of outdated copies of *Scottish Life*. I look at a picture of wool dyeing. A policeman comes in, talks with a nurse, goes out again.

My mother does not read Scottish Life. She sits bolt upright, on the alert, her head swiveling like a periscope. "There don't seem to be any mashed-up people coming in," she says after a while

"It's the daytime," I say. "I think they come in more at night." I can't tell whether she's disappointed or comforted by this absence. She watches the swinging doors, as if my father will come stomping out through them at any minute, cured and fully dressed, jingling his car keys in his hand and ready to go.

"What do you suppose he's up to in there?" she says.

## REFLECTIONS IN A GLASS EYE

### A videocassette best-seller list By David Black

The videocassettes discussed in this essay are:

Jane Fonda's Workout. Karl-Lorimar Home Video. 1982. \$59.95.

Jane Fonda's New Workout. Karl-Lorimar Home Video. 1985. \$39.95.

Commando. CBS/Fox Video. 1985. \$79.98.

Rambo: First Blood Part II. Thorn/EMI/HBO Video. 1985. \$79.95.

Return of the Jedi. CBS/Fox Video. 1983. \$79.98.

Pinocchio. Walt Disney Home Video. 1940. \$29.95.

The Sound of Music. CBS/Fox Video. 1965. \$29.98.

The King and I. CBS/Fox Video. 1956. \$29.98.

Casablanca. CBS/Fox Video. 1942. \$29.98.

Witness. Paramount Home Video. 1985. \$79.95.

while it is reckless to abstract a moral about the American mind—or heart—from a single week's Top 10 videocassette list, it may at least be fair to take the list as a hint of what concerns us. By the middle of May, Jane Fonda's Workout had been on Billboard's Top 10 videocassette sales list for 209 weeks. Jane Fonda's New Workout, which was number 1 that week, had been on Billboard's list for twenty-eight weeks. If the videotapes Americans buy give a glimpse of what Americans care about and who they are, exercises—or, at least, women in leotards—loom large on the national agenda.

Ever since Adah Isaacs Menken shocked society by wearing a flesh-colored bodysuit in a production of *Mazeppa* during the Flash Age of post-Civil War New York, women in leotards—or the equivalent (step-ins for flappers, no bras for 1960s hippies)—have typified freedom from convention.

And freedom from convention has frequently been justified as hygienic. Early in the nineteenth century, shortly after women started wearing underpants, Catherine Beecher advocated flannel undergarments for hygiene—a fad revived a generation later by Dr. Gustav Jaeger.

Health and rebellion against convention frequently have been linked to reform movements—like temperance. William Lloyd Gar-

David Black's most recent books are The Plague Years and Peep Show, a novel.

rison, Sylvester Graham (the inventor of the the graham cracker and one of America's first promoters of health food), Theodore Weld, and William Alcott and his cousin Bronson Alcott were among the nineteenth-century advocates of social change who supported women's rights, abolitionism, calisthenics, and diet reform—and saw them all as parts of a unified movement.

Jane Fonda's tapes fall into this long tradition. Her workouts are political—small revolutions in perception. Her tapes—not just the two on the Top 10 list—and her books, the products of the whole Fonda workout industry, are less about aerobics than about a redefinition of beauty. By presenting models of various shapes and conditions, young and old, lithe and pregnant, they undercut the myth of the ideal female body—an ideal that changes with every generation, from the thin, small-busted women popular in Elizabethan England and the 1920s to the voluptuousness of the late nineteenth century and the 1950s Playboy centerfold. The participants may all be attractive, but they are not all attractive in the same way: they are the workout tape equivalent of the platoon in a war movie, with one WASP, one black, one Jew, one Italian, one Indian . . .

This democratization of the body makes Fonda's workout tapes so popular. Women are led through the routines not by goddesses—beauties like Victoria Principal or body-builders like Rachel McLish—but by mortals, who are, at least

generation of American comparable to the one Teddy Marican males reclining Venuses but Degas's nudes contorting

Divorcing health from a single ideal of beauty is an attractive idea for normally shaped women who have been raised to believe that a particular type of good looks means health, that to be different is to be infirm. Jane Fonda's Workout and Jane Fonda's New Workout are not at all silly; they are subversive in the best sense. Although, with their emphasis on being fit, they seem to reflect the new American Puritanism, they actually undermine it. Anyone—everyone, they affirm—is beautiful.

If the appeal of this notion is obvious, the dangers are hidden. Fonda is offering a generation of American women a model comparable to the one Teddy Roosevelt gave American males nearly a century ago—what used to be called "muscular Christianity," a linking of the healthy body with the healthy soul. According to the myth, Roosevelt transformed himself from a sickly kid to a vigorous adult through acts of will; he conquered his body the way he would break a wild horse.

His influence—through Hemingway, who did his best to look like T.R.—has conned four generations of Americans into believing that control of the body somehow translates into control of the spirit, a myth that would damn roly-poly G.K. Chesterton and hypo-

chondriacal Marcel Proust.

wo tapes on Billboard's Top 10 list feed this myth: Commando and Rambo: First Blood Part II, a title that (I assume) is supposed to be epic but that, with its three parts, seems pompous—the movie equivalent of an office belonging to an insecure professional who has covered his walls with diplomas. In Rambo (number 10 on Billboard's list), Sylvester Stallone plays a half-Indian half-German warrior who, true to Hollwood racial stereotypes (the closest America has to Jonsonian humors), is half noble savage/half Übermensch.

Early in the movie, Rambo, who is being parachuted into enemy territory, gets caught under the wing of the airplane. To free himself, he must cut away all the high-tech gear he has been given by the United States government; and he lands, equipped with only a bow and quiver of trrows. He survives not so much by his wits as by its instincts. In physical violence, Rambo finds transcendence, a romance of the gut.

to like Fonda, Stallone is manufacturing an ideal Rambo is what a real (that is, an unreal) man looks and acts like. But, like Fonda, he has plugged ato an American tradition—in his case, the table hero. Rambo is larger than life, America's Colem, out to right the wrongs

done to Gls in the Vietnam War. He is to the servicemen of the late 1960s what Paul Bunyan was to loggers and Joe Magarac was to steelworkers, what Pecos Bill was to cowboys and Stormalong Jones was to sailors. Although liberals feel uncomfortable with what they believe to be the reactionary political message of *Rambo*, the movie is not really about politics. Rambo is an American archetype: Natty Bumppo in Southeast Asia.

In Commando (number 8 on Billboard's list), Arnold Schwarzenegger does an intelligent variation on the American tall-tale hero. The character he plays with self-deprecating humor and considerable wit is not a fantasy like Paul Bunyan; he is closer to heroes of American history who actually existed, men like Daniel Boone, Kit Carson, and Davy Crockett. And the movie has all the verve of one of Crockett's "brags," a popular art that today is rare in literature (recently, only Thomas Pynchon and T. Coraghessan Boyle have carried it off successfully) but is flourishing on the streets in the form of "rankouts," the poetry of invective.

Rambo is a killing machine: his previous incarnation in the nineteenth century decimated Indian tribes. He is the forerunner of civilization, the human ax used to clear the land. Schwarzenegger's Commando is a homesteader who-like every homesteader in American movie history—wants to be left alone; he is selfsufficient and ready to create his private utopia. He begins the movie—after a brief show of strength—with ice cream on his nose, something inconceivable for Rambo (whose closest approach to losing his dignity is to be buried and then emerge, like Lazarus, from mud). Schwarzenegger, human and humorous, goes berserk only when his family (in this case, his daughter) is threatened. In the mythology of film, Schwarzenegger is Jimmy Stewart in Destry Rides Again, forced into action against his will, and Stallone is Jack Palance in Shane, the killer who enjoys murder as an art.

What Fonda in her workout tapes, Stallone in Rambo: First Blood Part II, and Schwarzenegger in Commando share is the role of the reformer, someone outside mainstream society who offers a corrective—a corrective that, while different in each case, varying from jumping jacks to revenge, involves spiritual growth through physical activity.

uke Skywalker in Return of the Jedi (number 4 on Billboard's list) is also an outsider—a rebel against the Empire that controls the galaxy. Like Schwarzenegger's Commando, he begins his saga on a homestead, the cosmic equivalent of the Oklahoma Territory at the turn of the century; and, against his will, he is

drawn into his adventure—which is no less than saving the galaxy.

As the unacknowledged heir to greatness (he is the son of the most powerful man in this particular creation, Darth Vader, who is the fist behind the emperor, a kind of sidereal Bismarck). Luke seems at first not so much an American as a classical archetype: Theseus, brought up in the boondocks and fated to rule Athens, or Jason, raised in the country by centaurs for his destiny as captain of the Argonauts-one of the company of legendary and fairy tale heroes who

discover in puberty that they are not simple peasants but leaders of men. In the end, it is a myth that is not so different from the American belief that any boy can grow up to be president.

Luke, like Fonda, Stallone, and Schwarzenegger, finds virtue in the natural, which in the Star Wars epic is called The Force. The Force is an Emersonian oversoul, a vital current into which one can plug—energy that can be turned to good or evil use. Luke masters The Force by going through a series of exercises, which are not that different from those on the Fonda tapes—with a fillip of Zen as interpreted by Saint Paul. Or, rather, as interpreted by Friedrich Ludwig Jahn, the early-nineteenth-century German prophet of the folk-soul.

Darth Vader and his storm troopers may look like Nazis, but it is Luke who abandons his own will, surrenders to the folk-soul of The Force, and through The Force gains superpowers. He is Siegfried, Parsifal, the galactic Redeemer, dancing through battles as if they were ballets.

Just as Luke seeks to graduate from human to superhuman, Pinocchio (in the Walt Disney film of the same name, which was number 7 on Billboard's list) seeks to graduate from puppet to human. Both want to be more physically perfect. Both achieve their apotheosis through right choice. And both have personified consciences that are cute creatures: Yoda for Luke and Iiminy Cricket for Pinocchio.

Stallone's Rambo and Schwarzenegger's Commando also have consciences, both represented by nonwhite women. Stallone's is Oriental, Schwarzenegger's is black. (And for the folks at home, trying to decide whether to join



in the exercises demonstrated on the workout tapes. Jane Fonda is the conscience.) These consciences perform the tunction that women did in popular fiction in the nineteenth century. Their role is to civilize brute men-which is what Julie Andrews does in The Sound of Music (number 2 on Billboard's list), Deborah Kerr does in The King and I (number 9 on the list), Ingrid Bergman does in Casablanca (number 6), and Kelly McGillis does in Witness (number 3). They spur men not to action but to feeling. In The Sound of Music, the

baron is taught to express his love for his children. The king learns the same lesson in *The King and I*. The urban cop, John Book, is initiated into nonviolence in *Witness*. And love redeems Rick in *Casablanca*.

The baron, the king, the cop, the expatriate—all, like Pinocchio, are faced with moral choices that will humanize them. And all, like Luke, rebel against a threatening power: the baron and the expatriate defy the Nazis, the king struggles against colonialism, the cop fights a corrupt police force. They are political outsid-

ers who through moral choice become ethical insiders.

all the tapes on Billboard's Top 10 video-cassette list present a world divided between the strong and the weak. In half—the two Jane Fonda workout tapes, Rambo: First Blood Part II, Commando, and Return of the Jedi—strength is seen as virtue. In half—Pinocchio, The Sound of Music, The King and I, Casablanca, and Witness—strength is seen as criminal. From the evidence, Americans seem to be grappling with the obvious: How does a nation with monstrous power reconcile this with an equally monstrous belief in its own virtue? We are torn between flexing our muscles and flexing our morals.

If these tapes are popular, it may be because they give us a simple vision, and whether that vision plumps for violence or nonviolence doesn't matter. All suggest that the world is a dangerous place, that the strong dominate the weak, and that living may be a second-by-second choice between good and evil.

A vision that, in fact, is true.

All the cassettes suggest that the world is a dangerous place, and that living may be a second-by-second choice between good and evil

Illustration by Mark Ulriksen . CRITICISM 75

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 44

#### by Thomas H. Middleton

ke he diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 79.

#### CLLIES

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L.	Type of electrically propelled vehicle (2 wds.)	23	118	fi.	21	Tr.	4.	62	215	
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M.	Produces continuously with some effort (2 wds.)	.7+	193	168				155		
N.	Feature imputed to a								87	
	tippler who doesn't get tipsy (2 wds.)	175	1:7		^.	J	, ~	1-	C	
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O. Trading center, mart	73	35	28	133	201	60	213	125
P. 2nd looies	31	180	58	75	178	96	81	146
								50
Q. Unconventional	223	63	52	-\$4	29	36	143	
R. Fortified place, stronghold	57	27	77	193	41	170	107	45
S. Presbyters; seniors; officials	149	114	159	144	124	99		
T. Menacing; vigorous- ly energetic	9	173	53	161	196	227	132	205
							116	185
U. Cereal grass, some- times a source of sugar and syrup	212	120	158	14	105	86	110	
V. 1918 film starring Elmo Lincoln (4	78	218	48	39	224	172	55	1
wds.)		210	136	-8	141	119	151	189
W. "The waves roar and —" (Arnold, "The Forsaken Merman")	15	24	15	35	192			
X. Entreating	171	127	199	122	123	91	208	19
								46

93 211 145 207 117 169 43

162 66 112 138 209 187 167 129

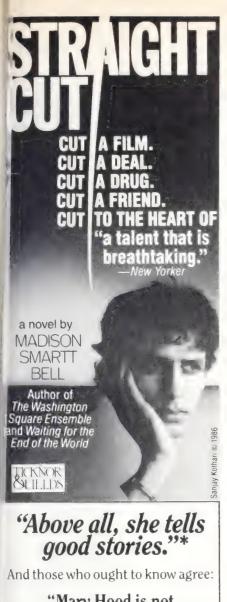
40 33 139 72

Y. Characters, geezers

Z. Members of a secret

party (hyph.)

organization also called the American



"Mary Hood is not a good writer, she is a great writer."
—PAT CONROY

"I reckon you will want to raise your voice, as I do, in praise of Mary Hood."

-GEORGE GARRETT

"These full-to-bursting stories seem to tell themselves."

-AMY HEMPEL

\*Publishers Weekly



#### LETTERS

Continued from page 6

students?) don't care about problems of such a low order. Why didn't a single one of them mention anthropology's unemployment crisis? It is certainly as much on the minds of many anthropologists as the ferment of ideas Sass describes.

Linda A. Rabben University of Iowa Iowa City, Iowa

#### Correction

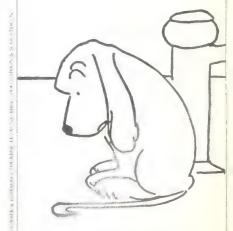
The June Index incorrectly reported the number of "telephone-related" deaths in 1985. In fact, it is not known how many of the 11,000 "telephone-related" injuries were fatal.

#### **August Index Sources**

1 Center for War, Peace and the News Media (New York University)/Roper Organization (New York City); 2 Strategic Studies Program (University of Calgary); 3 Federation of American Scientists (Washington, D.C.); 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 U.S. Census Bureau; 9 National Center for Health Statistics (Hyattsville, Md.); 10 National Association of Treasurers of Religious Institutions (Silver Spring, Md.); 11 Catholic Information Center (Washington, D.C.); 12 Central American Historical Institute (Washington, D.C.); 13 Central Intelligence Agency; 14 Wall Street Journal; 15, 16 New York Times; 17 "A Study of Juvenile Shoplifting," by George P. Moschis (Georgia State University); 18 Wall Street Journal; 19 Harper's research; 20 American Bar Association (Washington, D.C.); 21 Viacom (Westwood, Calif.); 22 Bruce Sanford (Baker & Hostetler, Washington, D.C.); 23 Manchester Guardian Weekly; 24 Port Authority of New York and New Jersey; 25 Worldport (Los Angeles); 26 Western U.S. Lifesaving Association (Huntington Beach, Calif.); 27 Warner-Lambert (Morris Plains, N.J.); 28, 29 Michael Hill (University of Minnesota at Duluth); 30 Market Compilation and Research Bureau (North Hollywood, Calif.); 31 U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics; 32 U.S. Census Bureau; 33, 34 Robin Weir (Washington, D.C.); 35 U.S. Federal Savings & Loan Insurance Corporation; 36 Senate Select Committee on Ethics; 37 U.S. Postal Service; 38 Working With Dreams. by Montague Ullman (Jeremy P. Tarcher, Los Angeles); 39, 40 R.H. Bruskin (New Brunswick, N.J.).



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#### SOLUTION TO THE JULY PUZZLE

#### NOTES FOR "BIRDS/BEES"

The seven unclued birds: SEAGULL, FLICKER, BITTERN, OSTRICH, ORTOLAN, KESTREL, PELICAN. 1. GABBING, GA(I)NG; 2. BUFFING, UFFING, hidden; 3. CABOOSE, CA(OO)SE; 4. OFF-E (gret)-RED; 5. POSITED, anagram; 6. BLEAKER, LEAKER, two meanings; 7. W-AKEFUL (anagram); 8. (puf)FIN-ALES; 9. BATTERY, ATTERY, anagram; 10. BALLAST, A-LLAST; 11. TIMBREL, TI(reversal)-MREL (anagram); 12. BAT RACK, ATRACK; 13. GNAS (reversal)-HER; 14. VIBRATE, VI-RATE; 15. CO(M)ICAL, anagram; 16. P(arrot)-EST(I)ER (anagram); 17. BOMBAST, O-MAST; 18. MAR-IT-A-L(ocal); 19. BEECHES, "each is"; 20. RIBWORT, R-I-WORT(h); 21. G(rackles)-ENETIC (anagram); 22. STROBES, STROES, anagram; 23. BANDLET, A(ND)LET, anagram; 24. TENABLE, TENALE, reversal; 25. AEROBES, A(E)ROES, anagram; 26. ENROBED, ENROED, anagram; 27. FOIBLES, F(O...)ILES, anagram; 28. BLINKED, LINKED, two meanings; 29. SCABIES, SCAIES, anagram; 30. BIONICS, I-ONICS (anagram).

[A[B]O,'L]M] | [C[B]S,'T;P'... ]S[T]O]A;T]G]E;E;K'fil E[S,'A]N,'B'E,'N[T]L [B]O[E;D]L;P;A;Fil [B]E[B]L'C [K,'N'

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[B]M]C[A[R]O]H[E[P]I[B]

SOLUTION TO JULY DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 43). (WILLIAM) SHAKESP THE SHREW. Say that she rail; why then I'll tell her plain / She sings as sweeth that she frown; I'll say she looks as clear / As morning roses newly wash'd and will not speak a word; / Then I'll commend her volubility.

CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 44, Har York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to Harper's Magar mailing label. Entries must be received by August 8. Send opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to printed in the September issue. Winners of Double Acro Wisconsin; Marilyn Bowden, Miami Beach, Florida: 188 New Jersey.

Broadway, New cpy of your latest correct solutions the solution will be fater Warner, Phelps, gerud, Harrington Park,

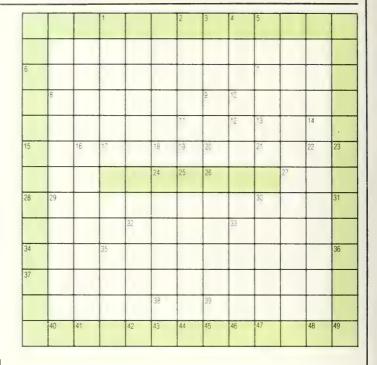
### PUZZLE

## Marginal Observation By E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

lue answers may be entered in any direction—horizontal, vertical, or diagonal—so long as they remain within the confines of the diagram; the solver must work out their placement. When the diagram is completed, a quotation will appear in the shaded squares around the perimeter, reading clockwise from the upper left corner, and the author's name will appear in the shaded squares in the center. Clue answers include six proper names. Variant spellings appear in 13 and 27. The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 79.

#### Clues

- 1. Bird not able to fly overhead buries it (4)
- 2. Sensing disaster, they aspire to lieutenant j.g. grade (7)
- 2. Pitcher removed from game, we rallied (4)
- 3. Singular technique? In public relations this would become proper (4)
- 4. Make law court finally apply the stick in reversal (5)
- 5. One doubled back for grandmother (4)
- 5. Unequaled once Huns got beaten (8)
- 6. Want to be born Democratic (4)
- 7. Feathers, with one missing in the middle. Nuts (6)
- 8. Get engaged during game show (4)
- 8. Possessive sap (4)
- 9. Going west, it's on one side of Truckee River! (4)
- 10. Cue: a bed he rumpled! (9)
- 11. Men shunning marriage, with Suzanne to go after (5)
- 12. Reagan, in the extremes of despondence, to get a buzz on? (5)
- 13. Dillon's dull finish (4)
- 14. Scraps could display worth to us (6,3)
- 15. Result of a very small measure of moisture? (6)
- Dirty bum gets little credit up front—practically nothing (5)
- 16. Salmon preserved in alcohol (4)
- 17. European city in which lover loses love (4)
- 18. Simmer in October's clothing (wool) (6)
- 19. What doctors bend around 25 percent of patients? (6)
- 20. Press closely edited, sent French article (6)
- 21. Being excessively male but loveless is an indication of a fast mover (4)
- 22. Fish that eats voraciously, i.e., crab, snakes (6)
- 22. Scary story about one making heaps (7)
- 23. The talent for healing burns envelops one master (8)
- 24. Small bird, sort of teal seen around Great Britain and Northern Ireland (6)



- 25. Bare... and pure, unfortunately (7)
- 26. Escort exasperatingly shows some gray matter (6)
- 27. Lover takes one two times in small boat (7)
- 28. Crash, losing head—an unusual thing, he thinks (8)
- 29. Fungus or elm blight (5)
- 30. Selection from disc: historic rock, somewhat flaky (6)
  - 31. Extremist could be artful when embracing female (5)
- 32. S/M, for each side, is mean (5)
- Most intimate the music is arranged to include a bit of Mozart (9)
- 34. Explosive energy inside dwelling...that's only temporary (4)
- 35. Flirt with mother—she stopped short (4)
- 36. Priest who supervises one in study (4)
- 37. Hot to trot? On the contrary, showing fidelity (5)
- 38. Kind of energy needed to sail around lake (5)
- 39. Get an edge with this painting's color quality (8)
- 40. Wonder how Net centerman might work out (12)
- 41. Ache, although in good condition? Just the opposite! (6)
- 42. Toot, and get dewy-eyed (4)
- 43. There's gold on both sides of most of the pen (6)
- 44. Hamlet's opening speech almost given for his friend? (7)
- 45. It's an imperfection being horny, using cunning to chase wife (4)
- 46. Dead gusher becomes live (5)
- 47. Vacation spot where half in saunas moved to the other side (6)
- 48. Shipboard member! (3)
- 49. Pastor's initial project is to do this! (6)

Contest Rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to "Marginal Observation," Harper's Magazine, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to Harper's Magazine, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to Harper's Magazine. Winners' names will be printed in the October issue. Winners of the June puzzle, "Eponyms," are Michelle Horowitz, Falls Church, Virginia; Shirley Bentley, Peoria, Illinois; and J. Blackwell, Toronto, Ontario.

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## LETTERS

#### Billy Budd Died For Whose Sins?

I have admired Stephen Vizinczey's writing since I first read In Praise of Older Women in the 1960s, and I agree with the general point he makes in "Engineers of a Sham" [Harper's Magazine, June] about there being two basic kinds of literature—one that helps you be a "free citizen" and one that helps others manipulate you.

But when Vizinczey argues that Herman Melville's Billy Budd is a sort of primer on authoritarian manipulation—that it doesn't help you think and act as a free citizen but rather stifles you—he grossly distorts one of Melville's most complex books.

For most of his life Melville was at war with authority—the authority of the state, of religion, of God himself. He believed authority to be corrupt. deceptive, and totally unreliable, even when it was in the hands of essentially good and kind men such as Captain Vere in Billy Budd. The horror for Melville was that authority in all guises is destructive—and impossible to escape.

Melville's world is an evil place where innocence and goodness have no value, even in God's eyes. The innocent will be victimized; the good will confront evil and be either corrupted by it or destroyed. And this has been true, Melville maintained, since

Harper's Magazine welcomes Letters to the Editor. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. following the wood anable spaced volume precludes individual acknowledgment.

"the Marplot of Eden" (his phrase) first entered the Garden and spoke to Eve.

Billy Budd is an innocent, serving on a warship; Claggart, the master of arms, has been told by Captain Vere to use any method he chooses to keep the men in line. When Billy—in righteous anger at having been unjustly accused of organizing a mutinystrikes and kills Claggart, he learns that despite the pieties of religion and politics, the individual is doomed unless he fits into the system. Billy, and all of us, are alone in a hostile universe. Perhaps a reward awaits us in another life, but there is no salvation

Billy Budd, then, is not a story that makes us fall in line with authority. It is more like Orwell's 1984: it gives us a stringent dose of existential Angst.

James D. Pendleton Virginia Commonwealth University. Richmond, Va.

Poor Melville! Nobody must have warned him about irony, as we now warn our composition students. Readers may miss the irony, we tell students, and if they do, they will miss the meaning also. Stephen Vizinczey read Billy Budd and missed it.

Far from condoning submission to authority, Melville in Billy Budd warns against precisely this danger. He cautions us to be wary not only of the Claggarts of the world—those whose evil is easily recognized—but also of the Captain Veres, whose evil is

cloaked in the guise of good. How could any reader not understand the irony of Billy's cry, as he ascends into the rosy dawn: "God bless Captain Vere!"? Billy, the embodiment of Emersonian optimism, is intended to serve as a warning against the naive transcendentalist belief that evil is merely the absence of good.

Evil is a powerful force that must be reckoned with—that's Melville's understanding of it. We must learn to read evil in supposed good, and not count on innocence.

Poor Melville! How could he have guessed that in the twentieth century a literal-minded critic would so misread his work—and that a respected magazine would publish a piece based on such a misreading? Or did I miss the point? Perhaps Vizinczey is being ironic.

Elizabeth McMahan Hudson, Ill.

Stephen Vizinczey's analysis betrays a limited understanding of point of view in literature. Why should a reader of Melville assume (as Vizinczey does) that the author and his Weltanschauung are to be found, neatly encapsulated, in any one of his characters? What evidence does Vizinczey muster for this? How does he infer that Melville intends to present himself to us in Vere?

Many of the high school sophomores I teach read *Billy Budd*. The kind of authority they discover there does not daunt them or make them docile; they tend to reject it. And the book tends to make them angry. They are apparently not as literal in their reading as Vizinczey, but then they have no ideological axes to grind when they sit down to read.

Bob Voorhees Cincinnati Country Day School Cincinnati, Ohio

I admire a man who can get angry about fiction, so I greatly enjoyed Stephen Vizinczey's piece about the way novels corrupt our anti-authoritarian urges. Too bad he doesn't know how to read fiction.

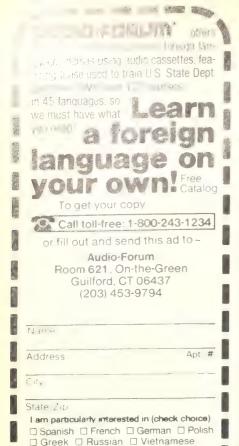
It has been at least a decade since a critic has taken Captain Vere at his

word on the legal necessity of hanging Billy Budd. (See my The Failure of the Word: The Protagonist as Lawyer in Modern Fiction, Yale, 1984.) Literary analysts and legal ones as well perceive that Vere's rush to hang Budd reflects his own temporary insanity and not the dictates of the law. But more to Vizinczey's point: Melville clearly identifies this insanity (and wants us to). Melville also identifies the cause of the insanity: Vere's rival-

ry with Admiral Nelson, an authority figure worthy of admiration. We are meant to admire Nelson and to challenge Vere, and by extension all those who inflict violence upon others while professing love, duty, etc.

Yes, as Vizinczey notes, Melville once said of truth that it is "the silliest thing under the sun." But when he said this, he was talking about how hard it is to make a living telling people truths they do not wish to hear.





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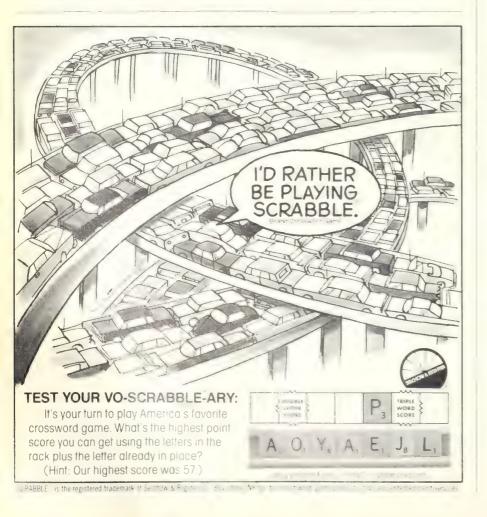
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Vizinczey got the quote right but the meaning wrong.

Melville also said that truth shines through in great art; it is a shame that Vizinczey missed this more important passage from Moby-Dick:

In this world of lies, Truth is forced to fly like a scared white doe in the woodlands: and only by glimpses will she reveal herself, as in Shakespeare and other masters of the great Art of telling the truth-even though it be covertly and by snatches.

Billy Budd ultimately counsels obedience only to authority figures (like Admiral Nelson) worthy of our trust. Its covert message is that we must rebel against the Veres of the world and everything they stand for. That Vizinczey misses this message supports Melville's view of readers: they can't grasp the truth.

Richard Weisberg Benjamin N. Cardozo School of Law Yeshiva University New York, N.Y.

Stephen Vizinczey is right in believing that Melville does not wish to characterize Captain Vere as an evil man, but he is wrong to imply that Vere is to be understood as a hero. Nor are we to identify with Billy Budd, especially when he blesses Vere. Our true identification in Billy Budd is with Melville, with the artist and his comprehensive view of things. Melville grieves for all, and for a world that is both evil-seeming and incomprehensible.

Clarke Owens Boston, Mass.

#### That Type of Joyce

Hugh Kenner, in his essay "Type's Cast" [Harper's Magazine, June], mentions his inability to think of any author in the English-speaking world besides James Joyce who used the possibilities of the typeset page as a substitute for the "speaking," or narrative, voice. One might suggest Laurence Sterne, the eighteenth-century Irish novelist, whose squiggles and black pages in Tristram Shandy are forebears of Joyce's own playfulness. A modern example is provided by loyce's occasional friend and frequent enemy Wyndham Lewis, the English painter, novelist, and founder of Vorticism. His polemical magazine Blast, first published in the same year that A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man began to appear in serialization, demonstrates far more dramatically than lovce's early work the revolt of language against the hegemony of the spoken word.

Blast's manifestoes emphasize the size and placement of words on the page as much as their meanings-importing continental avant-garde practices into English more thoroughly than anyone else. Perhaps Kenner failed to cite Lewis in this context because Blast was primarily didactic rather than literary. Moreover, Lewis was rather tame in his use of the page in his own fiction, although the curious double dashes he used to separate sentences in the original edition of his novel Tarr, now republished and "normalized" by Penguin, are at least as disruptive to the reader's sense of flow as loyce's sudden use of numbers in Molly Bloom's soliloguy.

Scott Klein New Haven, Conn.

With regard to Hugh Kenner's statement that lovce's "most un-Irish act was dispensing with the storyteller," Kenner may not have been thinking of Joyce's many negative portrayals of the Irish people as un-Irish acts. Though Joyceans know these portrayals to be frequent in his works, they are for the most part subtle-undoubtedly not intended for the majority of the Irish to catch.

Consider perhaps the most hurtful of these un-Irish acts. It's in Finnegans Wake. (Kenner's statement concerning this work is quite correct: there are only a few hundred of us who know the book. Being among these few, I take this liberty to display both my knowledge and my pretentiousness.) I refer, of course, to the story usually called "How Buckley Shot the Russian General." In this passage, a private in the English army-an Irishman, of course—becomes a hero by shooting a Russian general. He does it, however, in the most dishonorable way: he finds the general behind a bush at the sidelines of a

battle, with his pants down, defecating. Private Buckley takes advantage of the general's rather compromising position (no pun intended). I would cite the page and paragraph, but to decipher the passage would take up far more space than your "Letters' column (or your time) would permit.

In depicting an Irishman as such a dishonorable soldier, Joyce portrays the Irish in a most unfavorable light.

David A Shanen New York, N.Y.

In prose fiction, as Hugh Kenner points out, the narrator is the medium of communication. To depersonify the narrative, that intellectual extrapolation of a "plotted course" from a sea of information, is to prod the reader to immerse himself in "meaning." I certainly concur that Joyce separated the narrative from the "neutral" narrator, the storyteller, and that by so doing he forced himself to find a new way of telling. What he forced himself to do, I would argue, is follow the patterns and forms of other un-narrated arts, specifically music. lust as a composer devises a musical score, Joyce on the printed page composed a "literaturical" score.

Of course lovce wasn't the first to discover that prose needn't be followed (read) in real time—that the written page allows, even encourages, re-viewing, as a painting does. Nor was Joyce the first to emphasize the musical in his prose. The narrators created by Henry James, for example, do not unfold their narratives in typical speech patterns. James created a very Mahlerian melodic line: straightforward in its basics, but augmented and enriched by digressions to the point that only with the most careful attention can it be held together. Joyce, like James, is understood only through a re-viewing, a savoring of delights.

But the similarity of Joyce's printed page to a musical score does not stop with how it may be approached and studied. The printed characters serve as a notation directing us to a phonetic/semantic "performance." That is to say, it is clear that lovce's meaning is embodied in sound. Now, to be

Continued on page 76

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## NOTEBOOK

## Going south By Lewis H. Lapham

Refresh my memory. Is it Upper or Lower Silesia that we are giving away?

—Lloyd George

n July 11 the Central Intelligence Agency was given command of the American military adventure in Nicaragua, and on reading the announcement in the paper I was reminded of the story about the cabinetmaker, the undercover agent, and the birch tree. The story appeared some years ago in congressional testimony, and I made a note of it at the time as one of those exemplary tales that cast a sudden light into the abyss of government.

The CIA apparently wished to upgrade its surveillance of Soviet telecommunications, and somebody at the agency's headquarters in Virginia hit upon the idea of concealing a listening device in a tree somewhere in the vicinity of Moscow. The agency commissioned a Washington cabinetmaker, a craftsman highly regarded for his reproductions of Chippendale tables and chairs, to make a hollow birch tree. The cabinetmaker worked for many months on the design, earning upward of \$100,000 for what his patrons pronounced a masterpiece, and when he was done the agency's technical fellowship filled the tree with the newest electronics that money could buy. The agency shipped the tree to Russia, presumably through one of its more sophisticated freightforwarding companies on the Black Sea, and the master technologists in Virginia congratulated themselves on their triumph. Alas, the undercover agent in Moscow knew as little about botany as he knew about Chippendale chairs. He planted the birch tree in a pine forest, and within a matter of days the Russians discovered a gift of high technology that would have cost them a good deal of trouble to acquire from a debt-ridden American sailor in San Diego.

The July announcement of the agency's appointment to the Nicaraguan command was slightly marred by the release, on the same day, of a Defense Department report to the effect that the 1983 invasion of Grenada proceeded along the lines of bungling farce. The report made particular note of an almost total lack of intelligence data about the island. The CIA guessed wrong as to the whereabouts of the medical students whom the American troops were sent to evacuate, and it compounded the error by portraying the military units on Grenada as "poorly armed, low in morale," and provided with "only three or four [anti-aircraft] guns." All of that information proved incorrect.

In the event, the invasion succeeded only because the Joint Chiefs of Staff, well aware of the incompetence of American intelligence, dispatched twice the complement of forces (ships, troops, helicopters) requested by the commander of the expedition.

The CIA over the years has given many virtuoso performances in the theater of geopolitical romance. It employs a repertory company of mimes and fantasts capable of believing almost any nonsense told to them in a paranoid whisper by almost anybody with a conspiracy theory to sell. The chronicle of the agency's exploits reads like a series of comic improvisations on a text by Pirandello or Molière.

Begin, for instance, with Ngo Dinh

Diem, the Catholic despot whom the CIA established as the bulwark of democracy in the Buddhist country of Vietnam. Go next to the Bay of Pigs, where the CIA expected—without the least hint of a plausible reason—a crowd of grateful peasants to rise from the sugar cane and march, gloriously and extemporaneously, to Havana. Dwell briefly on the theory of "counterinsurgency" that the CIA promoted, with disastrous effect, in the mountains north of Saigon. Consider the lost guerrilla wars in Laos, Indonesia, and Angola. Contemplate the agency's stupidity in Iran, where its agents neglected to learn the language and failed to suspect, much less anticipate, the defeat of the late Shah. Reflect on the ease with which foreign agents rummage through the sack of American intelligence secrets, or the aplomb with which the agency last year lost track of a Soviet defector in a French restaurant in downtown Washington. Most pertinent to the forthcoming debacle in Nicaragua, bear in mind the CIA's habit of falsifying information to meet the dreams and wishes of the White Housetelling President Johnson what he wanted to hear about enemy troop strength in Vietnam, providing President Carter with statistical proofs of the nonexistent "energy crisis," assuring President Reagan that the Caribbean Sea swarms with Soviet ships bringing weapons and communist subversion to the innocent coasts of Central America.

Given such a troupe of credulous footpads, among whom E. Howard Hunt represents the norm rather than the exception, who would want to lead the CIA on a tour of Europe, much less into a clandestine war? I

suspect that the answer to the question has to do with the characteristically American assumptions of unlimited virtue and power.

The recent dispatches from Washington mentioned the army's reluctance to undertake the Nicaraguan adventure. Having been defeated in Vietnam by peasants on bicycles, the army presumably has learned that what looks impressive on paper isn't always so convincing to the targets of opportunity who missed the briefing. Not so William J. Casey, retired stock speculator and current director of the CIA. The newspapers quoted a government official saying that Casey "is dying for" the chance to show what his boys can do with a budget of \$100 million preproduction and a clear field of fire. "If we can win," the official said, "he can walk away with an agency that is rehabilitated to the best days of the cold war.'

"The best days of the cold war" (a phrase worth remembering) describes a brief period in the late 1940s and early 1950s when the CIA enjoyed the benefits accruing to the American account in a world wrecked by war and poverty. Dictators traded at discount prices and double agents could be hired for the cost of a meal and a package of cigarettes. Casey has said that he wishes to restore the agency to its former, largely imaginary, splendor, endowing it with a "paramilitary capacity" equal to that of Sylvester Stallone, Arnold Schwarzenegger, and the A-Team. Other enthusiastic gentlemen of Casey's age and character collect Civil War cannons or dress up in the costumes of Arizona sheriffs when riding palominos in the Rose Bowl parade. I'm told that when Casey plays golf at Palm Beach he is attended by bodyguards carrying machine guns, and although I can't imagine anybody wanting to assassinate the gentleman (for the good and sufficient reason that even the Reagan Administration would be hard put to replace him with a more preposterous Scaramouch), I expect that he finds the machine guns flattering—like a flourish of trumpets or a murmur of applause. His old friends on Wall Street might amuse themselves with art collections, but who among them can mount an armed

escort on the perimeter of a sand trap?

I don't doubt Casey's patriotism and zeal, but, like the other rich businessmen in the senior ranks of the Reagan Administration—not only the President but also Messrs. Weinberger, Shultz, Regan, Baker, Buchanan, and Meese—Casey confuses the power of money with the powers of the human character and spirit. It is a common failing within the American plutocracy. Knowing nothing of foreign languages, nothing of history or literature or any society other than their own, the members of the greens committee rely on the professional advice of sophists as accommodating as Henry Kissinger. It isn't fair to place too much emphasis on Kissinger, a man neither more nor less honest than most of his colleagues in the policy institutes, but he has an exceptional talent for composing idiot obiter dicta likely to meet with the approval of his clientele; and in 1974, in a handbook entitled American Foreign Policy, he set forth the rule of omnipotence: "A scientific revolution has, for all practical purposes, removed technical limits from the exercise of power in foreign policy."

An audience willing to believe that sort of drivel sooner or later comes to imagine that diplomacy is a form of screenwriting in which the producers in Washington assign all the parts and write all the dialogue. Other nations come and go like movie sets, their national identities nothing more than picturesque backgrounds for a trendy film complete with social statement. Given the dreaming somnambulism implicit in such an attitude, it wouldn't surprise me if the CIA, on packing up its lights and costume trunks for the Nicaraguan tour, remembered to take not only mines and flares and plastic explosives but also one or two birch trees.



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## HARPER'S INDEX

Number of the seven domestic terrorist attacks in 1985 that the FBI believes were committed by Jewish groups: 4 Amount spent by the United States in 1985 on military operations in the Third World: \$137,600,000,000 Amount spent guarding the country's borders : \$9,200,000,000

Annual percentage growth, since 1981, in the income of people who live in California and the East Coast states: 4

In the income of people who live in the other thirty-four states: 1.4

Number of feet the geographic center of U.S. population moves to the west each day : 58

Number of feet it moves to the south : 29

Combined debt of Iowa farmers: \$16,300,000,000

National debt of Peru: \$14,300,000,000

Number of Chile's fifty regional governors who are military officers : 50

Percentage of Chileans who say they feel "boredom," "indifference," or "antagonism" toward politics : 53

Percentage of Brazilians who suffer from malnutrition: 65

Cost of annual membership in the Breakfast Club at New York's 21 Club : \$5,000

Percentage of Frosted Flakes eaters who are adults: 46

Percentage of the 2,000 referendums on water fluoridation held since 1950 that have been voted down: 60

Percentage of practicing physicians who belonged to the American Medical Association in 1962: 74

Today: 45

Days spent on strike by British workers in 1979: 29,474,000

In 1985: 6,372,000

Percentage of jobs created in the United States between 1978 and 1984 that pay less than \$9,200 annually: 37

Number of major corporations that contributed more to Senator Packwood in 1985 than they paid in taxes: 13

Number of colleges and universities that offered courses in "men's studies" in 1984: 30

Today: 100

Percentage of Americans who say they have been "moved to tears" by a greeting card: 29

Number of different songs broadcast by Muzak each day: 480

Percentage of teenagers' favorite songs that they say are about sex, violence, satanism, or drugs: 7

Percentage they say are about love : 26

Percentage of Italian women who say they are more romantic than their husbands : 62

Percentage of Americans who say they are "very likely" to become an organ donor : 32

Percentage who say they are "very likely" to donate a "loved one's" organs : 70

Percentage of Americans who say they are "dissatisfied with the honesty and standards" of others: 63

Estimated number of weather vanes stolen in Maine in the last year : 80

Cost of building a maximum-security prison, per cell: \$75,600

Number of state and federal prisoners granted early release in 1985 because of prison overcrowding : 18,617

Number of states in which probationers are required to help pay for their own supervision : 23

Number of prisoners on death row executed since 1977: 61

Number who committed suicide, were murdered, or died of natural causes since 1977: 39

Number of times mail carriers were bitten by dogs in 1985 : 6,312

Reported cases of people bitten by rats in New York City in 1985: 311

Of people bitten by other people: 1,519

Figures cited are the latest available as of July 1986. Sources are listed on page 76. 'Harper's Index" is a registered trademark.

## industry in the Info Era

Enter the information age. Information is the raw material for many of the business activities shaping this new era, just as iron and steel were the basic commodities in the dawning of the industrial age.

The world's knowledge is said to be doubling every eight years. This knowledge explosion is stimulating economic progress. The need to collect, analyze, and communicate great quantities of information is spawning new products and services, creating jobs,

and widening career opportunities.

The information age is generally considered to be a phenomenon of the service sector of the economy, rather than a product of heavy industry. Certainly, burgeoning information technologies are creating new capabilities in knowledge-based service spheres. But changes just as dramatic are transforming industry, giving people the opportunity to do challenging work in exciting new ways.

Manufacturing is a full participant in the information age. From design to production, the manufacturing process has long been information-intensive. It always has required exacting communication to describe what goes into products and how to make them. Now, computer technology is giving factory managers new capability to gather all of this information and use it to control production.

Telecommunications is producing error-free communication between the design office and the factory. Computer-aided design is enabling engineers to evaluate product performance and manufacturing processes on video displays, before resources are committed to build and test prototypes. Techniques like these are bringing about new advances in manufacturing productivity.

Just as coal fueled the transformation to an industrial society, so micro-electronics is powering the rise of the information age. Microelectronic information-management tools are strengthening U.S. industrial capability, which remains vital to America's economic well-being and national security.

More and more manufacturing companies are recognizing that the wise use of information can give them a competitive edge. As companies emphasize effective information management, talented people will continue to find ways to make factories and mills sing with increased productivity.

In manufacturing as well as in services, information technology is a tool to turn human creativity into productivity.



#### READINGS

[Essav]

#### 'TRADITIONAL VALUES': LEFT, RIGHT, AND WRONG

From "What's Wrong with the Right," an essay by Christopher Lasch, in the first issue of Tikkun: A Quarterly Jewish Critique of Politics, Culture & Society. Lasch is the author of The Minimal Self and The Culture of Narcissism.

hat accounts for the popular success of the right? What has permitted the right to present itself as the champion of common sense in our society? In large part, it has been the left that has created the conditions for the right's triumph. Having failed to create a lasting popular consensus in favor of its policies, the left has relied on the courts, the federal bureaucracy. and the media to achieve its goals of racial integration, affirmative action, and economic equality. Since World War II it has used essentially undemocratic means to achieve democratic ends, and it has paid the price for this evasive strategy in the loss of public confidence and support. Once the voice of the common man, the left has come to regard common sense—the traditional wisdom and folkways of the community—as an obstacle to progress and enlightenment. It sees nothing but bigotry and superstition in the defense of the family and in popular attitudes regarding crime, busing, and the school curriculum. Yet if the left has failed to grasp the significance of "traditional values," the right's defense of those values does not stand up under close scrutiny.

The debate over the family, which divides our society so deeply that the opposing sides cannot even agree on a definition of the institution they are arguing about, illustrates and supports the contention that the left has lost touch with popular opinion. For most Americans, even those disenchanted with their own marriages, family life continues to represent a stabilizing influence

and a source of personal discipline in a world where personal disintegration remains always an imminent danger. A growing awareness of the depth of popular attachment to the idea of the family has led some liberals, rather belatedly, to concede that "family is not just a buzzword for reaction," as Betty Friedan puts it. But since these same liberals subscribe to the new, flexible definition of the family—"two or more persons who share values and goals, and have commitments to one another over time," in the anemic words of the American Home Economics Association—their defense of families carries little conviction.

If the family issue illustrates characteristic weaknesses of American liberalism, which have been effectively exploited by the right, it also illustrates why the right-wing defense of "traditional values" proves unsatisfactory. Consider Rita Kramer's book *In Defense of the Family*. Although this book contains much good sense about child rearing, its explanation of the plight of the family is completely inadequate.

Kramer, like many on the right, blames the troubles of American families on interfering experts, on liberal intellectuals pushing their own permissive morality as scientific truth, on the media, and on the bureaucratic welfare state. She exonerates industrial capitalism, "which gets a bum rap on this issue," and becomes absolutely lyrical whenever she touches on the subject of industrial technology.

Kramer's argument takes no account of the fact that most Americans don't live in nuclear families. It takes no account of the fact that most women enter the work force not because they are besotted with feminist ideology but because they have no other choice. The last three decades have seen the collapse of the family wage system, under which American enterprise, in effect, invested in the single-income family as the best way of domesticating the working class and forestalling labor militancy. Today, it is no longer an unwritten law of American capitalism that industry will attempt to maintain wages at a level that allows a single wage to support an en-

thre family. This trend reflects, among other things, a radical de-skilling of the work force, the substitution of machinery for skilled labor, and a vast increase in the number of low-paying unskilled jobs, many of which, of course, are filled by women. These are among the "blessings of technology" not considered by Rita Kramer.

The right believes that Kramer's interfering experts and liberal intellectuals make up a "new class," a "highly educated, relatively affluent group which benefits more from America's riches than its less educated fellow countrymen" vet "condemns the values and institutions responsible for producing these riches," in Jeane Kirkpatrick's words. The right insists that this "new class" controls the media and uses them to wage a "class struggle" against business, as Irving Kristol puts it. Since the media are financed by advertising revenues, however, it is hard to take this contention seriously. It is advertising and the logic of consumerism, not anti-capitalist ideology, that govern the depiction of reality in the media—and, incidentally, tend to undermine "traditional values."

Conservatives complain that television mocks free enterprise and presents businessmen as greedy, malevolent, and corrupt, like J.R. Ewing. To see anti-capitalist propaganda in a program like Dallas, however, requires a suspension not merely of critical judgment but of ordinary faculties of observation. Images of luxury, romance, and excitement dominate such programs, as they dominate the advertisements that surround them. Dallas, like almost everything on television, is an advertisement for the good life—that is, for the good life conceived as endless novelty, change, and excitement, as the titillation of the senses by every available stimulant, as unlimited possibility. "Make it new" is the message not just of modern art but of modern consumerism, of which modern arteven when it claims to side with social revolution—is largely a mirror image. We are all revolutionaries now, addicts of change. The modern capitalist economy rests on the techniques of mass production pioneered by Henry Ford, but also, and no less solidly, on the principle of planned obsolescence introduced by Alfred P. Sloan when he instituted the annual model change.

Even the reporting of news has to be understood not as propaganda for any particular ideology, liberal or conservative, but as propaganda for commodities—for the replacement of things by commodities, of events by images. The very concept of news celebrates newness. The value of news, like that of any other commodity, consists primarily of its novelty, only secondarily of its informational content. As Waldo Frank pointed out many years ago, the news appeals to

the same jaded appetite that makes a child tire of a new toy as soon as it becomes familiar. The news can in fact be seen as the "plaything of a child whose hunger for toys has been stimulated shrewdly." We can carry this analysis one step further by noting that in a society organized around mass consumption, the model of ownership is addiction. The need for novelty and fresh stimulation becomes ever more intense, the intervening interludes of boredom increasingly intolerable. It is with good reason that William Burroughs refers to the modern consumer as an "image junkie."

The intellectual debility of contemporary conservatism is indicated by its silence on all these important matters. Neoclassical economics takes no account of the importance of advertising. It extols the "sovereign consumer" and insists that advertising cannot force consumers to buy anything they don't already want to buy. But the point isn't that advertising manipulates the consumer. The point is that it makes the consumer an addict, unable to live without increasingly sizable doses of external

stimulation and excitement.

onservatives not only have no understanding of modern capitalism; they have a distorted understanding of the "traditional values" they claim to defend. The virtues they want to revive are the pioneer virtues: rugged individualism, a sentimental deference to women, a willingness to resort to force. These virtues are "traditional" only in the sense that they are celebrated in the traditional myth of the Wild West and embodied in the Western hero, the prototypical American lurking in the background—indeed often in the very foreground of conservative ideology. Yet in their implications and inner meanings, these individualist values are profoundly anti-traditional. They are the values of the man on the make, the man in flight from his ancestors, from the claims of the family, from everything that ties him down and limits his freedom of movement. What is traditional about the rejection of tradition, continuity, and rootedness? A conservatism that sides with the forces of restless mobility is a false conservatism. So is the conservatism false that puts on a smiling face, denounces "doomsayers," and refuses to worry about the future. Ostensibly rigorous and realistic, contemporary conservatism is actually an ideology of denial. Its slogan is the slogan of Alfred E. Neuman: "What? Me worry?"

Conservatives stress the importance of religion, yet their religiosity centers on the trivial issues of swearing, sexual hygiene, and school prayers. Adherents of the new religious right correctly reject the separation of politics and re-

#### [Photographs]

#### A GUIDE TO THE FASHIONS OF BEIRUT



From "Who's Shooting Who?", a portfolio of photographs by Oliver Maxwell, in the July issue of The Face, a London monthly. The Face's captions appear above.

ligion, but they bring no spiritual insights to politics. They campaign against pornography, say, but they have nothing to tell us about its roots in the larger consumerist structure of addiction-maintenance. They believe that the proper relation between politics and religion can be achieved simply by invoking religious sanctions for specific political positions, as when they declaim that budget deficits, progressive taxation, and the presence of women in the armed forces are "anti-biblical." The religiosity of the American right is self-righteous and idolatrous. It perceives no virtue in its opponents and magnifies its own.

The proper reply to right-wing religiosity is not to insist that "politics and religion don't mix." This is the stock response of the left, which has been caught off guard by the revival of religious concerns and by the insistence—by no means confined to the religious right—that

politics without religion is no politics at all. The problem isn't how to keep religion out of politics but how to subject political life to spiritual criticism without losing sight of the tension between the political and spiritual realms. Because politics unavoidably rests on some measure of coercion, it can never become a perfect realm of love and justice. But neither can it be dismissed as the work of the devil. A complete separation of religion and politics condemns the political realm to "an endless cycle of social conflict," as Reinhold Niebuhr argued.

The only way to break the cycle is to subject oneself and one's political friends to the same rigorous moral standards to which one subjects one's opponents, and to invoke spiritual standards not merely to condemn one's opponents but also to understand and forgive them. We need a politics of "angerless wisdom," a politics of nonviolent coercion that seeks to resolve the

endless argument about means and ends by making nonviolent means, openness, and truthtelling political ends in their own right.

Needless to say, this is not a task for the new right, for interest-group liberals, or for those on the left who still cling to the hope of social revolution. Faced with the unexpected growth of the new right, the left has asked itself how it can recover its former strength and momentum. Some call for a vigorous counterattack, a reassertion of the left-wing gospel in all its purity and messianic fervor. Others wait passively for another turn of the political cycle, another age of reform. More thoughtful people on the left have begun, however reluctantly, to acknowledge the legitimacy of some of the concerns that underlie the growth of contemporary conservatism. But even this last response is inadequate if it issues simply in a call for the left to appropriate conservative issues and then to give them a liberal twist. The hope of a new politics does not lie in formulating a left-wing reply to the right. It lies in rejecting conventional political categories and redefining the terms of political debate. The old labels have no meaning anymore. They confuse debate instead of clarifying it. They are products of an earlier age, the age of steam and steel, and are wholly inadequate to the age of electronics, totalitarianism, and mass culture. Let us say goodbye to them, and look elsewhere for guidance and moral support.

#### [Diatribe]

#### KILL THE CENSOR!

From "An Appeal to My Readers," in The Green Book, by Crad Kilodney. Published by Charnel House, in Toronto. Kilodney is a poet and satirist who sells his work on Toronto street corners. Perrin Beatty, as Canada's minister of national revenue from 1984 to 1985, was responsible for censoring books, periodicals, and films from abroad.

Ly friends, I write to you today as a true humanitarian, as a rational thinker, and, above all, as an ordained minister. Every one of you can do something to help make this world a better place to live in.

Now is the time to put to death Revenue Minister Perrin Beatty!

Sink an ax into the back of Revenue Minister Perrin Beatty.

Cut off the arms and legs of Revenue Minister Perrin Bestty.

Shoot Perrin Beatty in the head as soon as you can.

Take a jack handle, sledgehammer, or mace and smash in the face of Canada's minister of revenue and customs.

Run over Perrin Beatty.

Push him in the path of a truck or streetcar. Tie Mr. Beatty to a tree during a thunder-storm.

Push Perrin Beatty off a bridge, cliff, balcony, subway platform, or rim of an active volcano.

Push him down an elevator shaft.

Throw him into the crocodile pit at the zoo. Tell him that a poisonous snake is a non-poisonous one.

Lie in wait for Revenue Minister Perrin Beatty and strangle him with piano wire.

Put cyanide crystals in the cigar of Perrin Beatty, minister of revenue and customs.

Put arsenic in his gin; feed him botulin-contaminated mushrooms.

Give an incurable disease to Mr. Perrin Beatty, minister of revenue.

Tie weights to the Honorable Perrin Beatty and drop him into the ocean.

Hire a hit man for the revenue minister.

Connect dynamite to the ignition switch of an automobile owned by the minister of revenue and customs, Perrin Beatty.

Burn down Perrin Beatty's house.

Release chlorine gas in Perrin Beatty's bedroom.

Place plutonium in the bottom drawer of his desk.

Drop an anvil on Mr. Beatty as he walks below your window.

Train Doberman pinschers to tear him to

Put his head in a vise and crush it.

Lock him in a freezer.

Throw Revenue Minister Perrin Beatty into shark-infested waters.

Tip a radio or hair dryer into his bathtub as he bathes.

Place a Gila monster in his pajamas.

Cut out Perrin Beatty's heart.

Crucify Perrin Beatty.

Fire a crossbow into the abdomen of the revenue minister.

Derail a train, sabotage a plane, or sink a ship carrying the Honorable Perrin Beatty, minister of revenue.

Deny assistance to Perrin Beatty if you find him stuck in quicksand, caught in a bear trap, or dying of thirst or starvation.

Have juvenile delinquents beat the revenue minister to death in a dark alley.

Hang, guillotine, or draw and quarter Revenue Minister Perrin Beatty.

Wall up Perrin Beatty in your basement.

Hire a ventriloquist to walk behind him in Harlem and speak unkindly of blacks.

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Accuse him, in Iran, of adultery, drug smuggling, or blasphemy.

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My friends, do not allow laziness or lack of opportunity to prevent you from causing the death of Mr. Perrin Beatty, minister of revenue and customs. Now more than ever before, society cries out for relief. Do your part today—this very hour—so that our children, grandchildren, dogs, and cats may live in a saner, healthier, and happier world.

#### [Fund-raising Letter]

#### A MOTHER'S PLEA

This fund-raising letter for the National Conservative Political Action Committee (NCPAC) was printed on pink stationery and signed by Margaret K. Dolan, NCPAC chairman Terry Dolan's mother.

Dear Friend,

It's so difficult to write a letter like this... to ask friends like you for your help one more time.

But, I just don't know what else to do.

You see, my son, Terry Dolan, is under severe strain. And, frankly, I just don't know where else to turn.

As you know, Terry is the national chairman of the National Conservative Political Action Committee (NCPAC), the largest political action committee in the country.

It's an awesome responsibility to lead an organization like NCPAC, but over the years Terry has proven time and time again that he is up to the challenge.

And frankly, I'm proud of Terry and his success.

But now, after finishing the most successful ten years in the history of any independent political organization, NCPAC, and all of my son's dreams, are in grave danger of being finished forever.

And strangely enough, it won't be liberal politicians like Ted Kennedy or even the liberal news media who will be responsible for NCPAC's demise. It will be grass-roots conservative Americans like you and me.

You see, Terry and I talk often. And last time we spoke he told me something very disturbing.

He told me that NCPAC's conservative friends and supporters around the country are not renewing their support at the same levels as they have in the past.

Neither Terry nor I could figure out why conservatives would abandon NCPAC this year.

Then we realized that many conservatives may think the battle is over now that we've reelected President Reagan. But, that's just not the case...the battle continues.

Yes, I know that NCPAC still has a debt to pay off from the 1984 elections.

But would it have been better if NCPAC hadn't sponsored the American Heroes for Reagan campaign—and taken the chance that Walter Mondale would be sitting in the White House today?

I don't think it would have been better, and neither does Terry. That's why Terry did everything possible to make sure that President Reagan was re-elected.

NCPAC did end up with a debt. But now Terry is doing everything possible to make sure that debt is paid off. You see, that's the way I raised Terry. He doesn't run away from his obligations—he pays them off.

When I wrote to you last, I told you that I had never seen Terry work as hard as he worked during the 1984 elections. I have to take that back.

Terry is working harder now than ever to pay off NCPAC's debt and to help President Reagan once again in the 1986 elections.

In fact, over the past ten years Terry has traveled the width and breadth of this country, trying to find new sources of funding, speaking to conservative groups, and meeting with pro-Reagan conservative candidates.

But, all this hard work is really taking a toll on my son. It just seems he never lets up.

NCPAC's debt is causing Terry a lot of

I know he's trying to keep his enthusiasm up—to continue fighting the fight for everything you and I believe in. But it is getting more and more difficult for him every day.

And he's just not certain that our old friends and supporters are still with him.

That's why I'm writing you today. To ask you to help my son and President Reagan one more time.

I'm certain that if we all work together like we have in the past, we can help Terry pay off NCPAC's debt and continue to help President Reagan in 1986.

So please, if you can find it in your heart to heed a mother's plea for help, send NCPAC your maximum gift today.

Whatever you send, please do it today. The next time I speak to Terry, I really want to hear that old enthusiasm in his voice again.

Won't you help make a mother's dream come true?

Thank you and God bless you.

Sincerely, Margaret K. Dolan

# BRAVO! BRAVO!

331488-391482. Bach: Brandenburg Concertos, 1 to 6 (complete)—Kapp. cond (Counts as 2— Digital—CBS Masterworks)

343251. Bach: Goldberg Variations – Glenn Gould (Digital – CBS Masterworks)

330647. Bach: Unaccompanied Cello Suites 1, 2
—performed by Yo-Yo Ma
(Digital—CBS Masterworks)

336578-396572. Bach: Hute Sonatas—Rampal, flute; Pinnock, harpsichord etc (Counts as 2— Digital—CBS Masterworks) 344580. Bach: Toccatas

—Peter Hurford, organist (Digital—Argo)

342329. Bartok: Miraculous Mandarin (complete ballet) Music For Strings, Percussion & Celesta — Dorati, Detroit Sym (Dgital—London

338004-398008. Beethoven Plano Sonatas—Moonlight, Appassionata, Tempest, 3 more. A. Brendel (Counts as 2—Vox Cum Laude)

3.45199. Beethoven: Overtures (Egmont Fidelio, Leonore 1, 3; etc.) Colin Davis, Bavarian Radio Orch (Digital—CBS Masterworks)

341982-391987. Beethoven: Sonatas for Piano & Violin, Vol. I—Eugene Istomin & Isaac Stern (Counts as 2— Digital—CBS Masterworks)

343137. Beethoven: Symphonies Nos. 1 & 2— Hogwood, Acad. of Ancient Music (*Digital* L'Oiseau-Lyre)

344119. Beethoven and Mozart: Quintets For Plano & Winds—Perahia, soloists English Chamber (Digital—CBS Masterworks)

335547. Berlioz: Symphonie Fantastique— Barenboim, Berlin Phil. (Digital—CBS Masterworks)

263293. Bolling: Suite For Flute and Jazz Plano— Rampal, flute: Bolling, piano (CBS Masterworks) 344499-394494. Brahms: A German Requiem; Alto Rhapsody; etc.—soloists, London Philharmonic under Klaus Tennstedt (Counts as 2—Digital—Angel)

340588. Brahms: Plano Concerto No. 2—Vladimir Ashkenazy; Haitink, Vienna Phil. (Digital—London)

332668. Brahms: Symphony No. 1—Tennstedt, London Philharmonic (Digital—Angel)

344143. Chopin: Preludes, Op. 28—Vladimir Feltsman (CBS Masterworks)

339374. Chopin: Piano Concerto No. 2; Schumann: Piano Concerto— Andras Schiff: Dorafi. Amsterdam Concertgebouw (Digital—London)

335679. Debussy: La Mer; Nocturnes—Andre Previn cond. London Symphony (Digital—Angel)

343525. Dvorak: Sonatina in G; Smetana: From My Homeland; etc.—Itzhak Perlman & Samuel Sanders (Digital—Angel) 341214. Haydn: Symphony No. 100 Military: No. 104 Condon: Hagwood cond (Diatal - Diseau Lyre)

334508 Mahler: Symphony No. 1 (Titan)— Muti cond. Philadelphia Orch. (Digital—Angel)

329094-399097. Mahler: Symphony No. 2 (Resurrection)—Lorin Maazel, Vienna Phil. (Counts as 2— Digital—CBS Masterworks)

318824. Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 4 (Italian Schumann: Symphony No. 4—Tennstedt, Berlin Phil (Digital—Angel) 332114. Mussorgsky: Pictures At An Exhibition; Borodin: Polovisian Dances —Ashkenazy, Philharmonia Orch. (Digital—London)

341297. Prokofiev: Symphony No. 1 (Classical); Love For Three Oranges Suite—Lorin Maazel, cond (Digftal—CBS Masterworks)

324822. Ravel: Bolero; Rapsodie Espagnole; La Valse; etc.—Maazel cond (Digital—CBS Masterworks)

340190. Reich: The Desert Music — M. Tilson Thomas, members Brooklyn Philharmonic (Digital—Nonesuch) 341677. Schubert: Symphonies 2 & 8 (1) infinished)
Barer, boarn. Ber cohi
(Digital—CBS Masterworks)

334771. Sibelius: Symphonies No. 4 and 7— Berglund, Helsinki Philharmonic Or. (Digital—Angel)

310870-390872. Johann Strauss' Greatest Waltzes —Biue Danube, others Ormandy, Szell, Bernstein (Counts as 2—Columbia)

341610. Strauss, Richard: Der Rosenkavaller Suite; Die Frau Ohne Schatten-Dorati, Detroit Symphony Orch. (Digital—London) 343715. Vivaldi: Four Seasons—Maazel, members Orch National de France (Digital—CBS Masterworks)

323147. Wagner: Orchestral Music from "The Ring" — Sir Georg Solti, Chicago Sym. (Digital—London)

338814. Webber: Requiem
—with Domingo, Brightman,
Winchester Cathedral Choir,
Maazel, English Chamber
Orch. (Digital—Angel)

#### COLLECTIONS

332494. An International Salute. E. Kunzel, Cincinnati Pops play Tchaikovsky. Gould, Sibelius, Liszt, etc. (Digital-Vox Cum Laude)

334276. Canadian Brass & Berlin Phil. Brass— Brass in Berlin. Bach, Pachelbel, Gabrieli, etc. (Digital—CBS Masterworks)

341602. Jose Carreras— French Opera Arias. Arias from Le Cid, Faust, Carmen etc. (Digital—Angel)

337279. Placido Domingo —Save Your Nights For Me. Love Came For Me. Maria; etc. (CBS)

344556. Greatest Hits Of The 1900's. Barber Adagio, Faure Pavane, others. Kapp, Philharmonia Virtuosi (Digital—CBS Masterworks)

246843. Vladimir Horowitz

—New Recordings Of
Chopin. (Columbia)

343624. Wynton Marsalis Plays Trumpet Concertos. Haydn, Hummel, L. Mozart (Digital—CBS Masterworks)

331959-391953. Mormon Tabernacle Choir—Great Choruses of Bach and Handel. (Counts as 2— CBS Masterworks)

327551. Luciano Pavarotti —Mamma. Popular Italian songs (Digital—London)

339242. Puccini Heroines. Eva Marton, Renata Scotto, Katia Ricciarelli, others (CBS Masterworks)

344135. Jean-Pierre Rampal—A Night At The Opera. Music by Massenet, Gluck, Mozart, etc. Placido Domingo sings & conducts (Digital—CBS Masterworks)

339853. Kiri Te Kanawa/ Nelson Riddle & His Orch. —Blue Skies. Best-selling album! (Digital–London)

340562. Waverly Consort

Renaissance Favorites.

Morley, Gibbons, Byrd, etc.
(Digital—CBS Masterworks)

7QK/ME 7QL/MD



**325183. Dvorak: Symphony No. 9** (New World) —Solft, Chicago Symph. Orch. (*Digital*—London)

333526-393520. Dvorak: Slavonic Dances; etc Dorati, Royal Phil. (Counts as 2—Digital—London)

339226. Gershwin: Rhapsody In Blue; Second Rhapsody; etc.—M. Tilson Thomas, Los Angeles Phil. (Digital—CBS Masterworks)

346015. Handel: Royal Fireworks Music; more —Malgorie, LaGrande Ecurie & la Chambre duRoy (Digital—CBS Masterworks)

330142. Mendelssohn: Violin Concerto; Saint-Saens: Concerto No. 3— Cho-Liang Lin; violinist; Thomas, Philharmonia Orch (Digital—CBS Masterworks)

328740. Mozart: Plano Concerto 26; Rondos— Perahia, Eng. Chamber Or. (Digital—CBS Masterworks)

338723. Mozart: Pequiem
—Hogwood cond. soloists,
chorus, Acad. of Ancient
Music (Digital-L'Oiseau-Lyre)

339663. Pachelbel: Kanon –also Bach, Albinoni, etc Munchinger, Stuttgart Chamber (Digital—London)

334540. Rachmaninoff: Piano Concerto No. 2; Rhapsody On A Theme Of Paganini—Cecile Licad; Abbado, Chicago Symph. (Digital—CBS Masterworks)

341735. Rimsky-Korsakov: Scheherazade—Charles Dutoit cond. Orchestre symphonique de Montreal (Digital—London)

331322. Saint-Saens: Camival of the Animals; Prokofiev: Peter and the Wolf—I. Perlman, violin, K. &.M. Labeque, pianists; Z. Mehta, Israel Philharmonic (Digital—Angel) 338244. Stravinsky: Rite Of Spring—Dutoit cond. Orchestre symphonique de Montreal (*Digital*—London)

336461. Tchaikovsky: Walin Concerto; Serenade –Pinchas Zukerman; Zubin Mehta, Israel Philharmonic (Digital—CBS Masterworks)

334680. Tchaikovsky; Ballet Suites—Swan Lake, Steeping Beauty—Muti, Phila. Orch. (*Digital*—Angel)

343244. Tchaikovsky: 1812 Overture; Marche Slave; Francesca da Rimini; etc. —Ozawa, Berlin Philharmonic (Digital—Angel)

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From Punch, the English weekly.

# [Memoir] MY SHORT CAREER AS AN ADMAN

From Falling Towards England, the second volume of memoirs by Clive James, to be published next month by Norton. James, who was born in Australia and now lives in England, is the author of several volumes of criticism and essays, including Flying Visits.

lever, I had vowed, would I sell my soul to an advertising agency. Not even if I was starving. Not even if I had no ceiling over my head. Yet starvation was only one step down from the breakfast I was getting every morning, and the ceiling over my head had South Africans on the other side using it as a floor. Waldo invited me to a party he was throwing for all his flash new friends in English advertising. I went along in order to be disgusted by their materialist values. There were plenty of materialist values on display, starting with the traffic jam of early production mode! E-type Jaguars parked out in the street. The men were reasonably easy to sneer at, with their elastic-sided, chisel-toed Chelsea boots and girlish length of hair. As usually happens in such circumstances, the real challenge was presented by the women. One of them was called Brenda, and she was so glossily pretty that it was hatred at first sight. Unfortunately, she was clever and funny too, so it was not easy to remain hostile. She was married to some pipesucking Nigel, who tried to interest me in how David Ogilvy had once told him that if you fouled the air in somebody's bathroom, all you had to do was strike a match and the atmosphere would instantly return to its pristine sweetness, even if the bathroom were as big as an aircraft hangar. I can remember this with such clarity only because at the time, I was in the process of falling in love with his wife. But she was married, and would have been even more frightening if single. It was clear just from what she had on that it took a lot of money to run such a woman. The time had come for a modification of values. Faust was ready to negotiate. Casting Waldo as Mephistopheles, I drew him aside and asked him how to set about becoming a copywriter. Since he had had to endure my callow gibes against his profession many times in the past, it was big of him to answer this question with useful information instead of a horse laugh. Apparently there was a vacancy coming up at Simpson, Sampson, Ranulph and Rolfe. He would get me through the door, and from then on it would be up to me.

Reassured, I danced a few times with Brenda and tried not to be disappointed when she had to leave early. She and Nigel climbed into a lu-

dicrously small new car calling itself a Mini. I couldn't imagine anything more desirable than being in a very small car with a girl like Brenda. All it would take would be a few scintillating

jingles, and vroom-vroom.

Waldo was as good as his word, and I had barely a day to prepare my spontaneous utterances before reporting to St. James's Square and being ushered into the suave presence of SSRR's senior partner and creative chief, the legendary P.H.S. "Plum" Rolfe. He had Hush Puppies on his feet and a tweed tie around his neck, but the tie was loose and his feet were on his desk, so it was possible to relax—something I would not otherwise have found easy to do, because I was a bit worried about my wardrobe. I had begun to wonder if the green sports coat and the wrecked shoes were quite the thing, especially as my scorched drip-dry shirts tended to shatter no matter how carefully I buttoned them up, making my façade look like a vandalized housing development unless I not only arranged the tartan tie to cover the damage but contrived to keep it that way while lounging casually in a chair. But Rolfe seemed to like my poems. While he was opening my old Sydney University magazines to the places marked, I tried a few rehearsed spontaneous utterances, and he liked them too. It was even more encouraging when he turned out to like the unrehearsed ones still better. He told me to send him a 5,000-word essay on why I wanted to be an advertising man and then come back in a fortnight.

Having written the essay that same evening, I went next morning to the Mayfair branch of the Bank of NSW and raised a £50 overdraft on the strength of being a hot job prospect at a top agency. Since I had no account at the bank and was clearly opening one only in order to see the assistant manager and touch him for a loan, it will be appreciated that my powers of persuasion benefited from a surge of confidence. No doubt the beard helped. Looking less like an oversight and more like an act of defiance, it must have presented an overwhelming challenge to the assistant manager's bourgeois inhibitions. I should

have asked him for a hundred.

I turned up in St. James's Square on the appointed day with my shirt cuffs protruding just the correct inch from the sleeves of my green jacket, an adjustment made easier by the fact that they had parted company from the actual shirt. Mr. Rolfe once again looked reassuringly bohemian, smoking no hands while he leafed through my essay. He had never read a more convincing case, he said, for how primal creativity could be combined with a job in advertising. He had no doubt that I could write Australia's answer to *Paradise Lost* in the evenings while concurrently promoting cornflakes

all day. What he and Messrs. Simpson, Sampson, and Ranulph were after, however, was someone who wanted to do nothing else except promote the cornflakes. They wanted someone for whom the poetry was not separate from the cornflakes, but actually *in* the cornflakes and *of* the cornflakes. Like Frosties, I suggested: the sugar wasn't separate from the cornflakes, it was in them and of them. Rolfe said I had hit it exactly, but didn't give me any extra points for the

[List]

### TEN AMERICAN SHRINES

From Roadside America, by Jack Barth, Doug Kirby, Ken Smith, and Mike Wilkins, published by Simon & Schuster. The authors include the following on their list of most unusual items on display in American museums.

- 1. A replica of the Great Seal of the United States made out of sharks' teeth (Fick Fossil and History Museum, Oakley, Kansas).
- 2. A wax model of Superman using X-ray vision to look at Lois Lane's panties (World of Illusions, Gatlinburg, Tennessee).
- 3. Jayne Mansfield's death car (The Tragedy in U.S. History Museum, St. Augustine, Florida).
- 4. Rock touched by Helen Keller (Walk of Fame, Rollins College, Winter Park, Florida).
- 5. Plaster replica of the world's largest hailstone (Dalton Museum, Coffeyville, Kansas).
- 6. Barbara Mandrell's wedding nightie (Barbara Mandrell Country, Nashville, Tennessee).
- 7. The top-fuel slingshot dragster that exploded and blew off Big Daddy Don Garlits's foot in 1970. With shrapnel display (Don Garlits Museum of Drag Racing, Ocala, Florida).
- 8. Three-dimensional cutaway model of rectum and bladder impaled on a pitchfork handle (Mayo Medical Museum, Rochester, Minnesota).
- 9. Lee Harvey Oswald's can opener (Gafford Family Museum, Crowell, Texas).
- 10. A test tube containing Thomas Edison's last breath (Greenfield Village and Henry Ford Museum, Dearborn, Michigan).

insight. "Face it," he said, smiling without dropping the cigarette, "you aren't modest enough to be corruptible. Getting rich isn't what you're really after. You'd always be writing something for yourself on our time." He had the great gift of making you feel that you had been turned down because you were too good, so I didn't start feeling miserable until I was outside in the square, where I had a hallucination, startling in its clarity, of Brenda retreating into the distance while waving to me from the passenger seat of a speeding Maserati.

# TELL ME WHAT FISH DO

From issue No. 51 of the Duplex Planet, a monthly magazine consisting of interviews with residents of the Duplex Nursing Home in Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts. The magazine is edited by David Greenberger, former activities director at the nursing home.

DAVID GREENBERGER: What can you tell me about the behavior of fish?

WILLIAM "FERGIE" FERGUSON: The behavior of fish is like any other creature's. They have their ups and downs. Some are faster than others, but that doesn't always make them win, you know, just because they're faster. They might be faster in one direction, but it might not be the right direction.

They are very, very careful that they do not make any mistakes. Of course, they make mistakes like anyone, but they try not to. But they make mistakes just the same. Different kinds of mistakes, too many to mention.

ED POINDEXTER: A fish has no, ah, no feet. That's all I know.

JOHN FALLON: They're wild.

LARRY GREEN: They eat worms.

HARRY KATZ: They're orderly.

FRANK WISNEWSKI: I eat fish. I don't want to know about their behavior.

GEORGE STINGEL: Oh, I wouldn't know. When they swim upstream they nest their eggs, all right, Dave? Salmon does.

WALDO FRIESZ: There's no behavior on fish.

ED ANDRSZWESKI: I got to think it over... well, they're very quiet, they do a lot of swimmin',

and they catch minnows, the small ones, is that true or not?

ANDY LEGRICE: They're always spawnin', always makin' whoopee. That's why there's so many of 'em. That's all they do. It's good sport, fishin'.

WALTER KIERAN: Well, they're lively when they're in the water, but when you take them out they're dead.

WALTER McGEORGE: Fish behavior? All I can say is fish must be very observant, because they must notice the way you bait your hook. If one little bit of the hook is showin', they won't bite it.

ED ROGERS: Some of them, they, ah, you know, stay in the water, swim. Some jump out of the water, they jump, yeah, jump around in the water. They do like a somersault and all that. They run around in the water.

DAVID BREWER: They swim, that's all I can say.

BILL LAGASSE: I don't know, I only eat them. I don't work on fish.

BILL SEARS: They swim in the deep water, in the sea. They, ah, eat small fish. That's all I know.

GIL GREENE: They have no sex life.

JOHN FAY: I don't like fish. I always get hamburger.

#### [Memoir] AIDS STORIES

By John Weir. Weir wrote this essay for a workshop in autobiography at Columbia University. The names in this story have been changed.

ast year I ran a writers' group for people with AIDS. We met on Monday nights for about nine months in the kitchen of the Gay Men's Health Crisis, in Manhattan. Twelve men were in the group, though never more than six of them came at once. I met the first of them two years ago, near Thanksgiving; they started dying the following February. One of them is still alive. For a while, they went about one a month. I would get phone calls and friends would say, "Oh, by the way, you remember so and so," and I would know that he had died.

The boys in my group died in hospitals, or in their apartments, or they went back to their parents. One guy killed himself after leaving a message on his phone machine. Hank. He was writing a novel about a species of underground beings who are terribly lonely but have this re-



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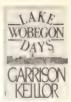


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markable immunity to disease. Hank and Francisco became lovers after meeting in the group. Francisco was my age, twenty-six. He was from Puerto Rico. He had long, long fingernails and shiny black hair. Hank was forty, and rugged-looking. He had been everywhere, had taught writing at a prep school in Pennsylvania, had worked on an oil rig off the coast of Texas.

Francisco used to drag himself all the way across town to our meetings, from Bellevue, where he went once a week to get all kinds of debilitating treatments-spinal taps and bronchoscopies and twenty-four-hour injections. The first time he shuffled into the kitchen, I thought he looked like Ratso Rizzo in Midnight Cowboy, only younger, and much more resigned. We went out to dinner after the workshop and he had a slice of cheesecake and chocolate milk. Gradually, he and Hank became lovers. Francisco had meningitis, among other things, and he was always sick. Hank was pretty healthy. After a while they went away and got married—they had rings—and stopped coming to the group.

The last time I saw Francisco was just before he died, at Bellevue, a place you should not have to walk into, much less die in. It's the Grand Central Station of hospitals: cavernous, full of people, dirty, scary. It's nineteenth-century. It's Olivia De Havilland in *The Snake Pit*. Francisco was hooked up to a machine that made him breathe, and he was swaddled in white. The bandages ended just above his nipples; he might have been wearing a strapless gown.

His mother stood next to his bed and cried. I tried to talk to her but she didn't speak English. When she went away I touched Francisco's forehead. I said, "I'm sorry." I saw Hank later that night and he said that Francisco had died about ten minutes after I left the room.

A week later I called Hank and got his suicide message, which I have written down somewhere. I had to call his number about a dozen times to get it all down. Took a handful of downers, he said, and swam for England. Melodramatic queen. He was not that sick and I'm still angry that he did it.

We wrote a lot of things in the workshop. Hank read portions of his novel, and we wrote letters—"A Letter to Nancy Reagan," "An Open Letter to the Universe," "A Letter to a Friend I Will Not See Before I Die." Benny Stein wrote Poetry. He looked like Marlon Brando, from the Bronx. He walked into his first group meeting with a pillow, sat down, and started discussing his rectal tumors. Everything he said, everything he wrote about, turned out to be about his tumors, or his pain, or death.

Poor Thomas Benjamin would leave the room every time Benny started talking. Thomas didn't want to know that he was dying.

But Benny's poems: they would be beautiful poems about raindrops falling through the atmosphere and straight down through the ocean to the ocean floor, and then into the core of the earth, and we would say, "Well, Benny, that was lovely, what was that about," and he would say, "It's about what it's like to shit when you have rectal tumors."

I loved Benny very much; I think I had a crush on him. I liked his style. He did a performance piece for me one night, in his apartment. He was staying in the apartment of a friend of a friend of a friend. He did this ballet number for me, putting on and taking off his robe, crawling on and off the bed, answering the phone, apologizing for himself, discussing his illness, his vitamins, his doctors, his insurance. I thought he was Delmore Schwartz, updated and gay—brilliant and paranoiac and dying all the time.

The first thing he ever talked about in the group was having to experience his own death, and he terrified everyone; the second thing he said was how wonderful it felt at seventeen to get fucked on the downtown IRT, speeding on Methedrine. He said it right to my face and I laughed; in a group of dying men who must have had a lot to say about sex, he was the only one who ever talked about dying, or having sex.

Gustavo talked about reincarnation. He was from Argentina, and he wore round glasses that made him look like T.S. Eliot, or Ernie Kovacs impersonating T.S. Eliot. One of his eyes watered constantly from chemotherapy. I always thought that he was crying, and I hugged him a lot, and touched him a lot. He was Benny's age, thirty-five. He spoke fluent Italian, and read philosophy.

The day I met him, he said, "Ah, but I do not think I reincarnate again." I said, "Why not?" And he said, "The more you have this pain, the more thoroughly it cleanses you, and when you are clean, you are through, you reach Nirvana. I have so much pain this lifetime. I think I must be clean."

Eventually he dropped out of the group, and a few months later he died. I went to his memorial service. Benny dropped out of the group, too. He went into the hospital, but I never visited him. The last time I saw him he was walking with a cane up Hudson Street. It was July, and it was hot. He was stooped and very thin. He said, "I had a body once," and thumped his chest. He died in the fall.

The last session of the writers' group was in July of 1985, and one man came. He was the only one left. The rest were dead, or about to be. We stared at each other across the table and



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talked about other things, terrified to say what both of us were thinking. Just us two.

The last memorial service I attended for a member of the group was Gerald's. He died the day of the last workshop. He had been in the group from the beginning, even before I started running it. He was an intern in radiology at a hospital on the East Side when he was diagnosed. For about a year he looked perfectly healthy. Then he came back early from a vacation in Atlanta and went straight into the hospital. His lesions multiplied and he went on chemotherapy. When I first met him, Gerald was a dandy—fastidiously dressed, charming, affable. He wore wonderful argyle socks and a big ring with his initials on it; he flirted with everyone. But he fell apart very quickly. He lost a lot of weight and his hair fell out. A month after he was admitted to the hospital, he died. He was twenty-eight.

His memorial service was at the Gay Synagogue in the Village. Gerald had a big, supportive family. They all knew he was gay. The service was in Hebrew. His father got up to read his part. Gerald's father was the kind of Jewish man that Bernard Malamud wrote about—barely assimilated, still with the rough edges, the accent, the conspicuousness of an immigrant. He was a butcher in the Bronx.

He started reading, but then he let go of the text, and tipped his head back, and clasped his palms together, and roared. He wailed and shouted and roared in a language that I couldn't understand, but I knew exactly what he meant,

I knew exactly what he meant, I think I knew exactly what he meant.

learly, this goes on and on. Terry, who walked into the group for the first time and handed around an X-ray of his skull; Joe, who went to Italy in khaki shorts even though he had lesions all over his legs, and educated an entire Italian village about AIDS; Greg, who is still alive, oh, and so on. This is all very impressionistic. I don't know how to organize it. I do know that AIDS has given me what little wisdom I think I possess; it is the difference between my childhood and the rest of my life, the line dividing everything in two. It is also still going on; it's hard to see out of it, into the rest of life. I have six friends who have been diagnosed since last May.

Almost none of the coverage of AIDS seems accurate to me; nothing gets even close to my experience, and the experience of my friends. Television is whitewashed, pretending that AIDS is a family concern. My experience has been that families are rarely anywhere around; gay men, yes, gay women, longtime straight best friends, current lovers and ex-lovers, volun-

teers, but not much family. I cannot talk about myself without getting around to AIDS. It has profoundly affected my sense of New York City, of friendship, of death (which I had never thought about before), of gayness, of sex; really, of just about everything.

#### [Exercises] SKETCHBOOK VOICES

From Sketchbook with Voices, edited by Eric Fischl with Jerry Saltz. Published by Alfred van der Marck Editions. At the top of each page in this sketchbook is an exercise or admonition contributed by a different artist. The Whitney Museum in New York mounted a retrospective of Fischl's paintings this spring.

Take an object. Do something with it. Do something else with it. (Jasper Johns)

Give yourself an incredibly restrictive problem you think you can't do anything with. Something that would appall you, like a landscape. Draw an apple. Draw a duck. Draw a turkey. (Jennifer Bartlett)

Do your own work but use someone else's clothes. (Cindy Sherman)

It's easy to be an artist in your head. Do more. (David Salle)

Think of a big color—who cares if people call you Rothko. Release your childhood. Release it. (Larry Rivers and Frank O'Hara)

You usually want to get something out of a painting other than the ideas that you had in your head. (Alex Katz)

It is not what the world is like. It is what the world is like to be seen. It is what the world is like to be thought. What the world is like to be made. (Gary Stephan)

They say painting is action. We say, remember your enemies and nurse the smallest insult. Introduce yourself as Delacroix. When you leave, give them your wet crayons. Be ready to admit that jealousy moves you more than art. They say action is painting. Well, it isn't, and we all know abstract expressionism and pop art have moved to the suburbs. (Larry Rivers and Frank O'Hara)

There aren't any definite procedures and there aren't any definite tools. You have to decide for yourself what your tools and procedures are going to be. (Richard Serra)

The idea is to have no idea. Get lost. Get lost in the landscape. (Malcolm Morley)

Make a painting in which every part of the painting is of equal importance. (Chuck Close)

Use the worst color you can find in each place—it usually is the best. (Roy Lichtenstein)

It is our fate and misfortune that we live in history. There is nothing we can do about it. We should learn to swim in history. People who don't know history are like cows. An artist who doesn't know history paints like a cow because cows have no memory. (Komar & Melamid)

In the morning make long lists of things to do. In the afternoon write down whose ideas they were. (Jennifer Bartlett)

#### [Monologue] BACON'S MAN

By Mario Vargas Llosa. "Bacon's Man" appeared in the June 28, 1985, issue of Le Nouvel Observateur. Vargas Llosa is writing about Francis Bacon's painting Head I. Translated from the Spanish by Elena Brunet.

lost the left ear to a bite, fighting with another human, I think. But, owing to the little opening that remains, I hear the world's noises clearly. I also see things, although askew and with difficulty. Because, even if at first sight it doesn't seem it, that bluish protuberance to the left of my mouth is an eye. That it should be there, functioning, capturing shapes and colors, is a miracle of medical science, evidence of the extraordinary progress that characterizes the age in which we live. I should have been condemned to eternal darkness from the great fire— I don't remember whether it was begun by bombardment or by assault—in which all the other survivors lost their sight and hair, the result of oxidation. I had the good fortune to lose only one eye; the other was saved by the ophthalmologists after sixteen operations. It lacks a lid and waters frequently, but it allows me to entertain myself watching movies and, above all, to quickly detect the enemy.

This glass case is my house. I can see through the walls but no one can see me from outside: a very desirable system of security in this age of so much surveillance. The glass case is, of course, bulletproof, germ-proof, radiation-proof, and soundproof. It is always scented.

I have a highly developed sense of smell, and it is through the nose that I derive the greatest

pleasure and the greatest suffering. Should I call it a nose—this immense membranous organ which picks up all smells, even the most private ones? I'm referring to the grayish lump, with white scabs, that starts out at my mouth and descends as far as my bull's neck. No, it's neither a goiter nor an Adam's apple puffed up by acromegaly. It's my nose. I know it's not pretty, nor is it useful, since its excessive sensitivity becomes an indescribable torture when, for instance, a rat putrefies in the area or fetid matter passes through the pipes that run through my dwelling place. Even so, I worship it, and at times I think that my nose is the chamber of my soul (if the soul exists).

I have neither arms nor legs, but my four stumps are well healed and hardened, so that I'm able to move easily and even quickly if need be. My pursuers haven't succeeded in overtaking me in any of the chases. How did I lose my hands and feet? An injury at work, perhaps; or by accident, before birth, while still in the womb, the fault of medication that my mother gulped down in order to have a benign pregnancy (science doesn't guess correctly in all cases).

My penis is intact. I'm able to make love as long as I can find an understanding partner. I like to fornicate but I am not expert. Frequently I experience failure or the humiliation of premature ejaculation. I'm convinced that, more than love-making, humans enjoy defecation.

My greatest source of pride is my mouth. It isn't true that it's wide open because I wail out of desperation. I hold it open to show off my lovely sharp white teeth. Wouldn't anyone envy them? Scarcely two or three are missing. The others are intact and carnivorous. If necessary, they can grind stones. But they prefer to clench the breasts and rumps of calves, to embed themselves in the nipples and muscles of hens or the

throats of small birds. To eat meat is a privilege of the gods.

I am not pitiful, and I do not want others to feel sympathy for me. I am what I am and that's enough for me. To know that others are worse off is a great consolation. It's possible that God exists, but at this point in history, that doesn't have the least importance. Could the world perhaps be better than it



is? Yes, perhaps, but what's the sense in asking oneself that? I have survived and, despite appearances, I am a member of the human race. Observe me well. Know yourselves.

#### A VISIT FROM DR. BAZELON

From The Day Room, a play by Don DeLillo, which was recently performed at the American Repertory Theatre in Cambridge, Massachusetts. The entire script appears in the September issue of American Theater. Before this scene begins, Budge and Wyatt, who are sharing a room in a hospital, have just received a series of visitors, one or more of whom are psychiatric patients in disguise. DeLillo is the author of several novels, including Ratner's Star, Players, and White Noise.

DR. BAZELON enters.

WYATT: Dr. Bazelon, what a relief. Do you know what's been going on here?

DR. BAZELON: I stopped at the nurses' station. They're pretty shamefaced out there. Two episodes, was it?

WYATT: Two episodes, three people.

DR. BAZELON: Inexcusable. Security is built into the system. But the system sometimes fails. ( to BUDGE) I'm Dr. Bazelon.

BUDGE: Are you a private corporation?

WYATT: They're all private corporations.

BUDGE: I would never go to a doctor who wasn't. WYATT: They have to be, for their own selfrespect.

DR. BAZELON: The woman was dressed as a nurse, I gather.

WYATT: The man as a doctor. Phelps.

DR. BAZELON: How could you believe that anyone named Phelps is what he seems to be?

WYATT: I didn't know what to believe.

BUDGE: They were so intelligent.

WYATT: She made a moving speech.

BUDGE: It was eloquent. WYATT: About corpses.

DR. BAZELON: Are you about ready, Larry?

WYATT: Ready for what?

DR. BAZELON: They'll be taking you down in ten minutes.

WYATT: I thought the tests were scheduled for early morning.

DR. BAZELON: We never do these tests in the

WYATT: I thought I understood tomorrow morning. I'm not sure I'm prepared.

DR. BAZELON: You haven't eaten, have you?

WYATT: They didn't bring the food.

DR. BAZELON: They weren't supposed to bring the food. You're not supposed to eat before these tests. When you come back up, you can eat.

WYATT: Shouldn't they bring food for Mr. Budge?

BUDGE: They probably have it on my Kardex: light eater. When they have time, maybe a little something. No hurry, no bother. Whenever it's convenient.

DR. BAZELON: First, Larry, there are some things I want to go over with you.

WYATT: All right.

DR. BAZELON: Are you sleeping?

WYATT: Pretty well. Adequately.

DR. BAZELON: Which is it? WYATT: Most nights, pretty well.

DR. BAZELON: Wake up at any point?

WYATT: Sometimes.

DR. BAZELON: What, noises in the street, planes passing over? Or just wake up, stare into the

WYATT: Just wake up.

DR. BAZELON: Stare into the dark?

WYATT: Yes.

DR. BAZELON: Are you eating?

WYATT: Appetite's fine. I try to avoid red meat, fried foods, processed foods—

DR. BAZELON: Are you breathing? Is it quiet breathing—rhythmic, measured?

WYATT: Sometimes, on a steep flight of stairs, or running for a bus, in the rain—

DR. BAZELON: You have to catch your breath.

WYATT: I have to stop.

DR. BAZELON: To catch your breath.

WYATT: Yes.

DR. BAZELON: But it's there. You do catch it.

WYATT: Yes.

DR. BAZELON: When you blink, do you experience difficulty reopening your eyes?

WYATT: After they close, you mean.

DR. BAZELON: Do they open automatically?

WYATT: Or do I have to think about it.

DR. BAZELON: Are you working?

WYATT: Quite hard. Harder than usual.

DR. BAZELON: Which is it?

WYATT: Harder than usual.

DR. BAZELON: Are you walking?

WYATT: I try to walk whenever possible, for the exercise.

DR. BAZELON: Describe your stride.

WYATT: I take short strides.

DR. BAZELON: Are you sure? Think about it. Take your time.

WYATT: I take long strides.

DR. BAZELON: Good. Are they confident? WYATT: Long, confident strides. Exactly.

DR. BAZELON: Are you talking? More than you were? Less than you were?

WYATT: About the same.

DR. BAZELON: Say something.

WYATT: Oh boy.

DR. BAZELON: I want to hear you talk.

WYATT: What can I say? The hardest thing

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about grade school was being called on to recite. I used to dread it. Slump way down in my seat.

DR. BAZELON: Say anything at all. WYATT: Give me just a second.

DR. BAZELON: The range is wide, Larry.

WYATT: That's easy to say.

DR. BAZELON: There's no right or wrong here.

WYATT: Anything at all.

DR. BAZELON: The world is spread before us.

WYATT: I get a little tense.

DR. BAZELON: Answer carefully now.

WYATT: It would help if I knew what other peo-

DR. BAZELON: Are your bowels regular? Are you crapping? Describe your stool for me.

WYATT: Firm, solid, compact. DR. BAZELON: Which is it?

WYATT: Firm.

DR. BAZELON: Do you feel it's yours and no one else's? Do you feel intimately connected to it?

WYATT: Yes.

DR. BAZELON: Would you know it if you came upon it unexpectedly, in a meadow, say, or on a moor?

WYATT: Can we come back to that?

DR. BAZELON: When you put your weight on one foot, does it tend to be your right foot or your left foot?

WYATT: My left.

DR. BAZELON: Take your time.

WYATT: My right.

DR. BAZELON: Good. It's almost time now. They'll be coming to take you down. How is Angela, by the way?

WYATT: She's fine, Doctor.

DR. BAZELON: How are the girls?

WYATT: You mean the boys.

DR. BAZELON: Of course. You'll be back up in two hours. I'll see that lunch is brought right

BUDGE: You say these tests are never done in the morning. Why is that?

DR. BAZELON: It's the half light. It causes a patient to feel a certain deep-reaching dread. A stranger walks into the room, wakes up the patient, says, "We're taking you down now." It's barely past dawn. The sad, pale hour. The patient feels defenseless, due to his halfwaking state, the voice of the stranger in the room, the white walls down there, the gleaming instruments, the men and women wearing masks. But mostly it's the half light, we find, that troubles him. So we schedule these tests for the period of maximum natural radiance. The room is sunlit, immersed in warm, wide, reassuring light. We make it a point to wheel the patient past the solarium, where fellow patients sit facing into the sun, amid hanging plants, talking and reading, some of them poseyed into wheelchairs for their own good.

WYATT: Why should I experience dread, at any hour? You told me these were routine tests. "Unremarkable" was the word you used. I'm here mainly to rest. The tests are a form of reassurance, like the sunlit room, the hanging plants.

DR. BAZELON: We want to use ultrasound. We want to bombard your tissues with high-frequency sound waves, strictly as a precaution, a preemptive strike, to halt the growth of questionable tissue.

WYATT: What kind of sound waves?

DR. BAZELON: Tapes of the cries of baby mice. This sound reaches a level of 40,000 cycles per second. It's the purest thing in nature.

WYATT: Was I aware of this, Doctor? Did you tell me this?

DR. BAZELON: I first became aware of this technique when I was at medical school, offshore, in the Amazon Basin. I've used it successfully many, many times.

WYATT: Did I know you went to medical school outside the U.S.?

DR. BAZELON: I'm not ashamed of it. Fifty-five medical schools in this country turned me down. So what? They turn down thousands upon thousands every year. What is the Third World for if not to provide a haven for people like me? I went to the Amazon, to the universidad, built on stilts, in the shoals and swamps. Bodies for our dissection class came straight from the jungle. First they were people, then they were corpses, finally cadavers. What a melancholy transition. Some of them fellow students, from places like Middletown and Bay City, clawed to death by jaguars with topaz eyes.

BUDGE: Are you sure this is Dr. Bazelon?

DR. BAZELON: The jungle is stunning at dawn. WYATT: This is Bazelon. I know him. We play golf.

DR. BAZELON: Sometimes I'm amazed myself. The things they come up with. Dazzling advances every day. Extraordinary to live in such an age. Marvelous, marvelous moments. Extend your arms, Larry, would you, for just a second?

WYATT: You mean literally?

DR. BAZELON: Just hold your arms out, please, full length.

NURSE BAKER enters. When DR. BAZELON sees her, he tries to hide in a corner of the room, in a monkey squat, cowering.

NURSE BAKER: So here he is. Look at him. The dawn of man.

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NURSE BAKER seizes his wrist, drags him by the arm toward the door. He rolls over, becomes fetal. WYATT crawls to the end of his bed.

WYATT: But this is a doctor. A real doctor. It's Dr. Bazelon. I know him.

NURSE BAKER: This is no Bazelon. This one? You must be kidding.

# [Ballad] THE BALLAD OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

By Terry Eagleton. Sung to the tune of "Land of Hope and Glory." The ballad appears in Against the Grain, a collection of Eagleton's essays published by Verso. Eagleton, who teaches at Oxford, is the author of Criticism and Ideology.

Chaucer was a class traitor Shakespeare hated the mob Donne sold out a bit later Sidney was a nob

Marlowe was an elitist Ben Jonson was much the same Bunyan was a defeatist Dryden played the game

There's a sniff of reaction About Alexander Pope Sam Johnson was a Tory And Walter Scott a dope

Coleridge was a right winger Keats was lower middle class Wordsworth was a cringer But William Blake was a gas

Dickens was a reformist
Tennyson was a blue
Disraeli was mostly pissed
And nothing that Trollope said was true

Willy Yeats was a fascist So were Eliot and Pound Lawrence was a sexist Virginia Woolf was unsound

There are only three names
To be plucked from this dismal set
Milton Blake and Shelley
Will smash the ruling class yet

Milton Blake and Shelley Will smash the ruling class yet. WYATT: But I know him. He's been my doctor for years. We play golf, racquetball. We're friends.

NURSE BAKER: You want me to believe you reveal your body to this man on a regular basis?

WYATT: We go to the theater. He and I. His wife and my wife. It's got to be him.

NURSE BAKER: You trust this man to depress your tongue? He gently cups your testicles and says cough?

WYATT: The face, the gestures, the voice. He can't be one of *them*. I refuse to believe it.

NURSE BAKER: I told you. They like to dress up, act out.

BUDGE: Act out what?

WYATT: I was with him when he bought those shoes. This is Dr. Bazelon. It has to be.

NURSE BAKER: A doctor of medicine? A private corporation? You're telling me this man is capable of winning a malpractice suit? He takes his beeper with him when he goes to the opera?

WYATT (to BAZELON): Who are you? Tell me.

BUDGE: We depend on you people. WYATT: We're hospital patients. BUDGE: We're here to be reassured.

WYATT: We're at your mercy and you do this?

NURSE BAKER: Don't look at me. WYATT: I'm looking at him.

DR. BAZELON wraps his arms over his head. NURSE BAKER drags him to the door. They exit.

#### [Short Story] STORY

By Lydia Davis. From Break It Down, a collection of stories published by Farrar, Straus and Giroux.

get home from work and there is a message from him: that he is not coming, that he is busy. He will call again. I wait to hear from him, then at nine o'clock I go to where he lives, find his car, but he's not home. I knock at his apartment door and then at all the garage doors, not knowing which garage door is his—no answer. I write a note, read it over, write a new note, and stick it in his door. At home I am restless, and all I can do, though I have a lot to do, since I'm going on a trip in the morning, is play the piano. I call again at ten-forty-five and he's home, he has been to the movies with his old girlfriend, and she's still there. He says he'll call back. I wait. Finally I sit down and write in my notebook that

#### [Photographs]

#### BRITISH GROUPS





Senior Nurses, Norland Nursery Training College, Hungerford, Berkshire and Custodial Staff, Stonehenge Ancient Monument, Amesbury, Wiltshire, by Neal Slavin. From Britons, a volume of his group portraits published this fall by Aperture. Slavin's portraits from England were exhibited last spring at the International Center of Photography/Midtown in New York.

when he calls me either he will then come to me, or he will not and I will be angry, and so I will have either him or my own anger, and this might be all right, since anger is always a great comfort, as I found with my husband. And then I go on to write, in the third person and the past tense, that clearly she always needed to have a love even if it was a complicated love. He calls back before I have time to finish writing all this down. When he calls, it is a little after eleventhirty. We argue until nearly twelve. Everything he says is a contradiction: for example, he says he did not want to see me because he wanted to work and even more because he wanted to be alone, but he has not worked and he has not been alone. There is no way I can get him to reconcile any of his contradictions, and when this conversation begins to sound too much like many I had with my husband I say goodbye and hang up. I finish writing down what I started to write down even though by now it no longer seems true that anger is any great comfort.

I call him back five minutes later to tell him that I am sorry about all this arguing, and that I love him, but there is no answer. I call again five minutes later, thinking he might have walked out to his garage and walked back, but again there is no answer. I think of driving to where he lives again and looking for his garage to see if he is in there working, because he keeps his desk there and his books and that is where he goes to read and write. I am in my nightgown, it is after twelve, and I have to leave the next morning at five. Even so, I get dressed and drive the mile or so to his place. I am afraid that when I get there I will see other cars by his house that I did not see earlier and that one of them will belong to his old girlfriend. When I drive down the driveway I see two cars that weren't there before, and one of them is parked as close as possible to his door, and I think that she is there. I walk around the small building to the back, where his apartment is, and look in the window: the light is on, but I can't see anything clearly because of the half-closed Venetian blinds and the steam on the glass. But things inside the room are not the same as they were earlier in the evening, and before there was no steam. I open the outer screen door and knock. I wait. No answer. I let the screen door fall shut and I walk away to check the row of garages. Now the door opens behind me as I am walking away and he comes out. I can't see him very well because it is dark in the narrow lane beside his door and he is wearing dark clothes and whatever light there is is behind him. He comes up to me and puts his arms around me without speaking, and I think he is not speaking not because he is feeling so much but because he is preparing what he will say. He lets go of me and walks around me and ahead of me out to where the cars are parked by the ga-

As we walk out there he says "Look," and my name, and I am waiting for him to say that she is here and also that it's all over between us. But he doesn't, and I have the feeling he did intend

#### [Memoir] FIRST LOVE

"Little Friend," by T. R. Pearson. From First Love: An Anthology of New Poetry and Prose, edited by Roy Finamore and published by Stewart, Tabori & Chang. Pearson is the author of two novels, Off for the Sweet Hereafter and A Short History of a Small Place.

recollect the first one plain because she hid behind our pyracantha bush down at the ditch and looked at me, or anyhow looked up toward the house that I was in looking out at her. I was ten and so I'd had some considerable truck with girls, had tangled with any number of them and had got bit and gouged and sat on and one time had even got kicked in the stomach so hard that I had not figured I would ever again draw breath, but I'd never had one just look at me from behind a bush and not like she wanted to harm me even but like something else, like something else entirely. So I felt peculiar already when my momma found me at the window and laid her hand atop my head like she used to and said, "You've got a little friend outside." That made me feel more peculiar still and ashamed and embarrassed and just plain different, like I hadn't ever felt different before. And I told her, "I know," and put my nose to the glass.

to say something like that, at least say that she was here, and that he then thought better of it for some reason. Instead, he says that everything that went wrong tonight was his fault and he's sorry. He stands with his back against a garage door and his face in the light and I stand in front of him with my back to the light. At one point he hugs me so suddenly that the fire of my cigarette crumbles against the garage door behind him. I know why we're out here and not in his room, but I don't ask him until everything is all right between us. Then he says, "She wasn't here when I called you. She came back later." He says the only reason she is there is that something is troubling her and he is the only one she

can talk to about it. Then he says, "You don't understand, do you?"

try to figure it out.

So they went to the movies and then came back to his place and then I called and then she left and he called back and we argued and then I called back twice but he had gone out to get a beer (he says) and then I drove over and in the meantime he had returned from buying beer and she had also come back and she was in his room so we talked by the garage doors. But what is the truth? Could he and she both really have come back in that short interval between my last phone call and my arrival at his place? Or is the truth really that during his call to me she waited outside or in his garage or in her car and that he then brought her in again, and that when the phone rang with my second and third calls he let it ring without answering, because he was fed up with me and with arguing? Or is the truth that she did leave and did come back later but that he remained and let the phone ring without answering? Or did he perhaps bring her in and then go out for the beer while she waited there and listened to the phone ring? The last is the least likely. I don't believe anyway that there was any trip out for beer.

The fact that he does not tell me the truth all the time makes me not sure of his truth at certain times, and then I work to figure out for myself if what he is telling me is the truth or not, and sometimes I can figure out that it's not the truth and sometimes I don't know and never know, and sometimes just because he says it to me over and over again I am convinced it is the truth because I don't believe he would repeat a lie so often. Maybe the truth does not matter, but I want to know it if only so that I can come to some conclusions about such questions as: whether he is angry at me or not; if he is, then how angry; whether he still loves her or not; if he does, then how much; whether he loves me or not; how much; how capable he is of deceiving me in the act and after the act in the telling.

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#### THE FAST LANE, IN A REARVIEW MIRROR

t fifty," George Orwell said, "everyone has the face he deserves." If this is true, the most deserved faces in America are surely those of the famous and powerful. Though some of our celebrities inadvertently manage to remove themselves from the glittering ranks of the notorious at an untimely age, the vast majority live long enough to reach their final and most telling appearance. A few lucky ones achieve apotheosis. Others suffer the dire fate of self-caricature, becoming stylized grotesques of their younger selves.

Max Beerbohm, the British essayist and caricaturist, published a series of drawings in 1925 called *The Old and the Young Self*. In these drawings, Beerbohm imagined his subjects in youth and old age and caused the two selves to meet. The American repertory company of celebrity clearly merits similar treatment. How might the two selves of Richard Nixon look to each other? Or Andy Warhol? Or David Letterman? *Harper's Magazine* invited a group of artists to choose suitable subjects and draw the meetings of their old and young selves.

#### G.K. CHESTERTON by Max Beerbohm

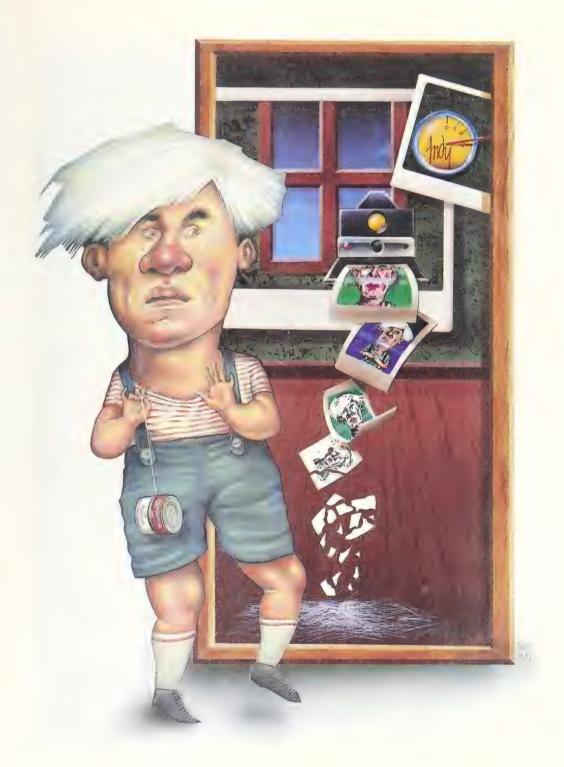


#### MAX BEERBOHM

This series—one of the most striking and Maxian of Max's achievements as a caricaturist—shows his subjects simultaneously in youth and in age, the Young Self confronting the Old Self. They are like little novels, done in a single drawing and a line or two of dialogue—Max's convex mirror miniaturizing a lifetime. By collapsing time altogether, by wiping out the inconvenient gap between the present and the past, by bringing the Young Self and \*he Old onto the stage at the same moment and letting them exchange a few words, he was able to dramatize the passage of time and catch the essence of a man's character.

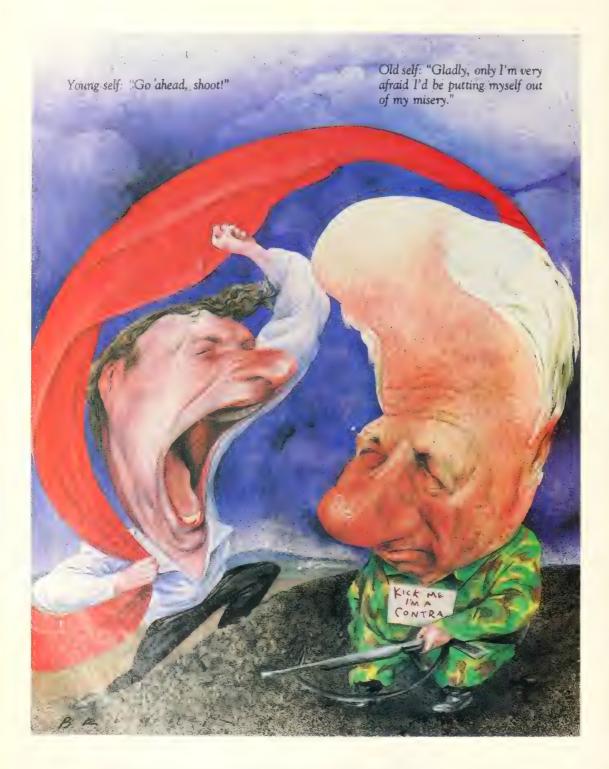
-from Portrait of Max, by S. N. Behrman

#### ANDY WARHOL by Anita Kunz and Balvis Rubess



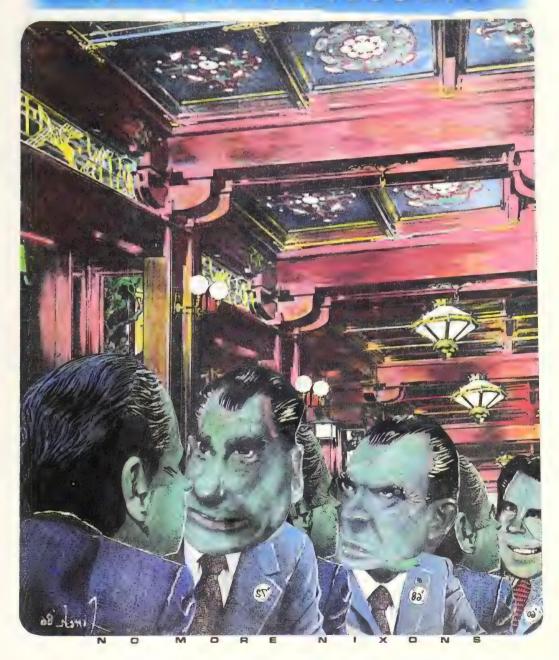
Anita Kunz's work has appeared in the London Sunday Times, Esquire, and Rolling Stone. Balvis Rubess is an illustrator and has worked as a designer for Porsche.

#### NORMAN PODHORETZ by Steve Brodner



Steve Brodner's work has appeared in Harper's Magazine, the Progressive, and Playboy.

#### RICHARD NIXON by Matthew Finch



Matthew Finch's comic strip "Reaganopolis" appears in High Times. His drawings and collages have also appeared in the Village Voice and the Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists.

#### RONALD REAGAN by Philip Burke



Philip Burke's drawings have appeared in Harper's Magazine, the Village Voice, and Vanity Fair.

#### DAVID LETTERMAN by David Suter



D. L. the elder: "Believe! Or the soul shall perisheth like a vine on a rock!"

D. L. the younger: "I'll be darned!"

David Suter's drawings have appeared in Time, the Washington Post, and on the Op-Ed page of the New York Times. His first collection, Suterisms, will be published this month by Available Press/Ballantine.

#### The Prenatal Abyss

The cradle rocks above an abyss, and common sense tells us that our existence is but a brief crack of light between two eternities of darkness. Although the two are identical twins, man, as a rule, views the prenatal abyss with more calm than the one he is heading for (at some forty-five hundred heartbeats an hour). I know, however, of a young chronophobiac who experienced something like panic when looking for the first time at homemade movies that had been taken a few weeks before his birth. He saw a world that was practically unchanged—the same house, the same people—and then

realized that he did not exist there at all and that nobody mourned his absence. He caught a glimpse of his mother waving from an upstairs window, and that unfamiliar gesture disturbed him, as if it were some mysterious farewell. But what particularly frightened him was the sight of a brand-new baby carriage standing there on the porch, with the smug, encroaching air of a coffin; even that was empty, as if, in the reverse course of events, his very bones had disintegrated. . . .

—from Speak, Memory, by Vladimir Nabokov

#### MADONNA by Michael Heath



Michael Heath's work appears regularly in Punch, the Spectator, and Private Eye.

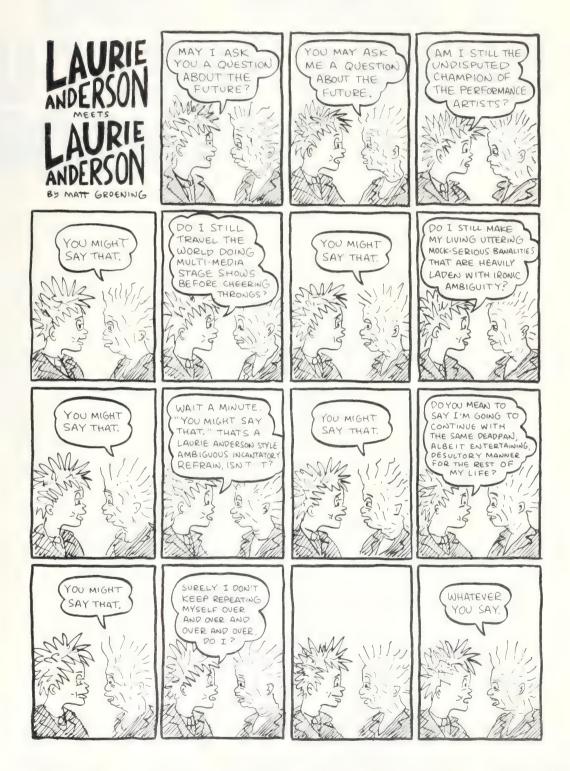
#### The Touch of the Chisel

I saw Gilberte coming across the room towards me. For me the marriage of Saint-Loup and the thoughts which filled my mind at that date—and which were still there, unchanged, this very morning—might have belonged to yesterday, so that I was astonished to see at her side a girl of about sixteen, whose tall figure was a measure of that distance which I had been reluctant to see. Time, colourless and inapprehensible Time, so that I was almost able to see it and touch it, had materialised itself in this girl, moulding her into a masterpiece, while correspondingly, on me, alas! it had merely done its work. . . . I was struck too by the way in which her nose, imitating in this the model of her mother's nose and her grandmother's, was cut off by just that absolutely hori-

zontal line at its base, that same brilliant if slightly tardy stroke of design—a feature so individual that with its help, even without seeing anything else of a head, one could have recognised it out of thousands—and it seemed to me wonderful that at the critical moment nature should have returned, like a great and original sculptor, to give to the granddaughter, as she had given to her mother and her grandmother, that significant and decisive touch of the chisel. I thought her very beautiful: still rich in hopes, full of laughter, formed from those very years which I myself had lost, she was like my own youth.

-from Le temps retrouvé, by Marcel Proust

#### LAURIE ANDERSON by Matt Groening



Matt Groening's comic strip "Life in Hell" is syndicated in forty-six newspapers. His latest book, Work Is Hell, will be published this month by Pantheon.

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#### DESIGN FOR A NEW ACADEMY

An end to division by department By Frederick Turner

he Report of the Task Force on Teaching as a Profession, released last May by the Carnegie Forum, is only the most recent of a cascade of reports and monographs on the failures of American education. Most of them are eloquent on what has gone wrong, but vague or contradictory about why—and even more so about what can be done about it. The Carnegie report is unusual in that it doesn't blame the educational system, which has only been going about the mission we appointed it: training an old-fashioned mass-production work force. But the solutions it suggests—throwing money at the problem, granting more advanced degrees in education—show the same exhaustion of ideas as its predecessors.

Clearly something is missing in the way we are educating our children. And despite our penchant for administrative and financial solutions, I believe we must look to the *content* of education—its conception of the shape of the world, and therefore its manner of introducing students to it—for

both a diagnosis and a cure.

What is that missing something? Most fundamentally, perhaps, it is a sense of cognitive unity, a unity which imparts meaning to the world and from which our values unfold. We cannot go backward to look for this unity; but perhaps it lies before us if only we can cleanse the gates of our

perception.

The one great obstacle to our perception is the academic curriculum, the way it is currently shaped. The last 400 years of scientific and intellectual progress contain a gigantic paradox. Every great advance, every profound insight in the sciences and other intellectual disciplines, has torn down the barriers and distinctions between those disciplines; and yet the institutional result of each of these achievements has been the further fragmentation and specialization of the academy.

Let us consider the following list of disciplines: mathematics, physics, chemistry, biology, anthropology, the arts and humanities, theology. This

Frederick Turner is Founders Professor of Arts and Humanities at the University of Texas at Dallas. His most recent book is Natural Classicism, a collection of essays.

Both the logic and the history of chemistry describe it as a special case of physics, whereas there is no sense in which physics is a special case of chemistry list is not in a random order; it represents roughly the sequence of prerequisites that one will usually find in a college catalogue. That is, a theology major will usually be expected to take arts and humanities courses; an arts and humanities major will be encouraged to take something in anthropology; an anthropologist will surely be expected to take physical anthropology, which requires some knowledge of biology; a biologist must know some chemistry; a chemist must have a working understanding of physics; and a physicist is lost without mathematics. I believe that this sequence reveals a certain instinctive wisdom in the academy, though its larger implications would be denied by many academics. This wisdom points toward a vertical, as opposed to horizontal, unity in the world, a unity which is implicitly denied by many of our fundamental academic metaphors—"field of study,"

"department," "the language of a specialty," even "discipline" itself. We need a new metaphor; what follows is a

search for it.

he spirit of the academy has long been the spirit of specialization. Isaac Newton, the founder of modern physics, is often credited with the invention of the first specialized academic discipline. But Newton's greatest achievement was to unify mechanics, astronomy, algebra, geometry, and optics in such a way as to bridge the border between mathematics and physics, so that from his time forth there could be no physics which was not based on mathematics. Interestingly enough, this connection goes only one way; that is, it would not be accurate to say that there can be no mathematics which is not based on physics. The mathematics of physics, though the only mathematics which is actualized in space and time, is a small sample of

the total set of possible mathematical concepts and operations.

Let us consider another great scientific achievement: the reduction of chemistry to physical principles by such nineteenth-century scientists as John Dalton, whose New System of Chemical Philosophy may be as important as Newton's Principia. Chemistry could be no more than a series of isolated observations until the principles of atomic weight, specific heat, and chemical combination and valence had been established and, above all, until the periodic table of the elements had been drawn. But all these discoveries were in essence a demonstration that chemistry is really a subset, or branch, of physics—that a chemist clinches any argument about his or her conclusions by demonstrating its derivation from known physical principles. Now, much of physics deals with a world in which chemistry need never have come into being. Indeed, there is no chemistry over 3,000 degrees, and since the universe is believed to have begun at a very much higher temperature than that, the laws of physics were sufficient to describe its operations until it cooled sufficiently to permit stable molecules to form. So both the logic and the history of chemistry describe it as a special case of physics, whereas there is no sense in which physics is a special case of

But we need not stop here. One of the most decisive discoveries in biology was that of the double helix structure of the DNA molecule. From this point on, no biologist could be considered to have consolidated a conclusion until it could be demonstrated to be plausibly consistent with the biochemistry of life. In other words, biology is a huge branch of chemistry—biology is what chemistry does when given a volatile cesspool like the planet Earth and some billions of years to play around with. Again the relationship between the disciplines is asymmetrical: chemistry is not a branch of biology, and one could fairly say that the microstructure of biology is chemistry.

Consider, now, anthropology—in its broadest sense, as including sociology, psychology, political science, economics, all the other human sciences. Just as the liveliest controversy once surrounded the reduction of biology to the interaction of dead matter (that is to say, chemistry), so now the most vigorous argument involves the extent to which the study of hu-



man beings is fundamentally the study of an animal species. A remarkable species we are, truly, say the pioneers of this view—as chemistry is a remarkable kind of physics and biology a remarkable kind of chemistry—but an animal species nevertheless. There is a massive convergence in process among the fields of paleoanthropology, sociobiology, human ethology (the study of human behavior as one kind of animal behavior), neurology, psychophysics, linguistics, genetic archaeology, and archaeology, and this convergence points to the imminent collapse of the old boundary that separates the study of humankind from the study of the rest of nature. But again, the relationship—between biology and anthropology—will be one-sided.

Biology is not a branch of anthropology, but it may well be that anthropology is a branch of biology, and that the

microstructure of anthropology is biology.

he moment I say this, I realize that I have lost a good section of my audience; the Scopes trial is still being argued out, and the irony is that many of the opponents of the idea that the study of human beings is fundamentally the study of animals consider themselves enlightened defenders of liberty. We do not like being compared with animals; we believe that we are free and animals are not. But there is no reason to believe that our biological descent makes us automatons. On the contrary; what other rational account of the appearance of novel entities in the world is there than evolution? And what is freedom but the ability to generate novel entities? As biological evolution produced that radical novelty known as humankind—as it had earlier produced the radical novelties of eucaryotes, vertebrates, and primates—so that enormously accelerated version of evolution which we call the human imagination is capable of the leap into a new world known as freedom.

But we cannot stop even here. The same ferment that is seething at the border of biology and anthropology is going on at the border of anthropology and the arts, in such fields as cultural anthropology and folklore. And the result of this ferment will be the final recognition of the arts and humanities as a branch, or subset, of anthropology. So art history, literary criticism, and the rest will have to validate themselves—as chemistry validates itself physically, and as physics validates itself mathematically—by reference to sound anthropological knowledge.

Finally the time will come when the boundary between theology—the study of the divine—and the arts and humanities will be breached in the same way, and we shall evaluate and temper our religion on the basis of what our arts and humanities tell us about ourselves. We may come to see Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, and Nietzsche—and perhaps Michelangelo, Mozart, or even our own Emerson, Thoreau, Melville, and William James—as prophets of such a unity. When this time comes, Francis Bacon's

> and René Descartes's great split between the divine and the natural will have been healed, and we will be back on the main road of human cultural evolution.

n one sense, then, all academic disciplines are sub-branches of mathematics. Perhaps we can put it another way: the laws of the world form a gigantic pyramid—with mathematics as the bottom layer, physics the next, and so on, and with the arts and theology at the top. To understand any layer profoundly, it is necessary to plunge into the discipline beneath it. This hierarchical structure is the dynamic residue of the actual process of evolution in its broadest sense: the evolution of coherent forms of energy out of the probabilistic chaos and mathematical constraints of the first nanoseconds of the Big Bang; the evolution of stable particles and then stable atomic structures as the universe cooled to the point where nuclei could retain electrons; the cooking up of the elements of the periodic table inside the cores of massive stars and the evolution of chemistry as local temperatures dropped below 3,000 degrees; the evolution of life three and a half The laws of the world form a gigantic pyramid—with mathematics as the bottom layer and with the arts and theology at the top

Our political philosophy has not been sophisticated enough to reconcile a hierarchical universe with a democratic society

billion years ago, and the evolution of humankind in the last five million.

At each point in this development the universe leaped to new magnitudes of complexity and integrated organization. It would take an inconceivably greater number of bits of information to describe the current universe than to describe the universe of four billion years ago, and that universe would in turn take many more bits than the incandescent universe of the Big Bang. The further back we go, the fewer physical laws there were, and the simpler the universe. In a sense, the Big Bang universe is still with us as a kind of living fossil, exemplified in the probabilistic and indeterminate interactions of the smallest known physical particles. But at one time that was all there was, and there would have been no need for the laws of chemistry, biology, and so on.

The general structure of the hierarchy of the universe is now fairly clear, and the great epoch of academic specialization and value-free experiment that revealed it might well be expected to be coming to an end. But something very peculiar happened to the academy. Even as the essential unity of the world was being revealed, the academy increasingly divided itself into smaller and smaller microfields and microdisciplines. One reason for this is that the sociology of scientific investigation has demanded an essentially democratic and antiauthoritarian context, and thus the hierarchical form of the organization of the universe has had to be denied lest the cognitive dissonance with the spirit of inquiry paralyze the research effort. Our political philosophy has not been sophisticated enough to reconcile a hierarchical universe with a democratic society.

Another reason for academic specialization is human limitations; nobody is capable of absorbing the whole content of human thought. But the error of the academy has been to deny, by means of its metaphors of demarcation between fields, the intimate connections, the continuous and omnipresent relevance of other fields at every stage of investigation. After all, the metaphorical implication of the phrase "another field"—"not my area," as academics say—is that the other field is over there, not right under one's feet. It would have been wiser—but there was no way of acquiring this wisdom but by going through the mistake—to describe the work of other scientists and scholars as being inside or containing one's own work, or as being above or below it. We would thus acknowledge the commonality of the world we study, and the uncomfortable fact that, for instance, the arts and humanities are a more advanced, but less basic, area of study than physics. To put this in an even more radical way: the arts and humanities are higher physics.

The present model of the academy, implicit in the metaphor of the academic field or area, is of a vast flat plain stretching in all directions and divided by departmental fences into disciplines, each with its own rules, language, and canons of proof. If, on the other hand, the universe itself is much more like a pyramid, then the academy is running the grave risk of falsifying the universe by its model. After all, the most insidious kind of

misinformation is the kind which is not explicit but which is conveyed by the very form of the inquiry. So it is essential that we change our basic metaphor.

uch a change of metaphor is not conceptually impossible. One way of thinking about the structure of the new academy is in terms of one's own body. We do not need to know in detail how the minute chemical servo-mechanisms of the muscles operate in order to move our arms, or how the visual cortex performs its staggering miracle of constructing a coherent visual world out of the buzzing, booming confusion that hits the retina. But we do need to learn, as babies, how to operate the general controls that make it all work. Likewise, a detailed knowledge of the fields that underlie one's own discipline is not necessary, as long as we are able to understand their major principles and laws, their most powerful theoretical generalizations, and as long as we know where to look and what to use in order to

retrieve more precise information as that becomes necessary.

So we need to teach our students in a "top-to-bottom" fashion how the grand principles work; and perhaps we should be prepared to abandon, sometimes, the minute processes of research by which we discovered those principles, at least until the student's general understanding is strong enough for him or her to ask intelligent questions. If the big principles really are as good as we believe, they will imply the minutiae of experimental and mathematical procedure, much as a motor command implies its implementation by the nervous system and muscles. If a student has a sound understanding of the principles of evolution, the beauty of the idea will encourage enough observation of nature to suggest how it was originally proved.

At this point an important distinction must be made. I am not advocating courses in research methods as such—"teaching students how to learn," as it is often termed. The brain is hungry not for method but for content, especially content which contains generalizations that are powerful, precise, and explicit. Our memories are addressed and referenced not by an abstract methodological grid but by significant fragments of their own content. Thus our core courses should deal first with the why of the world, not the how of research, because the how of research is generated by the why of the world.

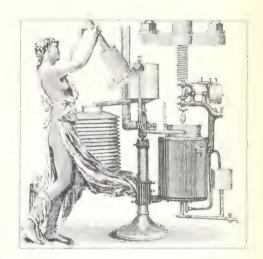
This may all sound harmless enough; but beware. What I am suggesting is that we reverse our ordinary procedure of teaching—that is, method first and conclusions afterward. Instead we must teach the conclusions first. When Bacon inaugurated the scientific project, it was indeed necessary to discard all of the classical conclusions about why the world worked the way it did, for they were not true in practice. Thus it was necessary to start off with method, and make that method as sure as possible in its exclusion of error. But we have been at this work for 400 years, and many of our conclusions have been proven to be sound and to work in practice—as when we design an automobile, a telephone, a new strain of wheat. And the principles we have discovered are more or less consistent with one another, and together can often act as a check on or confirmation of speculation based on one of them alone. Only when paradoxes arise do we need to go back to the old skeptical method.

And if a piece of the information pyramid is missing—say, a body of data about turbulence and laminar flow—we will simply be prompted to go out and collect it. (I choose this example because I believe that in this case, that is exactly what happened.) The point is that if the pyramid of information did not exist, but rather information was just spread out as far as it would go, as in the "academic field" model, there would be nothing to tell us when information was missing. The recent explosion of work in folklore and the oral tradition has a similar origin, I believe; because anthropology had been brought close enough to the humanities to be seen in some way to underpin them, we suddenly noticed how little information we had to make the connection, and set out to obtain it. And we found to our surprise that very rich sources lay right under our noses.

For those at home in the pyramid, nothing human is alien; indeed, nothing is alien. To say this is to predict the end of a whole cast of academic thought, that Brahmin prejudice which once wrote off other cultures as savage, and which now writes off our technological shopping-mall culture as barbarian or worse. The true pyramid dweller does not deplore pop culture. He or she sees it as the raw material of great art. Technology is one of the performing arts by which new realities come into being. And it needs scriptwriters, composers, choreographers.

The pyramid of knowledge is not a static or fixed one. It is continuously growing. And its growth is at all levels, the low as well as the high, the high as well as the low. This picture of things is not reductionist. Though by evolution the low can give rise to the high, the simple to the complex, the determined to the free, nevertheless the high, the complex, and the free,

The brain is hungry not for method but for content, especially content which contains generalizations that are powerful, precise, and explicit



Science teachers ought to be poets; it goes without saying that poets have to be scientists once they exist, can take control of those levels of existence that preceded them. This is a model in which we do not evaluate a descendant or an effect by reference to its parent or cause; rather, we evaluate the cause or parent by its fruits and progeny. By their fruits ye shall know them; and it is not that which goeth into a man that defileth him, but that which cometh out of him.

If my body is healthy, I can use it without thinking about individual muscles; only if I am building a new skill—a new control system—or rebuilding a damaged one should I think about the details of bodily motion. Indeed, an athlete must learn to forget the details of his or her training to achieve the instinctive sense of flow that characterizes a champion. Knowledge of scientific principle is like the possession of a motor skill. Since we have those beautiful, powerful, hard-won principles, or control algorithms—the inverse square law of gravitation;  $E = mc^2$ ; the interplay of selection, mutation, and recombination in evolution; the laws of chemical combination let us teach them all at once, not as composite lumps of evidence but as the natural modes of human action and perception. Our students should feel the fire packed into the atom, the inertia of the thrown stone, the stream eroding the valley, the field of flowers genetically drifting with a little assist from herbivores and climatic change, the sense of social attunement and insight brought about by ritual chant or dramatic peformance. They should see the earth's spin toward sunlight, not the sun rising. Sci-

see the earth's spin toward sunlight, not the sun rising. Science teachers ought to be poets; it goes without saying that poets have to be scientists.

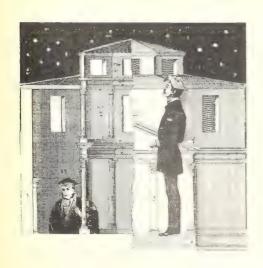
am not suggesting that we can give up the painstaking process of careful experiment in scientific research. The obsessed and dedicated experimentalist will always be necessary. The point I am making is that there is now not only a process and method of science but also an achieved and powerful content—a content which must be grasped in principle by all citizens if we are to survive, and to survive as a democratic society.

What Prospero meant by Art—the unity of science, art, technology, moral choice, magic, craft, and delightful stage illusion—is increasingly possible. Let us speculate that the computer has given us the ability to think by proxy, thus enormously extending the power and capacity of the human brain. Using the computer in conjunction with the information-storage capacity of print, the information-transmission capacity of radio and video, and the extended life span given to us by modern hygiene and medicine, an ordinary human being may now be capable of learning and handling the theoretical underpinnings of a large range of academic disciplines. These disciplines would be unified by a metaphor such as the pyramid, which I have already suggested. A person educated in this way would be in a position to recover that sacramental sense of unity and meaning of the world that was lost when we took the great detour into academic specialization, and that utopians have since sought to impose, unsuccessfully and often bloodily, by political or economic force.

Such a person would not be overwhelmed or paralyzed by the complexity of modern life, any more than we are overwhelmed by the complexity of our own nervous, motor, and sensory systems. We are plugged into our nervous system in such a way that we sit at the top of a long chain of delegated responsibility. We are at the console of the ultimate user-friendly computer, insulated from the literalism of the machine language by a hierarchy of

richer and more powerful special languages designed for easy use and referenced by the most simple mental "mouse"—the transfer of attention.

otice that in this speculative meditation on the educational system of the future the distinction between knowing and doing—between the sensory and the motor capacities—has been blurred. For information, once it is organized in the new great chain of being I am advocating, will



become instrumental and dynamic, pointing not only to other information but to action suggested by the value system implicit in its hierarchical organization. Performance, including technological invention and artistic creation, will become central to education at all levels.

Our educational system has had a dangerous predilection for reductionism—an addiction to the primary, the elementary. If, in love with the exactness and simplicity of those entities which can exist at a primitive level, we dismiss as unreal anything which requires a more sophisticated temporal environment—values, for instance, or individuality, or freedom—we are seeking to turn back the evolution of the universe. We democratize the universe, so to speak, and thus reduce it to easy comprehensibility, avoiding the whole exhausting business of making value judgments by denying their validity. The hierarchical pyramid model, on the other hand, automatically provides the universe with distinctions of value. The evolutionarily later always subsumes and includes the evolutionarily earlier; and therefore, given any measure of value, the more advanced is going to possess more of it than the more primitive.

And it is precisely values that our educational system lacks. The work of the new academy will be to get those sweet and potent brain chemicals flowing, those endorphins which are apparently associated with our enjoyment of the higher intellectual, moral, and aesthetic values. Only in an academy that makes clear the relative importance of things can such a priming of the pump of self-reward be coherently undertaken. And it is not just the higher values which will benefit from such teaching. The lower values have their rightful and honored place in such a hierarchy. In the value-flat model, there are no values at all, because there are no distinc-

tions of values.

This is a call for a change in the fundamental paradigms of study, and in the nature and function of the academy itself—a change as great, perhaps, as that which marked the end of medieval scholasticism and the beginning of the Renaissance humanist university. We have in our own time a project that requires a full mutual engagement of all fields of study, physics as well as poetry, and the hint of a warrant for its success. And if not now, when? If not here, where?

The work of the new academy will be to get those sweet brain chemicals flowing, those endorphins which are apparently associated with our enjoyment of the higher values

# ALL THE PRI

The perquisites of the p

At 8 P.M. on Wednesday, June 11, the stage was set for President Reagan's thirty-seventh press conference. Because his unscripted encounters with the press are often adventures in garbled facts and rambling answers, the White House attempts to orchestrate as much as possible—the President's answers as well as the choice of reporters who will ask the questions. Reagan spent the better part of two days preparing for this occasion. He answered questions from aides posing as reporters and he studied this seating chart, prepared by the White House. White House spokesman Larry Speakes insists that "there really is no grand design," but certain reporters and news organizations are assigned the best seats, and thus have the best chance to ask questions. Of the more than 100 reporters in attendance on June 11, Reagan called on thirteen.

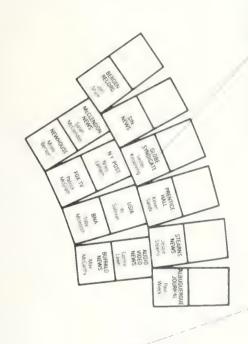
Helen Thomas of UPI is one of the few reporters assured of the President's nod. By a tradition among reporters that dates back to Franklin Roosevelt's administration, the two major wire services—AP and UPI—get the first two questions. On June 11, Thomas began the conference by asking Reagan about the status of SALT II, which she considered "the most pressing issue of the day."

NBC's Andrea Mitchell used to be among the favored few. Along with ABC's Sam Donaldson and CBS's Lesley Stahl or Bill Plante, she was routinely assigned a front-row seat. For a network correspondent, this virtually guarantees the chance to ask a question. (Speakes calls this practice "modern traditional," since it began during the tenure of Richard Nixon.) But Mitchell recently lost out when her celebrated colleague Chris Wallace negotiated a new contract with NBC that grants him exclusive first-row rights. Mitchell is now consigned to the back rows, which, to White House officials and reporters, are known as "Siberia."

Eleanor Clift covers the White House for the Los Angeles Times.

# DENT'S NODS

ference, by Eleanor Clift



Early on, the White House press corps discovered that the President is partial to red, Nancy's favorite color. On press conference nights even the grayest male reporters sparkle with red. One who opted for this strategy on June 11 was Lester Kinsolving, a specialist in embarrassing questions, whom Reagan tries to avoid. In the third row, Kinsolving sported a red blazer, but Reagan passed over him for the reporter "with the red flower," the Buffalo News's Max McCarthy. The White House, thinking McCarthy a safer choice, had put him in the first row.

The three major newsmagazines—*Time*, *Newsweek*, and *U.S. News*—play a game of musical chairs in the first, second, and third rows. On June 11 it was *Time*'s turn to sit in the front row, but David Beckwith wanted to make sure he was also on Reagan's handwritten list—the one on the three-by-five card the President carries with him to the podium. Beckwith told Speakes he wanted to ask Reagan about Star Wars, *Time*'s cover story that week. Speakes agreed, seeing Star Wars as an ideal press conference "softball." The President, however, never got around to Beckwith.

Gary Schuster, despite his distant vantage point, was the fourth questioner recognized. As a reporter for the Detroit News, he covered the 1980 presidential campaign; his irreverent wit and Marlboro Man good looks made him a favorite with both the President and Nancy. Schuster's professional stock rose when Reagan repeatedly sought him out at press conferences, and CBS hired him last year. (He didn't, however, survive the layoffs in July.) Tonight, Schuster asked Reagan what he thought of that day's Supreme Court decision upholding the right to abortion. Reagan misunderstood the question even though he asked Schuster to repeat it, and gave his response to another Court decision concerning the rights of handicapped infants. The Supreme Court miscue typified Reagan's poor performance overall. Later, commenting on his showing, he said that in concentrating on whom to call on he had forgotten what he was supposed to say.

# DREAMS GONE TO RUST

The Monongahela Valley mourns for steel
By David Corn

t the main entrance to the U.S. Steel plant on Route 837 in Duquesne, Pennsylvania, the traffic light has a leftturn arrow to ease passage into the mill. The signal still works, even though the plant has been closed for two years and few cars make the turn anymore. Those that do no longer have to fight the heavy stream of traffic that used to jam Route 837, the main road connecting the four U.S. Steel plants strung out along the Monongahela River from Homestead to Clairton. Across the highway from the mill is a two-story red-brick building, on the front of which hangs a big steel replica of the company's logo and the words Duquesne Works-U.S. Steel. A covered walkway crosses the road and leads into the mill. The doors to the walkway are bolted. At the rear of the building weeds grow in the cracks of the brick stairs that lead to the window marked Paymaster.

In the basement of this building, which once housed the administrative offices of the Duquesne mill, Carvell Wallace is conducting a workshop for twelve unemployed steelworkers. Wallace is a handsome black man in his midthirties. He has drawn a schematic diagram of a job interview on the blackboard behind him. He is talking about the "icebreaker," the question a personnel director might ask at the start of an interview, like "Hey, so what do you think of the Steelers?" Resist the temptation to launch into a lecture on the Steelers, he cautions. When the interviewer asks you to talk about yourself, don't say you went to Canada to avoid the draft or that you've done time in jail. "When you are asked why you left U.S. Steel,

David Corn is a writer who lives in New York City.

you don't want to say you left due to bad management or foreign imports or those lousy politicians," Wallace advises. "You left due to a decrease in demand. It's that simple."

The steelworkers in this workshop range in age from twenty-five to fifty-five. (Technically they are ex-steelworkers, but in the Mon Valley, anyone who has worked in the mill is called a steelworker.) One of the twelve is a woman. All of them keep asking Wallace about honestyjust how far can one stretch the truth in résumés, job applications, and interviews. A middle-aged man wants to know if he should tell an interviewer about a home repair business he tried to start, a business which is failing. Wallace suggests that he say he is currently involved in home repair work. But, the man asks, shouldn't he admit it's not working out? "Never say anything negative," Wallace tells him. The man persists. They go around on this point for several minutes, until Wallace's message gets through. Nothing negative. Never.

Wallace knows his audience and chooses his analogies carefully. In cautioning against sending out too many résumés, he compares looking for a job to deer hunting. "You could send out fifty résumés scattershot," he says. "But imagine you're standing in the woods and you take fifty arrows and shoot them off in every direction. Sure, you might get some response. You might just hit a deer. But will you bring that deer down, or will you just lame it so it can limp away? You have to look at that deer right through your sight. You've been to the place where he runs. You know where he feeds. You wait. You watch. Then you hold your breath and squeeze that trigger. You'll hit it in the vital

zone." Throughout the room, heads nod up and down in agreement.

Wallace's class is one of a half-dozen offered at the lob Search Assistance Center, Established by U.S. Steel and the United Steelworkers of America in June 1984, the center offers guidance and support to laid-off U.S. Steel employees. Last September, when I first visited Duguesne, the center was busy. In the Mon Valley. once the heart of the nation's steel industry, the number of U.S. Steel employees has fallen in the past five years from 23,000 to fewer than 5,000, as the company has diversified into other businesses and cut back its steel operations. (Acknowledging the diminished role steel plays in the company, U.S. Steel changed its name to USX in July.) In November 1984, the Duquesne mill became the first U.S. Steel facility in the area to shut down completely. Two thousand workers lost their jobs.

Residents of the Mon Valley often hear that the Duquesne closing and the decline of the local steel industry are part of a larger change working its way through the American economy. The shift from heavy industry and manufacturing to high technology and services is usually portraved as necessary and inevitable, but to the people who come to the job center, this is small consolation. Stranded between the old economy and the new, they testify to the fact that the transition is not a smooth or painless one.

In Duquesne and the neighboring towns, where 55 percent of the heads of households are out of work, responses to the loss of steel jobs have been varied. A group of union activists waged a campaign to reopen the blast furnace at Duquesne, possibly as an employee-owned facility. But the effort fizzled after a New York investment bank hired by the union concluded that it probably wouldn't be profitable. A handful of radical Lutheran ministers preach to angry congregations about "corporate evil," and demand federal aid and private investment for the Valley. Many steelworkers have given up: the suicide rate in the Monongahela Valley is twice the national average. Others wait, clinging to the hope that U.S. Steel will one day fire up the Duquesne blast furnace again. And some come to the job center to learn how to write a résumé, how to call for an interview, how to dress for success.

"Blue-collar workers generally had jobs that never required verbal or written communication skills," Wallace explains to me after the workshop. "We see people here who cannot read. They can't write résumés." For most laid-off steelworkers, looking for work is something they never really had to do. Finding a job meant going around to the different mills in the Mon Valley-after high school, after the service, after knocking around for a few years—filling out forms, taking physicals, and waiting to see which mill called first. The call usually came soon, bringing an offer of a job for life—or so most steelworkers thought.

he first thing you see after entering the lob Search Center is a bulletin board listing the weekly schedule of workshops. There is one on "job networking." The schedule notes that "85% of all jobs are found through networking." There is also a workshop on job interviews. According to the posted description, "85% of being hired is because your [sic] likable" and "15% of being hired is because your [sic] skilled." This seminar also offers instruction on "what to wear and the art of handshaking." Near the door, another bulletin board advertises job openings across the nation. Southern California Edison is looking for workers in thirty-six categories. ranging from painter to pipe welder to health physics engineer to nuclear chemical technician. McLouth Steel in Trenton, Michigan, needs ten electronic-instrument repair technicians. One notice calls for a ditch digger. There is a third bulletin board on which hundreds of names are posted. These are the fortunate ones who have passed through the center and found full- or part-time work.

Every Monday morning, the "Network Meeting" convenes at the center. Today, about a dozen laid-off steelworkers, each of whom has signed a "contract" obliging him to spend twenty hours a week looking for work in return for the services provided by the center, are meeting to review their progress. At the front of the room are large mock-ups of standard job-application letters. "After \_\_\_\_\_ years of increasing responsibility in the steel industry," one reads, "I am seeking a new challenge to continue my career momentum."

The meeting begins like an Alcoholics Anonymous gathering. "My name is Joe," says the first speaker. "I was laid off in June 1984. I have a part-time cleaning job. It keeps me off welfare. We ain't giving up." Jimmy, who is wearing a Tshirt and a baseball cap, tells of hitting every construction site in Pittsburgh and finding no work. He complains about the response he's gotten to a letter he wrote to President Reagan about being laid off. "He can call Pete Rose, but he can't call me," Jimmy growls. Bill says he knows of a new, but non-union, hotel in Pittsburgh that will soon be hiring. Steve, who worked in the accounting department at the plant, has heard rumors that there are jobs as customs inspectors at the Pittsburgh airport. Some of the men scribble down every job lead.

Art Schaeffer, who is quick to tell anyone he meets his exact height (four feet seven inches), 'I was laid off in lune 1984. I have a part-time cleaning job. It keeps me off welfare. We ain't giving ub'

We're going to organize your job search like a military campaign,' says the counselor. 'There'll be no excuses'

is frustrated. He applied for a job in a printing shop and the interviewer told him he would call him back. Art never heard from him. "Did you call him?" asks Joseph Carr, who is leading the workshop. Art says he couldn't find the print shop's number in the phone book. Carr asks if he tried directory assistance. Art, a little embarrassed, answers no. Carr then asks him if he went back to the employment agency where he learned of the opening. "I didn't think of that," responds Art. "I'm getting disgusted, but I ain't giving up either," he adds combatively. "That job's gonna come soon." Carr shakes his head.

While the steelworkers are talking, Melvin, an industrial electrician in his late twenties, has been organizing a green notebook full of want ads that have been cut out of local newspapers and pasted on sheets of paper. When it is his turn to address the group, Melvin tells them of a letter he has just sent to the manager of employee relations for the industrial paint department at PPG. He explains that before writing the letter, he went to the library and read the company's most recent annual report. The report contained a letter from the chairman of the board, Vincent Sarni, stating that the company's traditional product lines were not performing as well as anticipated and that the firm must look to change. Melvin copied this down in his notebook, and in his letter to PPG, he quoted from Sarni's message. Melvin reads part of his letter to the group: "I have become familiar with company accomplishments, policies, and objectives for future progress. For a diversified company is a strong company, and as I quote Mr. Sarni, 'The challenge of achieving our goals will be our ability to anticipate the potential impact of change and seek out new opportunities as they develop.' Therefore just as business must continue to change if it is to prosper and grow, so must the individual employee." The others applaud. "If that don't get you a job, I don't know what will," one says. One of the counselors adds, "I can't see them turning you down after that." Melvin smiles and closes his notebook.

When this part of the workshop is over, Carr takes over. "We're going to organize your job search like a military campaign," he says sternly. "There'll be no excuses. I don't care if your grandmother dies. If you're at a funeral home, you network. There has got to be somebody there with a job for you." Carr tells the men that from now on, they must come to meetings dressed as if they were going on a job interview. Groans go up around the room. That means a tie and no baseball caps. More complaints. But Carr, who is wearing a white dress shirt, a tie raised by a gold collar pin, and dark slacks, holds firm. After the meeting, he stops me in the hall.

He wants to make sure that I haven't misinterpreted the harsh tone he used with the steelworkers. "We have to play good cop, bad cop with them," he explains. "They will use excuses, like the prejudice against mill hunks, and make only a marginal effort, to salve their consciences or get the wife off their backs. We try to strip them bare, and then show them all the

ways to look for a job—how they can even use the obituaries to find work."

Deveral months later, curious about what had happened to the job center and the people I'd met there, I returned to Duquesne. Though the center had been scheduled to close at the end of the year, U.S. Steel had come up with enough money to keep it open through September. There had recently been a new round of layoffs at the Homestead mill, about four miles up the river from Duquesne (the mill would shut down completely in May), and benefits for those laid off at Duquesne had long since run out.

Carr has invited me to sit in on a four-day workshop with fifteen or twenty steelworkers new to the center. The workshop is designed to teach them the skills they need to make the transition from mill hunk to whatever comes next. Carr, who is in his late twenties and has a neatly trimmed beard, seems a bit embarrassed when I arrive early on a clear and sunny Tuesday morning in April: only three people have shown up. "When the weather first gets nice, things can drop off," he explains. "The underground economy opens up again, and they can earn some money cutting lawns, painting houses."

Downstairs in a basement classroom with a view of the mill across the street, the three steelworkers take their seats around a table and introduce themselves. Art worked as a welder at Homestead for thirty years, Bob was a millwright there for seventeen years, and Danny ran a computer-operated lathe at the pipe works at the National mill for three years. Danny, twenty-seven, was able to find work at a bakery; he is now on vacation. The session begins with each man telling his story. Art, a hefty man in his early fifties who fiddles constantly with his pipe, goes first. He had a job he liked, the same one his dad had held, and at the same mill. He would arrive in the morning, pick up his assignment from the boss, and then spend the day welding equipment, bridges, trestles, railroad tracks, you name it. He says he's not bitter, but he gets worked up when he recalls how his shop was shut down. "There's stuff still in there, rusting," he says. "Millions of dollars of equipment." Bob, thirty-eight and paunchy, breaks in: "These guys from the Irvin works came down with pickup trucks to take whatever they could. A beautiful tool room was gutted. At Open

Hearth 5, there was half a million dollars' worth of electrical parts, fittings, valves—all stainless steel and brass—and they treated it like scrap."

Dan Nicholes, who is leading the workshop. listens as the men swap stories of U.S. Steel's lack of respect for the mills. "When they shut down the open hearth at Homestead, they put brand-new stuff into the furnace," Art says. "They melted down a lot of equipment. They did not want that hearth to ever open again. Danny interrupts. He speaks haltingly, nearly shouting: "We had a new machine shop come in. Six months later the department shut down. And they said we had orders going to 1990. Everybody thought we were going good. Then they bought Marathon Oil and we lost all our orders. One Friday we come to work and we all get the slip. We don't know what happened. The book said 1990." There are stories of fudged books and complaints about layer upon layer of wasteful management.

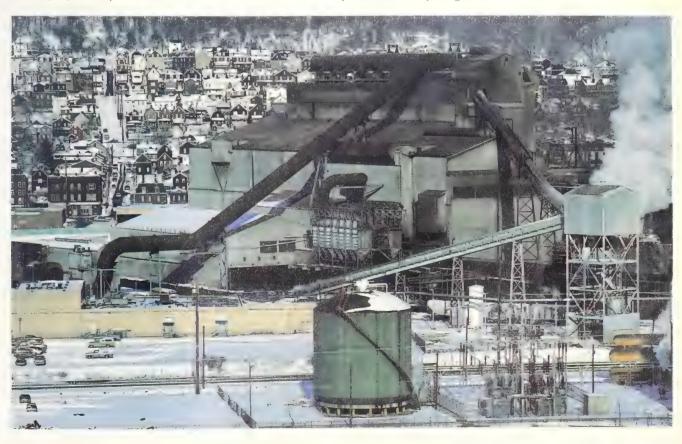
Nicholes lets the discussion run its course, and then asks Bob to tell his story. In 1968, after leaving community college, he heard the Homestead mill was hiring. Back then, he says, if you were walking and breathing, you were good enough for U.S. Steel. "It's the classic story," he says. "You apply, take a physical, and they say you can start the next day. Seventeen years in, and what can you show for it?" Bob took home \$26,000 a year when he worked in the

mill. He and his wife took Caribbean cruises and vacationed in Florida and Hawaii. "I remember buying a new car and a new truck on the same day, laying out \$17,000. It didn't even slow you down. In 1968 we were making steel for 'Nam. The parking lot at the mill looked like the lot at a Chevrolet dealer—all new cars. Everybody felt the mill would always be here. On that basis they went out and bought cars, houses, and all. Then the lid closed all of a sudden and they were knee deep in debt. It's a real kick in the ass."

When Bob is finished, Nicholes tells the group that every job advertised in the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* draws between 200 and 400 responses. That means a personnel director sits down at his desk with a stack of at least 200 résumés. "We figure you get thirty to sixty seconds to make that first cut," he says. "You have to look for a job differently than you looked for your first." Danny laughs. "We're starting brand-new, like we never had jobs," Bob adds softly. But the three men are not ready to look ahead yet: they launch into a discussion of unfair hiring practices at the mills.

After a break, Nicholes draws a curve on the blackboard. It starts near the top, then drops sharply, rises again, and finally tapers off. The curve represents the psychological dynamics of unemployment, Nicholes explains. The high point represents your state of mind when you have a job, when everything's fine. "You don't

'Everybody felt the mill would always be here. They went out and bought cars and houses. Then the lid closed'



For seventeen years, I went down to the shop each day and they told you what to do. Now where am I going?'

see it coming until you see your name on that wall and there's no work next to it," Bob says. Danny says that when the men in his department learned they had been laid off, they ran down to their boss's office: "We said, what the heck is this. We have orders on the books." That's right, Nicholes says. The first reaction is denial: there must be some mistake; this can't be happening to me. He plots "Denial" on the curve, just where it begins to drop.

Farther along the curve he plots "Anger" (who screwed up?), "Bargaining" (what if we take pay cuts?), and then, at the bottom, "Depression" (it's really true, it's gone). The curve finally begins to rise at "Acceptance." You feel rotten about what happened, but you have to go on with your life. But go where? The conversation turns to relocation. "I know people who've gone to Virginia, and they came back 'cause they can't survive on those four-dollar-an-hour jobs," Danny says. "I got buddies who work in Virginia, but only because there's nothing here," Bob adds. "But they got nothing to show. They go to work, come home, and sit. You're not getting the car you want. Might as well forget about a house. Eat, sleep, and work. The American dream is gone."

Nicholes steps in: "That's all part of your depression," he says. "You don't have to accept three-fifty-an-hour jobs forever. But you might have to accept one for the short term. If you decide you are going to be an electronics technician, you are an electronics technician. You just don't have a position as an electronics technician. Your full-time job is to find one. These low-paying jobs in Virginia and South Carolina are not for you." But the men seem uneasy. "We have no experience at this," Bob complains. "For seventeen years, I went down to the shop each day and they tell you what you are doing that day. Now where am I going?" Nicholes has an answer: just by searching hard for work, a person can regain his self-esteem and sense of purpose. "Once you see you can do this," he says, "it sets off a lot of energy. Once you call someone on the phone and he says,

sure you can come in and talk, it's a high.'

rt Schaeffer is waiting for me upstairs in Joseph Carr's office. When I first met him at the center last fall, he was gregarious and optimistic. That next job was going to come tomorrow or the day after. Now it's hard to get him to talk. Art worked the overhead crane in the open hearth furnace in Duquesne for ten years. He was laid off on May 24, 1984, and got his last unemployment check in February 1985. The state took over his mortgage and his telephone was disconnected. He is now, as he puts it, "on DPA"-Department of Public Assistance, or welfare. "It's no damn good," he says. "It's embarrassing. The other guys say you got to do it. But I'd rather be working."

Art looked for work as soon as he was laid off. but there is little call for crane operators in the Valley these days. He tells me that even if he could put his pride aside, he wouldn't settle for a minimum-wage job. Not only would he bring home less than he does on welfare, but his wife, who is ill, would lose her state medical benefits. Art estimates that he has to make at least six dollars an hour to cover his bills. "He's past apathy," Carr tells me later. "The welfare system is not working for him."

Although Art occasionally looks at the want ads, he is no longer really searching for a job, and he has stopped coming to the center. "It was hard to see other guys getting work," he explains. Most of the time he stays home and watches game shows on TV. "I'm not going to find work," he says. "Hell, if I haven't found anything by now... My nerves are just about shot. I jump on my wife and kids for no reason. Carr will tell you I tried. I get so damn depressed. The world could end today, and I don't give a damn. You're fifty-three and they don't want you anymore." On his jacket is an "ironmaster" emblem, which U.S. Steel awarded to the workers at Duquesne for the mill's high productivity in 1984, the year the plant closed down. At the end of our conversation he leans forward and in a low voice asks, "Is there a way a fellow could make a few bucks out of your article?" I am not sure what he means. "Can a guy get some pay for this?" Before I can answer, one of the job counselors walks into the office, and Art gets up to leave.

In the hallway upstairs, I notice a steelworker in his fifties writing something on the blackboard. As I walk by, he stops and looks at me guiltily. I cannot read what he is writing. When I turn the corner I look back and see his message. In bold letters he's written "Go South." That thought is ever present at the center. "We warn them that if they are not willing to relocate, it will be hard to get a job," Carr says. But many steelworkers are not eager to leave the area. "'Relocation' is a dirty word," another counselor tells me. Many of the men are thirdor fourth-generation mill hunks, and feel strong ties to the tightly knit ethnic communities that

grew up in the shadow of the mills.

Those who manage to leave the Valley often find that relocation does not necessarily bring salvation. One steelworker in his mid-thirties who heeded the counselors and moved west returned to the center after a two-week stint as a prison guard in Texas. "I was making five dollars an hour in a dangerous job and, coming from the

North, I had no real chance of promotion," he explains. "The prices were so high I didn't know how I could pay the rent. I figured it was better to starve here with our friends and families." A dozen steelworkers listen intently as he tells his story. News of life outside the Valley is regarded as valuable information.

When the center can find a job in the area for a steelworker, it is unlikely the job will allow him to maintain his standard of living. Of the 1.500 men and women who have signed up with the center, about 45 percent have been placed in jobs. Being "placed," though, means finding any job, full- or part-time, and few pay a steelworker's wage. Mark Lesko, a laid-off steelworker who now runs a tavern owned by his mother, speaks wistfully of the days when he earned \$34,000 a year. "It was easy," he says. "You went to work, had a few beers afterward, and then went home. You had a lot of money for the wife and kids. You had nice vacations. You bought anything you wanted. Everybody had a couple of cars, a new truck every year or so. I should have a VCR by now."

"Things kept getting better and better for the mill hunkies," explains Don Rudberg, who used to work at the Duquesne mill. "You'd move from a \$20,000 house to a \$40,000 house to a \$70,000 house. Now you find yourself with a minimum-wage job and a mortgage you can't afford." Of course, some can't even find a minimum-wage job. One seven-year veteran of the Duquesne mill tells me of applying for a night stockboy position at a local supermarket. Ten people put in for six slots; he didn't get the job. "After you've made over ten dollars an hour, they think you're not going to be satisfied with minimum wage," he says. "They're probably right. But we do need the money."

The steelworkers must also contend with local resentment toward mill hunks. During a break between workshops, one man in his midthirties tells me of going to an employment agency recommended by a friend. The head of the firm took him aside and said, "Because you're a friend of a friend, I'm going to level with you. No one wants U.S. Steel employees. You're out of the game." Many companies fear that steelworkers, accustomed to high pay and strong union contracts, will make trouble in low-paying, non-union shops. In fact, there has long been a certain amount of hostility directed at the steelworkers, who were always at the top of the Valley's social order. This man, who went back to school to study computer programming, tells me that when he once complained about a grade, his teacher sneered: "Think you're worth more, steelworker?"

Carr senses that my talk with Art Schaeffer was discouraging. I tell him I want to talk to

Jimmy, the man who wrote to the President. and there is a note of shame in Carr's voice when he says that just last week. Jimmy learned that his bank had begun proceedings to foreclose on his mortgage, that his truck had been repossessed, and that his medical coverage was in jeopardy. As if that weren't enough, he wound up in intensive care for a diabetes-related problem. After telling me this story, Carr is pleased to see Iim Barry walk into the office. Barry was a burner at Homestead for twenty years (he cut, or "burned," long steel slabs into shorter pieces). and his wife was a supervisor at Duquesne. "We went from two big salaries to collecting cheese,' he says. "We pulled in over \$60,000 together. I had a Cadillac, a Lincoln, a couple of boats. My wife had a mink coat. There was nothing holding us back. Money was no object. My wife went to every Superbowl. It was a good life. Three years ago, someone told me it would end. I said. no way. It was traumatic for me. My wife went to school. I had to do the washing and the cleaning every day."

Barry is a big man with electric blue eyes and a ceaseless grin. He also has a deep tan-not something you see on many mill hunks. While he was out of work, he started a tanning salon in his house, and business has boomed. But Barry knows that browning secretaries is not something he wants to do for the rest of his life, so he came to the center, where he learned to write résumés, cover letters, and post-interview thankyou notes. Eventually he got an interview at a local chemical company. He had not planned to wear a suit to the interview until a counselor told him he should. Of the hundred or so people at the group interview, only a handful were wearing suits. Barry is certain that this is what got him into the training class, which led to a wellpaying job as a material handler. "Of the eighteen people who were in that class, only four were hired," he says, "and I know no

At Wednesday's workshop, Nicholes runs through some more numbers. He holds up a pie chart, based on a U.S. Department of Labor study, which shows how jobs are found: 13.9 percent through want ads, 12.2 percent through employment agencies, and 63.5 percent through personal contacts. Then he explains "the 20 percent solution."

one wrote a thank-you letter but me."

"Compile a list of 100 companies that might be able to offer you employment. One-fifth of those will be worth approaching. Maybe you can get in to see someone at five of those twenty firms. Of those five, say one has a position right for you. Then you probably have a one-in-five shot of getting it. So to get five such shots and odds-on chances of employment—the statistical

I had a
Cadillac, a
Lincoln,
a couple
of boats.
Money was
no object.
My wife
went to every
Superbowl.
It was a
good life'

'Working down in the mill, we sure time,' says Art.'No regrets,' Danny adds. 'I'm glad I got to be a part of it'

probabilities are not exact—you need a list of 500 potential employers." "Whoa!" the three men say at once.

"You have to build your network," Nicholes explains. "You don't know the people who have jobs for you. But you probably do know people who know people who have jobs for you. When people ask what you're doing, say, 'I'm actively conducting a job search.' You can use that a lot." Danny is not sure about all this: "I'm sort of a backward person who don't push himself on people. If I go to a party, my wife hates me to bring up that I'm looking for a job. We're there to have a good time. But what if someone there is the president of a company? So you got to open your mouth." After the workshop is over, I hear Bob mutter, "This all scares the hell out of me."

"It's amazing," says Carr, sitting in his office. "Some of these guys are scared to death by writing a letter or making a phone call." Like the rest of the staff, Carr can sometimes be patronizing toward the people who come to the center. Perhaps this is to be expected: not only must the steelworkers be taught how to write a résumé, but some have to be taught how to dress. Carr laughs as he recalls a workshop in which the participants had been told to dress as if they were going to an interview: "I went around the room and said, 'You look like an accountant,' The guy smiled. To the next, I said, 'You look like a banker.' He smiled. Then someone came in wearing a plaid jacket, a striped shirt, and a polka dot tie. I told him he looked like a used car salesman. He was dejected. I saw that and said. 'No, not really, you look like a computer salesman,' and he perked up. The next week he came in wearing a dark suit, but he had white socks. White socks!" Carr shakes his head. "What do they know? White socks."

Yet Carr is respectful when he speaks of steelworkers on the job. He never tires of telling stories of steelworker ingenuity and industriousness. There was the mill hunk who used egg timers to coordinate the antipollution devices at his plant, saving the company millions. Or the time there was a hot spot in the blast furnace at Duquesne, right before the plant was scheduled to close. (Hot spots occur when material dumped into the furnace clumps together. If the clump isn't broken up, it can explode.) "They had this hot spot just as they were changing shifts, with half the guys in the showers—just when there should have been a who-gives-a-shit attitude,' Carr says. "The supervisor came in and yelled that they had a hot spot. Instinctively, they all ran out to break it up. They didn't care that they were off shift, or that the plant was going to close. Nobody said anything about overtime. That's the type of guys they were."

He swivels around in his chair and looks out the window at the mill. With his back to me, he continues, "They were brain surgeons among brain surgeons. But they can't talk

about themselves or write a résumé."

he third day's workshop starts with a short discussion of résumés. Nicholes runs through the differences between the inverse chronological résumé and the functional résumé. The men take notes. "Pittsburgh is a conventional area, and personnel officers expect to see a chronological history," he says. "A functional résumé waves a red flag. He'll look for the gaps. He'll ask, 'Was this guy in prison?' But if you need a functional résumé, use it."

Nicholes asks Art what position he held in the mill. A journeyman welder, he answers. What did he do? "If it broke, I fixed it," Art replies with a laugh. "It wasn't like I did something special. I did everything. It's hard to explain to someone who wasn't in the mill." Most steelworkers have a lot of trouble describing their jobs to an outsider, and it takes Nicholes several minutes to work out a detailed description of Art's job: "welded pipes and plates and accomplished buildup welding on a variety of industrial equipment for remachining and maintenance to lengthen service of existing equipment." After listening to Nicholes read the description, Art, lighting his pipe, stares off into space and says, "Working down in the mill, we sure had a good time." Danny adds, "Like you said, no regrets. I'm glad I got to be a part of it."

Once they've written their résumés, Nicholes tells them, it is time to launch a "Direct Contact Job Search." This is what he has been building up to. Sure, you can use the want ads and go door-to-door, he explains, but this is the real way to play the game. The goal is to become an insider, because the old axiom holds true: it is who you know. In short, the steelworkers are taught how to network. "First," Nicholes tells the men, "you send the president, vice president of operations, and personnel director of each company a 'focus' letter. Don't send a résumé, and don't even think about asking for a job in this letter. The point is to get an 'informational' interview. You say, 'Dear Mr. Johnson, I am a journeyman welder and would like to know if you can assist me in my job search.' You end the letter by saying you will call next week. The next step is that phone call. When they ask who's calling, just tell them Mr. Johnson is expecting your call. And he is." The men squirm in their seats as they imagine making such a call. Then, Nicholes says, you either talk to him on the phone or set up an interview. You don't ask for a job. You ask for suggestions: whom you

should call, where you should apply. "Your network will expand,' Nicholes says confidently. "You have to talk to and see the people he suggests and then contact the people they suggest. Eventually somebody will suggest you talk to somebody you've already talked to. That's a good sign. That means you've become part of their network. You have become an insider. And

that's when you start to learn of jobs before they hit the papers."

It's a bizarre image—steelworkers making contacts with high-level managers and getting on the inside track. The three men in the workshop seem a bit bewildered; they are not used to receiving help from white collars. "It does take a lot of confidence to do this," Nicholes admits after the workshop. "Some guys will bull through it. But all the rejection can be devastating." Danny and Art are talking in the hall. "I can't wait until I meet some of these guys," says Danny. "But how do you talk to them?" Art shrugs and suggests, "Like they're people?"

That afternoon, Danny invites me to his lodge for a beer. At the Fraternal Order of Eagles, Local 1671, a handful of retirees are sitting at the bar, watching television. Others are playing cards. While we shoot pool Danny talks about the transition from earning \$28,000 a year in the mill to making five dollars an hour at the bakery. "My grandfathers and all my uncles worked in the mill. I saw they were making good livings and figured I could get that too. While it lasted, you could buy anything you wantedcars, house, televisions, the best stereo equipment. Going down to five an hour is a big adjustment. But you don't take the bridge, like some fellows I know." That is, you don't commit suicide by jumping into the Mon River. He talks about his pals from the mill, men in their thirties, working at fast-food restaurants, joining the Navy, moving back in with their parents.

If you want to get Danny going, just mention retraining. He slams down his cue: "You hear Ronald Reagan say to go get your training and schooling, that it will help you. I used the training and readjustment act. I came out of schooling with nothing. No one seems to want you if you don't have the work experience."

Right after Danny was laid off, he enrolled in a program to learn how to be an electronics technician. "I figured high tech is coming in,"



he says. "So I go to school for high tech. But you come out and it's 500 people going for that one job. I'm looking to the future but it's not there. You know what they want to replace the mill where I worked with? A dog track. Six hundred jobs at four dollars an hour. Some high tech."

Danny makes a three cushion shot. I look up from the pool table and

notice several younger guys, all wearing baseball caps, sitting silently at the bar, drinking beer. There are empty stools between them, and they're all staring up at Bugs Bunny on the television set above the bar. Danny catches me looking at them. "Those guys all worked in the mills," he says. "Now they got four-dollar jobs—if they got jobs at all. Likely it's not full-time." "And now they watch cartoons," I add. Danny laughs: "Heck, they always did that. Just not at 2:00 in the afternoon."

We walk out of the hall and head toward our cars. As I'm about to drive away, Danny jumps out of his car and runs over. He has one more point to make. "The biggest thing is to tell them to help those guys out who got into training and schooling but who are nowhere now," he says emphatically. "I wasted two years of my life. They just use that to keep us off the street. When we're out, we can't find the jobs that're supposed to be there." He repeats this message several times, staring at my note pad to make sure I'm getting it all down. He does not seem to

notice he is standing in the snow and shouting.

Vorkshop Four, the last of the series, is devoted primarily to interview techniques. During the informational interview, Nicholes tells them, make sure to ask how the company uses people with your job skills. What changes are ahead for the company? What about the industry? What should I do to prepare? Practice for the interview. Drive to the site a day before so you know how long it will take to get there. Limit your alcohol intake the night before. During the interview, look around the office—at the trophies, family pictures—so you can tell what's important to the guy. "You're doing this so he'll remember you," Nicholes says. "So you become an insider."

After the workshop Danny tells me, "Now maybe I can do these interviews better." Art says he has learned that he needs to set a goal for

'Reagan says
to go get your
schooling.
But no one
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Photograph by Jan Staller \* REPORT 63

economy is changing. I'm trying to make the transition.
But I guess some of us have to get lost in the shuffle'

himself. "That's always been my trouble," he admits. "When I drive past the mill," Bob says, "I see all the people and all the work that was there. 'My mamma the mill,' we used to call it. Hell, they were taking care of you. All of a sudden you're an orphan."

Before leaving the center, I spend some time with Melvin, the industrial electrician I met at a workshop six months earlier. He is waiting for me in the same room where he told the story of quoting the president of a company in his letter to the personnel director. The room has been converted into a lounge. The walls are decorated with travel posters advertising San Diego, Albuquerque, and Virginia. A pamphlet listing 101 facts about Albuquerque is taped to a wall. (Fact Number 20: More than 700 manufacturing firms are located in Albuquerque. Fact Number 34: There are definite changes of season there.)

It is because of the letter Melvin wrote that I want to talk with him. Last September, everyone seemed certain that he was just moments away from a new job.

Melvin tells me he tried the retraining route. "I went to school for electronics, but it hasn't made any difference. Yeah, I know everyone says the economy is changing. I'm trying to make that transition myself, with very little luck. None, really. I'm trying to get into a service business. It's easy to say, make the transition, but... Every time somebody told me about the changes coming, I tried to adapt. I went back to class. I'm still in the process. If I ever get my severance pay, I'll put it into courses. That way my manufacturing money can go to a service education for my future. We all have got to make that adjustment. I hope I can make it with everyone else. But I guess some of us have to get lost in the shuffle.'

It's hard for me to believe Melvin has not found a job. Of all the steelworkers I met, he seemed to be the most earnest, well-spoken, and ambitious—the one most likely to impress an employer. But he has been looking for work for eighteen months and his benefits ran out a year ago. Still, his spirits seem high.

"It's really not that traumatic now," he says. "Maybe because we already hit bottom." He takes out his green spiral notebook, his job search notebook. It is an informal journal of his attempt to find a job—copies of letters he's written, want-ads pasted to pages, lists of companies to contact. He finds the page he wants and pushes the book over to me. "Just read this," he says. I read the first line and look up at him. "My wife wrote it," he explains.

God help me please. Please. Today for the honest, first, time in my life, I wish I were dead. The thought of suicide really meant something to me. It truly seems better than life. I know with no doubt

that if it weren't for Melvin I would be dead. Today was the first time I honestly thought that. I know it to be true.... I believe that I don't really want to work. I just can't stand it anymore. I don't want to. I am very thankful for Melvin, but right now I wish that he weren't in my life. It would be easier to let go then. But he makes me try harder and I just don't have it in me anymore. I'm so tired of being so messed up. I don't blame anybody. It's just there. I'm so tired of failing. The look of disappointment on Melvin's face was/is more than I can bear. For the first time ever in my life I'm seriously thinking about suicide.... I want to get on my knees and pray to God that I don't wake up tomorrow morning. But the thought of failing Melvin, of failing myself, stops me. I at first thought I was being dramatic, but it's real. God help me.

When I finish, Melvin tells me that his wife has always kept a diary of her own; this was the first time she ever wrote in his book. The entry is dated a few months after he was laid off, after she had started to look for work herself. "When I read that I said, forget about me, we have to get a job for her," Melvin says. Within two weeks she had an entry-level position in a construction company. Three months later she found a better job, one that pays ten dollars an hour. "The job process they have here worked perfectly for her," Melvin says with a laugh. "We used everything they taught me. It got her a job. But it hasn't helped me yet."

Melvin still comes to the center, but not as often as he once did. "You have to drive past the mill, and you see them hauling scrap and equipment out of it," he explains. "It's like your car is parked in front of your house and every day another piece is taken. A wheel is gone, then a door, then something else. Piece by piece. Ninety percent of the guys who worked in my department don't come to the center. A lot of it is that they'd have to drive past the mill and they can't do it." Melvin tells me he is now looking into work in crane maintenance. "I was told this is a thriving business." He has gone to the library to compile a list of companies that might need people for such work. Each is a potential employer, and they all go into his green

As Melvin gets up to leave, I realize that I have forgotten to ask what happened with the letter he wrote to the personnel director. He has to think for a moment. "Oh yeah, I remember that," he says. "That didn't go anywhere. I couldn't even get through to him on the phone." He tucks the green notebook under his arm and walks out of the center. He passes Jim Barry, who is putting up a poster for his tanning salon. Melvin gets into his car and drives off, past the empty U.S. Steel Duquesne works, which stretch for almost two miles along Route 837 and the Monongahela River.

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# WANTON ACTS OF USAGE

Terrorism: A cliché in search of a meaning By Christopher Hitchens

The books and reports discussed in this essay are:

Fighting Back: Winning the War Against Terrorism, edited by Neil C. Livingstone and Terrell E. Arnold. Lexington Books. 288 pages. \$28.

Hydra of Carnage: International Linkages of Terrorism—The Witnesses Speak, edited by Uri Ra'anan, Robert L. Pfaltzgraff Jr., Richard H. Shultz, Ernst Halperin, and Igor Lukes. Lexington Books. 656 pages. \$42. Terrorism: How the West Can Win, edited by Benjamin Netanyahu. Farrar, Straus and Giroux. 254 pages. \$18.95.

Terrorism as State-Sponsored Covert Warfare, by Ray S. Cline and Yonah Alexander. Hero Books. 118 pages. \$12.95.

Trends in International Terrorism, 1982 and 1983, by Bonnie Cordes, Bruce Hoffman, Brian Jenkins, Konrad Kellen, Sue Moran, and William Sater. Rand Corporation. 54 pages. \$7.50.

consultant to the State Department on terrorism and executive director of the Institute on Terrorism and Subnational Conflict. In 1983 and 1984, he was principal deputy director of the State Department's Office for Counter Terrorism and Emergency Planning. He is the co-editor, with Neil C. Livingstone, of Fighting Back: Winning the War Against Terrorism. He's also a very nice guy. On April 28 I spent an hour debating with him on C-SPAN, the cable TV network, before an audience of high-school students. I asked him plainly, perhaps half a dozen times, whether he could do the elementary service of defining his terms. Could he offer a definition of "terrorism" that was not:

☐ Tautological or vacuous ("the use of violence for political ends," as Constantine Menges, late of the National Security Council, once put it) in a way that would cover any state, party, movement, or system not explicitly committed to pacifism;

A cliché ("an attack on innocent men, women, and children") of the kind that all warring states and parties have always used to attack all

Christopher Hitchens is a columnist for the Nation and for the Times Literary Supplement.

other warring states and parties; or

☐ A synonym for "swarthy opponent of United

States foreign policy."

My reason for asking so insistently was that the Reagan Administration has yet to define terrorism; the numerous institutes and think tanks which are paid to study it have yet to define terrorism; and the mass media which headline it have yet to define terrorism. I wasn't just looking for a debating point. I really—since this is an issue that might take us to war—wanted to know. Finally, Terrell E. Arnold, who is as I say a nice guy, decided to answer my question. He

Can I provide a universally acceptable definition of terrorism? I fear I have to say I cannot.

That was honest. So, in a clumsier way, was CIA director William J. Casey, in the opening essay of Hydra of Carnage: International Linkages of Terrorism—The Witnesses Speak, edited by Uri Ra'anan, Robert L. Pfaltzgraff Jr., Richard H. Shultz, Ernst Halperin, and Igor Lukes. Kicking off this volume, which seems to represent the distilled counterterrorist scholarship of the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy at Tufts University, Casey begins, promisingly:

In confronting the challenge of international terrorism, the first step is to call things by their proper names, to see clearly and say plainly who the terrorists are, what goals they seek, and which governments support them.

Yes, yes. Who, what, and which? Let's have it. Next sentence: "What the terrorist does is kill, maim, kidnap, and torture."

In other words, and if we are to believe the director of the CIA, the terrorist is nothing new, and nothing different. Can that be right?

One turns to Robert C. McFarlane, former national security adviser to the President and. like so many who farm "terrorism" as a new academic discipline, a "counselor" at the Center for Strategic and International Studies at Georgetown University. In his foreword to the book edited by Livingstone and Arnold, McFarlane defines "acts of terrorism" as "calculated political crimes against people." Perhaps feeling that he should improve on a banality that would comprehend everything from Nazi stormtroopers to the teamsters' union, and from the Khmer Rouge to the contras, McFarlane went a touch further in the Washington Post Book World of May 18 and adopted the definition put forward in the book he was reviewing. The book was Terrorism: How the West Can Win, and was put together by Israel's U.N. ambassador, Benjamin Netanyahu. Terrorism as here defined and seized upon by an impoverished McFarlane is:

The deliberate and systematic murder, maiming, and menacing of the innocent to inspire fear for political ends.

Did Casey, one wonders, raise a lofty eyebrow when he saw that kidnap and torture had been wholly left out of this account?

We don't do much better with Terrorism as State-Sponsored Covert Warfare, by Ray S. Cline and Yonah Alexander. Alexander turns out to be director of the Institute for Studies in International Terrorism at the State University of New York at Oneonta and editor of Terrorism: An International Journal. Both he and Cline are attached to the Center for Strategic and International Studies at Georgetown. Early in the book, the two men state rather disarmingly:

There is no universal agreement about who is a terrorist because the political and strategic goals affect different states differently. There is no value-free definition.

The first sentence is no more than one could have said oneself. The second sentence imperils the whole rationale of the book, and is thus discarded for the remaining hundred pages, wherein "terrorism" is quite easily used as if everybody agreed upon what it meant. For a sample of the depth of thinking and scholarship involved, I

cite the Cline-Alexander analysis of the twentieth century:

Domestic terrorism has risen to a high level of brutality at many times. Stalin's collectivization of agriculture and purges of party and armed forces of the 1920s and 1930s are prime examples. They are rivaled only, perhaps, by Mao Tse-tung's murderous Great Cultural Revolution of the 1960s and 1970s.

(A purist might say that they failed to mention a rather conspicuous example of domestic terror in this century.)

This book has jacket endorsements from, among others, Senator Richard Lugar of the Foreign Relations Committee, who says of Cline that "he has clearly defined the nature of terrorist acts, the role of states in utilizing terrorism, and the options which governments, such as ours, have to respond."

Finally, or at any rate lastly, to the Rand Corporation, which has made rather a good thing out of "terrorism" consultancy and which has produced a masterwork, *Trends in International Terrorism*, 1982 and 1983. The introduction to this pamphlet inquires, as well it might:

What do we mean by terrorism? The term, unfortunately, has no precise or widely accepted definition. The problem of definition is compounded by the fact that *terrorism* has become a fad word that is applied to all sorts of violence.

Six scholars labored to produce this report for Rand, and they were obviously not about to let this piece of throat-clearing get in the way of their grants, trips, and fellowships. For the rest of the study, the word "terrorism" is used without qualification to mean whatever they want it to mean:

In Rand's continuing research on this subject, terrorism is defined by the nature of the act, not by the identity of the perpetrators or the nature of the cause. Terrorism is violence, or the threat of violence, calculated to create an atmosphere of fear and alarm. All terrorist acts are crimes.

A connoisseur might savor that last grace note, given that the Rand study also states, "In Nicaragua, international terrorist violence during 1982–83 consisted only of four hijackings involving Nicaraguans seizing planes in which to flee the country." Aside from the obvious omissions, what is "international" about a

Nicaraguan using force to leave Nicaragua?

y initial question is a simple one. How can a word with no meaning and no definition, borrowed inexpertly from the second-rate imitators of Burke and his polemic against the French Revolution of 1789—when "Terror" meant "big government"—have become the political and

If we are to believe the director of the CIA, the terrorist is nothing new, and nothing different media buzzword of the eighties? How can it have become a course credit at colleges, an engine of pelf in the think tanks, and a subject in its own right in the press, on television, and at the movies?

Some people have noticed the obvious fact that the word carries a conservative freight. It is almost always used to describe revolutionary or subversive action, though there is no reason in any of the above "definitions" why this should be. And I think one could also add that it's tak-

EUROPE AND ARAFAT

en on a faint but unmistakable racist undertone (or overtone), in much the same way as the word "mugger" once did. There's always the suspicion, to put it no higher, that the politician or journalist who goes on and on about "terrorism" has not got the South African police in mind, any more than the "law and order" big mouth means business about the Mafia.

In a defensive reaction to this hypocritical and ideological emphasis, many liberals have taken simply to inverting the word, or to changing the subject. Typically, a sympathizer of the Palestinians will say that it is Ariel Sharon who is "the real terrorist"; a Republican Irishman, that it is the British occupier who fills the bill: and so on. Still others will point suavely to the "root cause" of unassuaged grievance. This is all right as far as it goes, which is not very far. You don't draw the sting from a brainless propaganda word merely by turning it around. The word "terrorist" is not-like "communist" and "fascist"-being abused; it is itself an abuse. It disguises reality and impoverishes language and makes a banality out of the discussion of war and revolution and politics. It's the perfect instrument for the cheapening of public opinion and for the intimidation of dissent.

In the Oxford English Dictionary there is only one useful citation of the term once you get past the tautologies ("any one who attempts to further his views by a system of coercive intimidation"). This usage comes to us from that great and worldly nineteenth-century divine, the Reverend Sydney Smith. Smith, who once boasted that his sermons were "long and vigorous, like the penis of a jackass," defined a terrorist as "one who entertains, professes, or tries to awaken or spread a feeling of terror or alarm; an alarmist, a scaremonger."

This usage may seem perverse, but it's much more enlightening than any of the hysterical commonplaces that pass for definitions today. Consider the case of Syria. Here is a large country with a long history. It contains competing elites from at least three major strands of Islam, plus many Christians of varying stripes. Geopolitics has removed Lebanon and the Golan Heights from its territory in the last half-century. It has been through countless wars and coups and repressions. Not long ago, Ted Koppel devoted a rare half-hour to this country. What was the question asked and debated? How did the experts and Administration spokesmen approach the land of Aleppo and Damascus? Why, by asking "Is Syria terrorist?" This is the sort of question which insults the audience as much as the presumed victim or target. Yet it's the level of question to which this ridiculous word has reduced us.

What an astounding state of affairs. A great

power, and a purportedly educated and democratic intelligentsia, have allowed themselves to be "terrorized," as the Reverend Smith would have put it, into viewing the world this way. Stalin was terrorist, Mao was terrorist, Arabs are terrorist, Europeans are soft on terrorism, Latins are riddled with it. Whisk, whisk... and there goes history, there goes inquiry, there goes proportion. All is terror. The best that can be said for this method is that it economizes on thought.

You simply unveil it like a Medusa's head and turn all discussion into stone.

his is a bit of a disgrace to language as well as to politics. English contains rather a number of words, each of them individually expressive, with which to describe violence and to suggest the speaker's attitude toward it. Any literate person could duplicate, expand, or contest the following set of examples:

1. One who fights a foreign occupation of his country without putting on a uniform: guerrilla or *guerrillero*; partisan; (occasionally) freedom fighter.

2. One who extorts favors and taxes on his own behalf while affecting to be a guerrilla: ban-

dit; brigand; pirate.

3. One who wages war on a democratic government, hoping to make it less democratic: nihilist; (some versions of) fascist, anarchist, Stalinist.

4. One who gives his pregnant fiancée a suitcase containing a bomb as she boards a crowded airliner: psychopath; murderer.

- 5. One who cuts the throat of an unarmed civilian prisoner while he lies in a shallow grave and buries him still living after inviting an American photographer to record the scene: contra.
- 6. One who makes a living by inspiring fear and temporary obedience in the weak and vulnerable: goon; thug; kidnapper; blackmailer; hijacker; hoodlum.
- 7. One who directs weapons of conventional warfare principally at civilian objectives: war criminal.
- 8. One who believes himself licensed to kill by virtue of membership in a religious or mystical fraternity: fanatic; (traditionally) assassin.

Only the fifth of these examples is mischievously propagandistic, and I include it both as a true incident and as a joke about the prevailing self-righteousness. Meanwhile, we have not even begun to parse the words "tyrant," "despot," "dictator," "absolutist," and "megalomaniac." "Terrorist," however, is a convenience word, a junk word, designed to obliterate distinctions. It must be this that recommends it so much to governments with something to hide,

to the practitioners of instant journalism, and to shady "consultants."

I can give two examples of what I mean by "convenience word." When I was in Rhodesia years ago, the colonial government practiced a fairly light, inept, and porous form of censorship. It was not exactly illegal to advocate majority rule or to criticize repressive policy. News from the outside world was allowed in, despite numerous farcical exceptions and restrictions. But one thing was strictly forbidden. The names of Robert Mugabe and Joshua Nkomo, rival leaders of the black population who were then in an uneasy coalition, could not legally be published or broadcast. This meant that when a bomb went off in an oil depot, say, it would be denounced in the press as the work of "an externally-based terrorist leader." This simplified matters to some extent. The slang word "terr," for example, did not have the ambiguity I just mentioned in connection with "mugger," It always meant "troublesome black person." And there were no wearisome inquests about the propriety of journalists doing interviews with Mugabe or Nkomo and not turning them in to the police, because it was strictly illegal to publish such interviews. It also meant that everything that went wrong (plenty) could be blamed on "an externally-based terrorist leader."

The policy turned out to be a sick joke on its defenders. The second most important fact about Rhodesia, after its status as a white-ruled colony, was the tribal and political division between Mugabe and Nkomo, Shona and Ndebele, ZANU and ZAPU, ZIPRA and ZANLA. So you heard settlers, white of skin and right of wing, asking one another anxiously which "externally-based terrorist leader" the government meant that day. They needed and wanted to know, but were prevented by their own illusions from finding out. It wasn't unheard-of for quite well-connected whites to get in touch with journalists—the same journalists they denounced in their clubs and their cups as morale-sapping liberals-and ask what Mugabe (or Nkomo) had really said the previous weekend. There were many sighs of relief when Rhodesia belatedly became Zimbabwe, and many of these sighs came from the white establishment. I've often thought that they must have rejoiced to be rid of the strain of calling all Africans "terrorists" or "terrorist sympathizers."

Another story: In March of 1976, I sat in Baghdad opposite Abu Nidal while he railed against imperialism, Zionism, and so forth. I sat up only when he issued a threat against somebody I knew. Said Hammami, who headed the PLO office in London at the time, had been writing articles for the *Times* calling for a territorial compromise over Palestine. Abu Nidal told

'Terrorist' is a convenience word, a junk word, designed to obliterate distinctions rulers fool and by which history is abolished? me that if I saw Hammami I should warn him that he had attracted displeasure. I thus had the unusual experience, a short while later, of delivering (or at any rate passing on) a death threat. Hammami had heard this kind of talk before, of course. I don't think our conversation seemed as memorable to him at the time as it still is to me; he was murdered in his Mayfair office not long afterward.

Though most people recognized then that we had lost a very brave and thoughtful man, by the standards that prevail today, nothing much had happened. One "terrorist" had perhaps killed or commissioned the killing of another "terrorist." The PLO is regarded as a terrorist organization by the United States government, and that has the effect of making distinction and discrimination impossible. Is it possible that this is the intention of the term?

Stupidity here makes an easy bedfellow, as always, with racialism, and with the offensive habit of referring to "the Arabs." All Arab states and all Arab parties and communities recognize the PLO as the representative of the Palestinians. Define the PLO as "terrorist" and what have you done? You've flattened the picture of the Middle East, for one thing. All Arabs are, ex hypothesi, terrorists or terrorist sympathizers. And what can't you do with terrorism? Compromise with it, that's what you can't do. Anybody knows that, for gosh sakes. So-no need to compromise with the Arabs, who have to keep apologizing for living in the Middle East too. This idiot syllogism is a joke only if you haven't seen the Congressional Record for May and June, and read the contributions of our legislators to the Saudi arms "debate." Like bootleggers smashed on their own hooch, the "anti-terrorism" types were debauched by their own propaganda.

You can see the same process at work if you turn the pages of the report issued by the Long commission, set up by the Defense Department to find out "what went wrong" with the Marine expedition to Beirut. This document is a pitiful thing from whichever political or literary standpoint it is approached. It reeks of self-pity and self-deception. We learn that "it was anticipated that the [marines] would be perceived by the various factions as evenhanded and neutral." Anticipated by whom? And which factions?

Later, according to the commission, the "environment could no longer be characterized as peaceful. The image of the marines, in the eyes of the factional militias, had become pro-Israel, pro-Phalange, and anti-Muslim." When would the "environment" of Beirut have been "characterized as peaceful"? Again, which factional militias? The same ones whose welcome was earlier "anticipated"? And were the militias right or

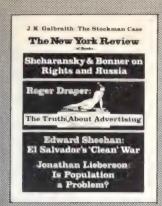
wrong about the tendency of American allegiance, or was it, as the report says, an "image" problem? There would be no glue with which to hold this tenth-rate explanation together if the report did not use the words "terrorism" and "terrorist" 178 times. So that's all right then. We know our enemy.

The terrorist is always, and by definition, the Other. Call your enemy communist or fascist and, whatever your intentions, you will one day meet someone who proudly claims to be a communist or fascist. Define your foe as authoritarian or totalitarian and, however ill-crafted your analysis, you are bound to find a target that amplifies the definition. But "terrorist" is hardly

more useful than a term of abuse, and probably less so.

ne way of putting this simple point is to take the "anti-terrorist" argument at its strongest. Random violence is one thing, say the wellfunded experts, but it gets really serious when it's "state-sponsored" terrorism. The two words that are supposed to intensify the effect of the third actually have the effect, if we pause for thought, of diminishing it. It is terrifying to be held at gunpoint by a person who has no demands. A moment of terror is the moment when the irrational intrudes—when the man with the gun is hearing voices or wants his girlfriend back or has a theory about the Middle Pyramid. But if the gunman is a proxy for Syria or Iran or Bangladesh or Chile (the fourth being the only government mentioned here that has ever detonated a lethal bomb on American soil), then it isn't, strictly speaking, the irrational that we face. It may be an apparently irreconcilable quarrel or an apparently unappeasable grievance, but it is, finally, political. And propaganda terms, whether vulgar or ingenious, have always aimed at making political problems seem one-sided.

Why should they not? That is the propagandist's job. What is frightening and depressing is. that a pseudoscientific propaganda word like "terrorism" has come to have such a hypnotic effect on public debate in the United States. A word which originated with the most benighted opponents of the French Revolution; a word featured constantly in the anti-partisan communiqués of the Third Reich; a word which is a commonplace in the handouts of the Red Army in Afghanistan and the South African army in Namibia; a word which was in everyday use during the decline of the British, French, Portuguese, and Belgian empires. Should we not be wary of a term with which rulers fool themselves and by which history is abolished and language debased? Don't we fool and console ourselves enough as it is?









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# THE AUTUMN OF THE PARTICIPLE

Latin writers take a meeting By Peter N. Nelson

terrible embarrassment occurred at the First South American Writers' Conference, after the Veloso incident, and after metallic objects had fallen from the face of Colonel Elpidio Aguiar. Colonel Elpidio commanded a small garrison of lepers in the town of Santa Vario dela Sumbra, whose job it was to patrol the vast banana reserves of the interior on donkeyback and make reports on the emotional well-being of the monkeys they found there, their relative happiness a useful economic indicator when plugged into a formula developed by the Ministry of Agriculture so complex that nobody could understand it, until the day a letter came to the colonel's desk from the minister of information, Admiral Ernesto Valade, summoning the colonel to a large windowless building opposite the presidential palace in Manera. The colonel expected the worst, and even, to curry favor, brought with him his own firing squad of lepers under his command, glad to get the time off away from the dismal environs of Santa Vario dela Sumbra's banana reserves, depressing because the only way to tell how happy a monkey is is to hold it—each time they picked a monkey up, they infected it with leprosy, which saddened the monkeys, hence the dismal performance of the economy, according to the Ministry of Agriculture's wise and complicated formula, and the colonel was sure he was going to be blamed. Instead, the admiral insisted that the colonel accept a post with the Office of Censorship.

The admiral explained that the colonel's first task would be to host the First South American Writers' Conference, at the Hotel das Cataratas, by the waterfalls of Iguacu. The Ministry of Information had decided that this would be the best way of finding out just who the South American writers were. In the colonel's coun-

Peter N. Nelson is a freelance writer living in Northampton, Massachusetts.

try, one could not go into bookstores for such names, for there hadn't been books in them since President Valdeboncouer's first administration. The presidente had seen a vision of the Virgin Mary dancing with a waiter at his inaugural ball, and took it as a sign—within a week, he amended the constitution and declared that knowledge was evil and therefore unlawful, for it seemed clear, in the message of the Tree of Knowledge, that man in his purest state knows nothing. The amendment came as good news to the peasants, mulattoes, Negroes, Indians, and Gypsies, who were so rich in ignorance as to be completely unaware of it, but as bad news to writers and intellectuals, even when the presidente explained that they would be freer than ever to write what they wanted to once reading was a thing of the past. The colonel's father, Elpidio the Father, called Senhor Elpidio in the town of Bexigador, where the colonel grew up, was one such writer, one who would have been better known if Bexigador had had a postal system, but it didn't, forcing Senhor to send off his manuscripts via messengers, who frequently fell victim to bandits waiting in the mountain passes. Admiral Valade remembered the colonel's father—it was why he'd chosen the colonel to host the conference. Like so many in the civil services, the admiral had been a bandit in his younger days. He remembered robbing messengers in mountain passes and reading stolen manuscripts aloud to fellow bandits at night, when there was nothing better to do than sit around the fire smoking charutos while giant beetles whistled in the arboreal darkness.

The colonel's first task was making sure no two writers who despised each other had adjoining suites or, in extreme cases, to avoid unnecessary sniper fire, rooms opposite each other across the central courtyard, where the hortensia was in blossom and fat red parrots squawked from the jacaranda trees, under which drab brown emus strolled about on spindly legs, snapping at butterflies and chasing away the squirrelsize lizards that basked in the sun beside the spring-fed Olympic-size pool, where there was no swimming because of the piranhas in the spring that fed it. The hotel was a single-story U-shaped structure, with red tile roofs and shocking-pink stucco walls, built in the last Valdeboncouer administration, just before his tragic death, when the seven pistols and three rifles he was cleaning discharged accidentally.

Everyone was there. Ezequil Moura Veiga arrived followed by the common housefly that had been buzzing about his ears ever since his

wife died of neglect after he crossed the street to buy a paper and never came back. Armindo Viveiros Vargas came with his two wives. Innocencia and Savagine. one of whom he loved, the other not, for one was lovely and one was plain, one passionate and the other frigid, one self-centered and the other generous, even though Innocencia and Savagine were identical twins, joined at the hip from birth. The marriage had been immortalized in Armindo Viveiros Vargas's tragic prose, for it was the

beautiful one who was frigid and self-centered, the ugly one who was passionate and generous. and to make it all the more complicated, Innocencia and Savagine had two hearts but only one circulatory system. The more Armindo loved the beautiful one, the uglier she became, which made the beautiful one, who wished to remain beautiful, wish that Armindo would make love to the ugly one, who wished to become beautiful but could not because Armindo's loving the ugly one only made the beautiful one more beautiful and irresistible to Armindo, who loved beauty too much to save himself from destroying it. It was heartache upon heartache. He blamed himself, wishing at times for the luxury of simply being followed by a common housefly.

The principal speaker, not due until the second day, was Armenio Matos Veloso, the Old Man of the River, for both his refusal to travel any way but by water and his need to urinate frequently. He was the son of the wealthy plantation owner Martin Domingo Veloso, and the great-grandson of Cosimo Veloso, who conquered half the Amazon by merit of his ability to

read the local maps, which had north at the bottom and south at the top. Young Armenio grew up privileged, and was sent to Europe for schooling in a Swiss boarding academy where his roommate and friend was a boy named Karl Marx, the school's number-one discipline problem and a real cutup. The two remained friends into their adult lives, and Armenio even attended the First International at the special invitation of his old bunkie, but eventually had a falling out with Marx over religion, the "opiate of the people." Armenio taught his literature classes that Marxism is more Christian than capitalism. For a while, Armenio associated in Vi-

enna with a young doctor named Sigmund Freud, a friendship which also ended in a bitter quarrel, Armenio publishing attacks on Freud's theories, claiming that Freud had not only plagiarized Armenio's own ideas of the self but had in fact either gotten them backward or inverted them in a crude attempt at concealment, Armenio believing not that we project our deeply hidden fears onto the world but, instead, that we take all that is terrifying about the world and internalize it, for, in Ar-

menio's own words, "the world and its pain were here long before we were, and will remain, long after we are gone." When Hitler's forces came to power, Armenio returned to the old Amazon plantation of his birth, where he wrote fabulously magical mystical tales in his solarium and became popular throughout the world, author of over 2,000 novels. He was 166 years old now, and though in perfect health, he slept so soundly that it took a team of registered nurses administering stimulants around the clock days and sometimes even weeks to wake him up, which was why he was going to be late.

It was at the opening banquet that the metal objects attached themselves to the colonel's face. He'd commented on how few women there were at the conference to one Juan Oscar Mardo, a handsome fellow of considerable commercial success, who'd complained of the same thing. Juan Oscar said, "Well, after all, if God had meant them to be writers he would have published one by now." Then he laughed and slapped the colonel on the back so hard that one of the medals Admiral Valade had supplied him

Armenio slept so soundly that it took a team of nurses administering stimulants around the clock days and sometimes even weeks to wake him up



extraordinary band of clams playing accordions

with flew from the colonel's lapel and landed in Innocencia Vargas's décolletage. The situation was quite awkward. When Colonel Elpidio bent toward Innocencia's cleavage to retrieve his medal, his old ailment reappeared, the medallion flying from between Innocencia's luscious white breasts and adhering to his forehead with a loud thwack. The colonel had first learned of his condition, a family blood curse that caused his face to become magnetic each time he blushed, as a boy, one beautiful summer evening when he took Serafima the Virgin out behind the gazebo and, in the light of the full moon, as jacanas warbled from the lilies on the pond, lay with her, kissing her until passion swelled in them both, young Elpidio tugging at Serafima's peasant blouse only to find underneath it something Serafima the Virgin said was a bra. With each passing moment, Elpidio grew more and more certain this thing called a bra was truly designed by the devil, so humiliated was he at his oafish attempts to unfasten it, until his face turned red and became magnetic, at which point the girl's crucifix flew from her heaving bosom to the end of its chain and nearly put his eye out.

"Yeow!" he cried.

Innocencia's bountiful bust, the one Savagine would sport whenever they exchanged physiques, had brought on an attack at a bad moment, for the colonel had only five minutes before he was supposed to deliver the opening address. As he began to speak, he felt the shiny objects tugging at the fabric of his jacket, causing it to pulse noticeably. He might even then have affected a semblance of composure, had Juan Oscar Mardo not started to chuckle at a joke he himself had penned that morning, but the colonel thought they were laughing at him. Soon his face was covered with layers of silverware, car keys, paper clips, and assorted cheap irony, until the banquet hall shuddered with peals of laughter, forcing the colonel to retire to his room, feeling his way down the

he night was a free-for-all, and not even the emus in the courtyard were safe from the amorous advances the writers made toward anything that moved and much that didn't, until every room in the hotel rang with the bells of desire, save that of René Auberge, a structuralist critic from the Sorbonne who'd been invited to speak on "Absence as Metaphor: Tracings of Signs of Things Vanished," proposing a new way to read novels by paying special attention to the emblematic nature of elements and motifs not present in them, but had failed to show up, unable to correctly interpret his airline ticket. The only other critic invited was Melinho, from the Man-

corridor with an outstretched hand.

era Gazette, who had destroyed so many young authors with his scathing reviews that his reputation accorded him the honor of being called by only one name. No sooner had Melinho checked into his room than he encountered a girl from housekeeping named Vulnerabilia the Mute, a child whose wholesome purity was without equal. He dropped his bags and set after her with the unbridled rapacity he usually reserved for tearing apart sentimental first novels, which was how he considered her, knowing her to be defenseless and unable to call for help, chasing her around the room and out the window into the courtyard willy-nilly beneath the jacarandas until he cornered her at the end of the diving board, three feet above the Olympicsize pool teeming with piranhas. He rubbed his hands together with glee and dove at Vulnerabilia, who sprang straight up from the diving board, Melinho passing beneath her, his arms grasping at an absence René Auberge might have found meaningful, and into the pool. There was a horrible splashing and flailing about, until the water turned dark burgundy with blood, and the surface roiled and foamed frothy pink. Then Melinho emerged, climbing up the ladder with a piranha between his teeth, hardly pausing to catch his breath before setting off after Vulnerabilia once again, full speed helter-skelter into the jungle and out of sight.

The Old Man of the River arrived the next day, pushed in his wheelchair by his friend, Gargantua the Negro. There was a reception in the lobby for him, and everyone was there except Melinho and Vulnerabilia the Surprisingly Fleet, who by now were pushing deep into the Amazon basin, discovering regions known only to big oil companies. Armenio Matos Veloso shook hands and told writers, "Hello, I knew your father," which sent half of his admirers away saying to themselves, "He knew my father!" and the other half saying, "I must ask him who he was."

The seminar began after lunch. Participants were entertained by an extraordinary band of clams playing accordions, and then Juan Oscar Mardo read from his latest best seller, cut short when members of the audience began to boo and throw money at him, pesos and cruzeiros and liras, until a roll of Guyanese sovereigns caught him square in the temple and knocked him out. He later quipped, "I was greatly affected by sudden change." Everyone was waiting for Armenio Matos Veloso. When he was introduced, even the clams applauded, and daring young experimentalists fired their revolvers in the air, chameleons on the ceiling notwithstanding, which dropped into untouched fruit cups and turned the color of melons in season. Gargantua wheeled the old man to the dais,

Veloso staring straight ahead, but dimly, his eves clouded with cataracts. A nurse had assured the colonel that all Armenio Matos Veloso needed to rejuvenate him was, as with most writers, an audience. No sooner had Gargantua the Negro lifted the old man and set him before the microphone on the bar stool Colonel Elpidio had found for him than Veloso's posture straightened, his hands grasping the lectern with a solid purchase. His vision sharpened to the clarity he'd been famed for, enabling him to observe tumors on the mandibles of passing mosquitoes. His hearing recovered the acuity which had once made him able to tell, from a peasant's dialect, what direction the bed he was born in had faced. He was known for his transformations—once, giving a lecture on narrative technique, he literally turned into a fly on the wall, and buzzed around the room for several minutes before landing in a Venus' flytrap, from which Gargantua had to rescue him. The old man was also known for his ability to extemporaneously summarize the meaning of life, either for particular individuals or for small groups, something most writers can do, but none with the devastating irony and insightfulness the Father of South American Literature had built his reputation on, strewing catharsis and epiphany in his wake like a juggernaut. When he finally opened his mouth, everyone was on the edge of his seat.

It was quite unexpected, then, when, rather than a stream of words, a trickle of ashes poured from between Armenio Matos Veloso's lips. It fell onto the podium, forming a small, growing pile, like sand in an hourglass. Some assumed he was up to his old tricks, another eloquent articulation of resounding inscrutability. Slowly, the trickle increased to a cascade of gray residue, billowing out as it collected below, and then the old man began to cough, kicking up clouds of ashes until he let go of the podium, turning his head, spinning on the bar stool, faster and faster while the colonel, the admiral, the writers, the students, nurses, waitresses, busboys, the clams, and the flies on the wall looked on in dismay. It seemed an eternity. Without a word, Gargantua strode to the dais, took the dusty funnel cloud in his huge embrace, arrested it, and carried

Armenio Matos Veloso back to his room.

It rained all night, winds blustering down out of the mountains, bearing along otherwise flightless insects swept from their treetop homes, while a leak in the banquet-room roof turned Armenio Matos Veloso's pile of ashes to mud. One writer joked that when you mine meaning from life for 150 years, you're bound to get black-lung, but no one laughed, for clearly, if this was the immortality they were striving for, then to end up a hollow shell full of ashes took a little of the glamour off it. Savagine and Innocencia even banded together to cheer their husband up, performing 103.5 with him, but to no avail, such was the gloomy pall cast over evervone.

The colonel was scheduled to lead conference participants on a tour of the waterfalls the next day, through the 348 separate cataracts that make up Foz do Aguacu, where the broad Piranha River pours over the rim of the central plateau to slake the thirst of the jungle, a thousand feet below. The colors in the chasm were varied and bright, flowering plants which flourished in the constant humidity, billions of iridescent blue butterflies that lived for only a day, but nothing the colonel pointed out could lift the spirits of the writers who trudged along behind him. At the end of the catwalk was a platform, positioned above the brink of the highest of all the falls, where the river thundered with incredible power into a ravine called the Devil's Throat. Each writer stood mesmerized by the water rushing all around, each in his heart of hearts trying to suppress the urge he felt to fling himself over the edge and be done with life, an urge all writers feel when taken to high places, something a more experienced writers' conference organizer might have taken into account. Ezequil Moura Veiga was first, climbing onto the railing with a crazed look in his eyes and jumping. Before the colonel could stop them, the rest followed, in a literary mass suicide the likes of which hadn't been seen since Robert Desnos tried to turn a session of automatic writing at André Breton's house into a gang hanging. This was when the terrible embarrassment occurred.

Only Juan Oscar Mardo, whose pockets were full of money, had enough gravity to fall. The rest simply floated out over the gorge, tumbling head over heels in the updrafts, pitching and vawling, scratching and clawing and climbing over each other, drifting away in the gentle breeze. The colonel became magnetic all over again, and was soon covered with beer cans and lens caps dropped off the platform into the water over the years, magnetic enough to affect the internal navigation of a chevron of migrating geese, high overhead, as well as to disrupt a wide band of radio frequencies, including the one Admiral Valade was using to direct the helicopter pilots who had been summoned to collect the floating writers in volleyball nets borrowed from the hotel, the pilots billing the government a thousand dollars an hour at a time when the exchange rate was soaring, and the leprous monkeys of Santa Vario dela Sumbra held their hairless bellies from hunger, howling plaintive laments in the steamy jungle nights.

One writer joked that when you mine meaning from life for 150 years, you're bound to get black-lung



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#### LETTERS

Continued from page 7

sure, all of Irish poetry is based on sound; but what Joyce did that was so bold was to allow the sonic remembrances he stored up in his mind to inform his (often simple) narrative.

Fritz Senn, in an essay entitled "A Reading Exercise in Finnegans Wake" (most recently published in Joyce's Dislocutions: Essays on Reading as Translation, Johns Hopkins University Press, 1984), discusses several wonderful sets of phonetic/semantic variations:

Now eats the vintner over these contents...

as a variation on

Now is the winter of our discontent...

And even more delicious is this progression:

Buckley shot the Russian General.
Berkeley showed the reason generously...

the bouckaleens shout their roscan generally...

with "roscan" being Gaelic for a battle song. Suddenly sound begets meaning.

In this, Joyce's novels seem similar to the music of the American composer Charles Ives. In a work such as Ives's "Putnam's Camp" we hear simple, recognizable "tunes" unraveled, misspelled (wrong notes here and there), combined with other tunes and memories of tunes, leading to a rich and well-ordered set of relationships. This too is what we hear reading Joyce.

Richard Greene New Orleans, La.

#### Greenpeace's War on Sellafield

Marilynne Robinson's long letter ["Update: Sellafield Sea-dumping," Harper's Magazine, June] provides a commendable account of the transgressions of Britain's Sellafield (nee Windscale) nuclear reprocessing plant. However, she ends with an inexplicable potshot at Greenpeace, to which we're obliged to respond.

Greenpeace is said to "not make its

constituency in the United States aware of Sellafield." Our quarterly magazine, the *Greenpeace Examiner*, has featured three stories on the plant since early 1984.

While we agree that the American press largely fails to cover foreign environmental stories adequately, it is unfortunate that she chose to chastise the *New York Times* for not informing its readers about Sellafield. The *Times* is one of the exceptions in its coverage of the plant's problems; on Sunday, April 6, nearly half of page three was devoted to Sellafield.

Greenpeace has done a great deal of work to draw attention to the dangers at Sellafield. For someone to indulge in gratuitous remarks like "the organization typically prints its literature on bumper stickers" could undo a lot of hard work—both ours and hers.

Peter Dykstra Greenpeace USA Washington, D.C.

#### September Index Sources

1 Federal Bureau of Investigation; 2, 3 Coalition for a New Foreign and Military Policy (Washington, D.C.); 4, 5 House Joint Economic Committee; 6, 7 American Demographics (Ithaca, N.Y.); 8 U.S. Department of Agriculture; 9 North American Congress on Latin America (New York City); 10, 11 New Republic; 12 Wall Street Journal; 13 21 Club (New York) City); 14 Kellogg Company (Battle Creek, Mich.); 15 Atlantic; 16, 17 American Medical Association (Chicago); 18, 19 Department of Employment (London); 20 Barry Bluestone (Boston College) and Bennett Harrison (Massachusetts Institute) of Technology); 21 Harper's research; 22, 23 National Organization for Changing Men (Harriman, Tenn.); 24 Greeting Card Association (Washington, D.C.); 25 Muzak Group W Westinghouse (New York City); 26, 27 Lorraine Prinsky and Jill Rosenbaum (California State University, Fullerton); 28 S&G (Milan); 29, 30, 31 Gallup Organization (Princeton, N.J.); 32 Trooper Guy Kimball (Bedford, N.H.); 33 American Correctional Association (College Park, Md.); 34 U.S. Department of Justice; 35 National Council on Crime and Delinquency (Madison, Wis.); 36, 37 NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund (New York City); 38 Occupational Safety and Health Administration; 39, 40 New York City Department of Health.

# DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 45

he diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of

by Thomas H. Middleton

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 79.

the work from which the quotation is taken.

		145 C 146
CLUES	WORDS	158 Y 159 V
A. Noble; splendid	63 117 177 161 173	170 Y 171 N 172
	156 58	182 V 183 M 184
B. He could move in- animate objects by his music	139 92 6 33 123	
	50 30	
C. Utter grief	162 46 145 87 24	67
D. Obstacle; embarrass- ment of affairs	4 82 165 179 45	98 59 122
		57 120
E. "Methinks I have a great desire to a of hav" (A Midsummer Night's Dream)	91 36 138 52 163	60
F. Wrap	20 75 10 14 99	32 181 78
G. Energy transmitted in electromagnetic waves	184 21 144 43 64	
H. Main point of a	157 119 187 136	131
matter  I. Want of variety	171 117 101 170	
,	112 29 127 146 72	175 100 90
J. Pertaining to the narration of	134 13 186 35 116	153 94 106
incidents		118
K. Mother of Joseph and Benjamin (Gen. 29–35)	40 126 180 2 45	79
L. "Make the babbling — of the air / Cry out 'Olivia' " (Twelfth Night)	25 150 16 168 185	105
M. Disturbance in the heartbeat	26 183 49 55 101	46 67 TT
		23 71

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15	X	16	l	12.		111	7.5	18	χ	10	T	20	4	21	G	2.	,	24	M	24	С	25	i.	ne de		?b	M	27	Υ	28	R
29	Į.	30	В	31		170		32	F	33	8	34	p	200		35	J	36	E	37	Y	38	٧	34	U	40	К	41	S		19
42	V	43	G	44	U	45	K	o grades		46	C	1		31	3	48	0	44	Mi	50	В	51	W	j.		52	E	53	21	54	0
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6;	C	68	M	69	ŧ	N.	3,00	0.	Ŷ	71	М	72	1	73	2	74	R	75	F			*6	V	j.		77	M	78	F	79	K
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118	J	119	H	120	G	121	Q	122	0	123	В	E. A.		124	Υ	125	U	126	К	127	7	128	P	129	D			136	W	131	G
	ı	132	X	133	P	134	J	135	Y	136	Н	137	[7	und S		138	E	139	В	140	W	141	S	1		142	S	143	0	144	G
		145	С	146	T	147	S	148	Z	30		149	U	150	L	151	Z1	152	Q	153	J	154	W	155	V	156	Α	157	Н	0 🐬	
158	Υ	159	V	-6		160	W	161	À	162	(	. 1		163	E	164	Υ	165	D	166	R	10	7	167	U	168	(	.5		169	R
170	Υ	171	N	172	p	1		173	A	R. A.		174	Q	175		176	Z	177	A	150	To Salar	178	Y	179	D	- 300		180	K.	181	F
182	V	183	M	184	G	185	L	186	J	187	H	-	_		_		_	1	_				_		_						_

N	. Scottish nobleman, Duncan's messenger to Macbeth	97	80	J.	171					
0	. Struggle; try	54	143	110	3	114	47	12	44	
P.	Place where children were sacrificed to Moloch; hell	128	0}	44	[33	34	172			
Q	. Inclinations	174	66	115	121	152				
R	. Delighted; transported	85	-65	108	28	169	74	137	166 -81	
S	. Apprehensive; restless	103	141	5	142	147	41			
T	. Prey rapaciously	19	109	86	96	60				
U	Pretentious, inferior	44	167	39	104	149	125			
V	. Rakes with shot through the length of a line	~	3 4	150	155	42	76	22	182	
V	7. Grieves	140	100	130	154	51				
Х	. Rapacious women	15	15		-15	50	113	132		
Y	. Harmless	164	70	135	158	27	37	178	170	
Z	. Wrenches	1/19	176		17		-31		124	

148 176 73 17 1 31

61 151 107 11 83 53

Z1. Fertilize; enhance

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T	Н	Ε	R	E	W	E	R	E	N	0	Ν	Е
T	S	Н	U	E	Ν	Ε	В	0	N	Α	P	T
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L	E	Н	T	T	Α	Н	W	D	Ν	U	0	P

#### NOTES FOR "MARGINAL OBSERVATION"

1. RHEA, hidden; 2. ENSIGNS, anagram; EWER, hidden; 3. (p.)ROPE(r.); 4. (cour)T-CANE, reversed; 5. NA-NA, reversal; NONESUCH, anagram; 6. NEE-D; 7. PIN(I)ONS; 8. MESH, hidden; MINE, two meanings; 9. ON-(trucke)E-R, reversed & Lit.; 10. DEBAUCHEE, anagram & Lit.; 11. (m)EN-SUE; 12. D. . . . (RON) . . . E; 13. MATT, two meanings; 14. THROWS OUT, anagram; 15. MIL-DEW, & Lit.; 16 CR-UMB(anagram); COHO, hidden; 17. ROME(O); 18. MERINO, hidden; 19. BED(PA . . .)N, anagram & Lit.; 20. NEST(anagram)-LE; 21. MACH(O); 22. CARIBE, anagram; C-HILLER; 23. CHAR(I)S-MA; 24. A(UK)LET, anagram; 25. UNDRAPE, anagram; 26. CORTEX, hidden; 27. B(A-T-T)EAU; 28. (w)RECK-ONER; 29. MOREL, anagram; 30. SCHIST, hidden; 31. ULTRA(f), anagram; 32. S-M-ALL; 33. CHUM(M . . .)IEST, anagram; 34. T(E)NT; 35. MA-SH(e); 36. DE(A)N; 37. TROT-H; 38. SO(L)AR; 39. OIL'S-TONE; 40. ENTRANCEMENT, anagram; 41. HEALTH, hidden; 42. TEAR, two meanings; 43. AU-TH(e)-OR; 44. H(ametal-to-Carallo(n); 45. W-ART; 46. D-WELL; 47. NAS/SAU; 48. OAR, hidden & Lit.; 49. P(astor)-REACH, & Lit.

SOLUTION TO AUGUST DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 44). (JOHN) UPDIKE. THE WITCHES OF EASTWICK. Female yearning was in all the papers and magazines . . . as girls of good family flung themselves toward brutish rock stars . . . from the slums of Liverpool or Memphis somehow granted indecent power, dark suns turning these children of sheltered upbringing into suicidal orgiasts.

CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 45, Harper's Magazine, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to Harper's Magazine, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Entries must be received by September 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to Harper's Magazine. The solution will be printed in the October issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 43 (July) are Ed Austin, Morgantown, West Virginia; Mildred S. Russell, Evapsville, Indiana; Mrs. B. Clarkson, La Mesa, California.

## PUZZLE

See 10 Across by E. R. Galli and Richard Maliby Jr.

one of the clue answers are to be entered in the diagram. Consider them all 10 Across. This also explains the occasional discrepancy in letter counts.

Diagram entries include three proper nouns. The solution to last month's puzzle appears on

#### Across

page 79.

- 1. Heavy smokers? Gosh, cure can be provided (8)
- 6. Rough, fast, loud man (5)
- 10. Gold recovery with a certain sensor (7)
- 11. Hateful, heartless lug (4)
- 13. He's lying in back of bar... (4)
- 15. ... moving spirits so lush almost gets smashed (5)
- 17. Reasons for Whitsundays, peripherally (4)
- 18. What Formica was to the Romans...somewhat romantic (3)
- 19. Some transportation is managing to get around University (6)
- 21. Faint... need time off (3)
- 23. Superior Greek diner (7)
- 24. Two-thirds of the basement room (4)
- 25. Picnicked but, losing heart, ate sparingly (6)
- 28. Before English rip us off, start a revolution? (6)
- 31. Some grass, for instance, before being seen in California (6)
- 32. Directions: sway head to toe (4)
- 33. Sail loops in swell almost at beginning of course, coming about (4)
- 35. Group of musicians grooves on a recording (4)
- 37. Church, or, with me inside, where the clergy may be situated (5)
- 38. Republican in America's frontier to win with difficulty (5)
- 39. Wildcat for last of oil, upset New York Times (4)
- 40. Northern European cut back night deposits? (4)
- 41. A yes, or a bit less than a yes (3)
- 42. Mention station being heard (4)

#### Down

- 1. Charred fish infused with a brew (6)
- 2. During dance, a cheer raised for the old tyrant (7)
- 3. Fuel left left left here! (4)
- 4. Spring is after the middle of March, extending to the end of lune (4)
- 5. Drive off with darting pain, losing tee (4)
- 6. Awfully chaste, cause of odor in one's drawers? (6)
- 7. Kind of punch—one liter, without a bit of whiskey (3)
- 8. Herb's peculiar aura includes doubled name (6)
- 9. He's lost when traveling, takes simple lodgings (7)
- 12. Only Tylenol, in retrospect, starts this way (4)
- 14. Ministry leader changed sides, didn't make contact (6)
- 16. It's one too many strokes that upsets the old sailor (5)
- 19. A small part of the forest is diversified in scope (5)
- 20. Card game one plays to get even, with North in lead (8)
- 21. Blind German agreement disrupted oil use... (8)
- 22. ... precipitating instruction lacking initiative (7)
- 26. They're having rows about...about the origins of William Shakespeare (5)
- 27. Bachelor set the price to take the heat (4)
- 29. Babbles like a brook: "Slip-slurp" (5)
- 30. In large American city, rejecting past (4)
- 33. Took the heart out of fellow fellow traveler? (5)
- 34. How Napoleon's defeat ended...with British facility?
- 35. Bend in the coastline with prominent height (5)
- 36. Dotes foolishly...it's for you to do once (5)

Contest Rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to "See 10 Across," Harper's Magazine, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to Harper's Magazine, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to Harper's Magazine. Winners' names will be printed in the November issue. Winners of the July puzzle, "Birds/Bees," are Virginia Bell, Sudbury, Massachusetts; Phil Potter, Coralville, Iowa; and E. Muzquiz, Syracuse, New York.

October 1986

Thomas

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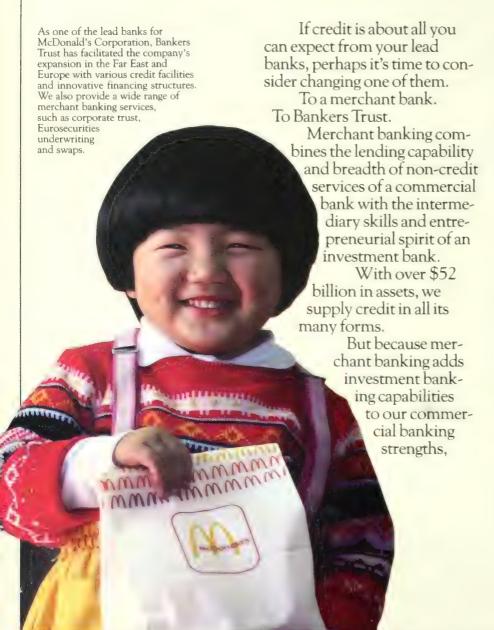
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America's space attempts at the time frequently ended in failure. Rockets exploded on the launch pad or in midair.

These were dark days for America's space program.

They were made bright through the combined efforts of many dedicated men and women in government, industry, and academia. Because of them, America went from being a dark horse in the space race to becoming the front-runner.

In 1961, Alan Shepard became the first American to go into space on a 15-minute suborbital flight in his Freedom 7 space capsule.

In 1962, John Glenn became the first American to go into earth orbit.

Six years and five months later, on July 20, 1969, Neil Armstrong and Edwin Aldrin, Jr. became the first men to leave footprints on the moon.

These achievements did not come to pass without tragedy. In 1967, astronauts Virgil Grissom, Edward White and Roger Chaffee died in an Apollo spacecraft fire during prelaunch activities.

The crew of Apollo 13 barely escaped a similar fate during an emergency that

began 207,000 miles from earth.

America's space efforts continued. There were six successful moon landings in all. There was also Skylab, America's first manned orbiting space station...the Apollo-Soyuz rendezvous and docking...and Voyager I which has gone beyond Jupiter and Saturn and will encounter Neptune in 1989.

There were also the Landsat satellite series which have been invaluable in locating mineral resources, surveying crops, and mapping...the Mariner probes to investigate Mercury and Venus...the two Viking spacecraft which softlanded on Mars in 1976...and communication satellites to link the peoples of the world.

These successful space ventures came during years of seemingly uninterrupted success. These were the years when America became a space-faring nation.

Then tragedy struck. Earlier this year the space shuttle *Challenger* exploded shortly after lift-off, killing the seven astronauts on board. The *Challenger* disaster was accompanied by the explosion of two unmanned Titans and a Delta rocket.

Leadership in space can advance knowledge of the universe, fortify our national resolve, and enrich the spirit of our times.

We need to be careful as we venture into space. We need not be timid.

The *Challenger* is gone. The challenge continues.





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### LETTERS

### Art for Whose Sake?

Responding to Jacques Barzun's essay "A Surfeit of Art" [Harper's Magazine, July] is a bit like trying to touch up the paint on a house that's already collapsing under its own weight. To paraphrase Mae West, "So much stu-

pidity, so little time...

On the most fundamental level, Barzun's circuitous logic turns upon itself—the piece is an exercise in selfrefutation. First he sheds a few liberal crocodile tears about the lamentable disparity between the current overabundance of art—an indisputable phenomenon—and the meager public resources available to support it. But this is just rope-a-dope for his sucker punch. The "glut" of creativity, he writes, exists rather astonishingly in spite of the lack of public support. But his way of getting rid of the "glut"? To reduce public support for artists. How could artists possibly be discouraged from making art by a reduction in public funding, since the vast majority of them, according to Barzun himself, are not receiving any funds in the first place? Barzun should read his own writing: earlier in his essay he complains that budget cuts and rising costs have not caused artists to "give up the business," to use his revealing phrase. Here, at least, Barzun is right: artists do not give up, simply because what they do is not a business at all, but a life-project they persist in irrespective of the ha'pennies bureaucrats bestow or withhold.

But illogic is the least of Barzun's

Harper's Magazine welcomes Letters to the Editor. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume preclutes minimized acknowledgment.

problems, among which I count a curious form of retrograde monarchism augmented by terminal-and somewhat less than conscionable—spootiness. After much whining about the terrifying richness and diversity of American creativity, which he seems to feel is out to persecute him personally, he finally forks over the payoff. To whom would he grant the vast sums currently stolen from unwitting taxpayers by so many greedy artists? Why, to "institutions of the highest caliber," which "struggle to keep alive the masterworks of the past," to "public institutions—museums ... opera houses, orchestras, theaters...." What he means, of course, is institutions frequented by people "of the highest caliber," institutions which today, as ever before, receive the overwhelming majority of public arts funds, this for the simple, rather embarrassingly prosaic reason that they are operated by the wealthy and for the wealthy (as are the foundations, both public and private, that support them so handsomely).

Pity these helpless giants, cries the impassioned Barzun; they are forced to "sell books, facsimiles of art objects, cuff links...." Pity the Boston Athenaeum, which must "let out its premises for the filming of The Bostonians." Pity "the galleries of the Phillips Collection," which "can be rented for the evening for \$5,000."

I do not doubt that the gigantic museums, opera houses, and symphonies need money. For one thing, they need a lot of money to pay for swollen, topheavy administrative staffs full of bureaucrats hired to write grants to subsidize their own salaries, salaries paid them for writing grants. And they need money for the polished murble which provides that satisfying, expensive click under the heels of uppermiddle class art patrons working off guilt over their materialistic lives, to tishizing art they've been conditioned to tetishize, and tomanticizing (as Barzun does) the misery and poverty of dead artists who were poor, as their counterparts today are poor.

To those artists who would have to give up their occasional grant pennies to keep the Met and Lincoln Center in chandeliers, Barzun offers the support of a stern uncle, a wise priest with a grim sermon: "If they also have stamina, let them attempt a professional career. They will face a life of solitary toil and repeated disappointment, of problematic reward and fitful success...." And for you, Mr. Barzun, a great unwashed "Thank you. Massa!" from those artists—artists barely able to make the rent but happy to flourish, as he puts it, "quietly, locally, with no thought of wider recognition," because they know they suffer in a great cause, the cause of keeping massive, sprawling bureaucracies from having to resort to fund-raisers, the cause of keeping officials at the Met from soiling their white gloves with mail-order catalogues.

"And I mean support," booms the boldly righteous Reverend Barzun, "not meager help after periodic anguish and pleading." Heaven forbid one of these huge institutions should actually have to ask for its millions. And here's the clincher: "The rest of their needs should be fully met, so as to free them for their work and take them out of petty commerce." Chrysler, are you listening? Hire this guy before Lockheed gets to him. This guy would lobby for a Krupp bailout in the Knesset. After all, surely these gigantic institutions, with their phalanxes of publicists, P.R. directors, and grant writers, should not be forced to compete with galleries, theaters, and the swarms of voracious, parasitic individual artists who prev so relent-

Barzun's view of the art world is as anti-competitive and un-American a view as one is likely to see. By redirecting to the biggest institutions what little arts money they don't already get, he would create a state-run

lessly on the public purse.

cultural monopoly, able to bring to the urban upper classes the pious, outdated works of art that the New York Times's critics have told them to obsess on. Once elevated above what Barzun calls "petty commerce" (read: American life), these institutions would in their genteel way become even more monolithic, and the genuinely democratic pluralism of American culture would be safely wiped out.

But what is perhaps most astonishing is not Barzun's reactionary priggishness but his breathtaking ignorance of what art is. The wonderful institutional bailout he so glowingly describes can be financed only if individual artists abandon "the whole business of full-scale public exhibition and performance." As if getting your work to the public was anything other than what matters. Art, dear Barzun, is communication (look it up): a creative act doesn't exist as art until it is exhibited or performed.

Surely the crowning orange rind on this intellectual garbage scow is this noxious beauty: "High art is meant for rare festivals...." Not for television, or for movies, or for records, or for any of the forms of the mass media, mind you; not for the schools, parks, churches, streets, or any of the other places in which poor Barzun is tormented by dread Art; not for anywhere, in short, where large numbers of people can get at it. No, art is meant only for "rare festivals," unrepeatable occasions at which the audience is limited and thus perhaps can consist of the elite and the cognoscenti, festivals at which these anointed can together breathe the rarefied air of the values they share—and do not share with those whose festivals are, in a word, common. As for the latter: let them eat Michael Jackson, Barbara Cartland, and MacGyver. After all, they like it, right?

Michael Peppe

In Canada we have an arts and culture industry with an estimated annual worth of \$9 billion. It has been designated an "industry" by the federal government, which subsidizes it, aided and abetted by provincial and municipal governments and, to a lesser



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but important extent, by the corporate constituency. People within the industry—visual artists, writers, actors, dancers, orchestral musicians, and the like—are, in government terms, "cultural workers." Harold Rosenberg had a phrase for the kind of artist Canada has produced: "a technician of the regime."

As an industry, our culture and arts are subject to regulations, systems, and procedures common, in certain respects, to all industries: standards of excellence are measurable and predicated on profit; the beneficiaries of government and corporate largesse are, in the main, the most businesslike arts organizations and the most businesslike artistically inclined individuals; and, to advance the measuring process and gauge the potential of artists and administrators, a great emphasis is placed on university degrees.

On the throne of our arts and culture industry is the Canada Council, an "arm's-length" funding agency. It was created by an act of Parliament in 1957 and modeled after the Arts Council of Britain, which was established eleven years earlier. The Canada Council is supported by the federal government to the tune of approximately \$72 million annually, but it also is rich in investments and endowments from private sources.

The council sets stringent, industrylike standards and, not surprisingly, rewards institutions and individuals according to their ability to conform to those standards. Administrative staffs of theater and dance companies, orchestras, opera houses, museums, and art galleries spend long, tedious hours and expend considerable mental energy contriving ways to wrest the utmost money from this funding agency. The same holds true for individual artists, part-time visual artists and writers particularly—the majority of whom have well-paying jobs in universities, community colleges, advertising agencies, design studios, government departments, and so forth. If they are smart, they can pick up as much as \$50,000 in grants in a given year, to spend in any way they please.

The Canada Council has never made any bones about the fact that it

Continued on page 74

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### NOTEBOOK

Uptown By Lewis H. Lapham

In politics nothing is contempable

Benjamin Distaeli

from what I can see and hear of the nation's Democratic politicians this autumn, it seems that most of them would rather be Republicans. Some what belatedly they have discovered what the voters learned as long ago as 1968—namely, that the Democratic Party can too easily be confused with a cruppled began of a yacant lot.

In March of 1985, a number of any tous politicians organized the Democratic Leadership Council as an anti-dote to the Democratic National Committee. The committee tended to associate itself with the grievances of minorities and the old line liberal theoric that had done so much damage to the party in the presidential elections of 1977, 1980, and 1984. Obviously it had lost touch with the plutocratic spirit of the times, and the trendier Democrats wanted an ideo logical wardrobe signifying their arrival in a more exclusive neighborhood.

The council recruited 140 Democratic officeholders (among them Senators Gore, Nunn, Biden, and Chiles as well as Representatives Wright and Gephardt) and asked it selt why the party lacked a coherent theory of what it wants and behaves. All agreed that they had to shift their doctrine several compass points to the right, but it wasn't immediately clear how this was to be accomplished. What candidates should the party en-

dorse. What villains could it de nounce. What issues should it submit to the decision of the opinion polls. Was it still context to ask Sidney Portici to dinner or cast a vote against the bomb. Was it safe to drive a BMW and read the New Republic. In the dingret quarters of Pittsburgh, could but tenders be relied upon to pour a decent class of white wine.

Such terrible questions always have disturbed the comfort of the nonveaux tiches, and I'm sure the council's deliberations caused some of the members to think seriously about changing their tailors. In August the council released a preliminary sketch of its revised image, but on reading the news paper dispatches from Washington, it occurred to me that the new line of intellectual div goods, although certainly admirable in its intention, still lacked the proper Republican style The effect was somehow too gandy and too new, as it the opinions had been too recently acquired from the haberdashers at Brookings of the Aspen Institute

As was to be expected, the council embraced, as easetly and straightter wardly as the Reagan Administration had done, the feet of Mammon. The members professed themselves bored by the squeakings of conscience and shocked by the threadbare idealism that the Democratic Party has been wearing ever since the days of the New Deal. They supported assertment deregulation, favored restraints on forcign trade and the easing of the an

rurust laws, blanted the country ours terrunes not only on the appraises in Wall Street but also on the greed and sloth of the labor unions, recanted the remains and mischievens nonsense about taking from the rich to ene to the poor, ignored the farmers, and alhed themselves with the emispie neural Reagonity and to be in your amone the country's wealthwriteal estate operators. A few of the more excitable members offered the reckless suggestion that salaries somehow be connected to competence; other mem bers, even more radical, went so far is to say that retired corporate executives should forfeit their pensions it, after their departure and because of then tailing to provide for everlasting prosperity, their companies fell upon had times Were either of these me rules to be applied to Democratic of ticeholders, et course, ill of the coun ed members would be obliged to seek job retraining (possibly as short order cooks), but the newspapers thought fully counted my disrespectful to marks on the point

Alas, it's no casy trick to move to the right of Pat Robertson, or the Herr tack foundation. To amiounce one's intention to take military repusals against any weak or impoverished nation that stands in the way of the American light is good, rousing juneoism (remines en) of Teddy Roosevelt's, discovery of Cubicas, a good, safe menically, but the santiment isn't new enough to impress the media. Not is it afficient to promise the dis-



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allable at the finest jewelry stores. For the wa Stylings dealer nearest you write to wa Stylings, Inc., Sales. Dept., D. Box. 17945 S. Angeles. California. 90017-4694 mantling of the few social programs that survived the Reagan Administration's auto date. Already accustomed to the ruin of widows and orphans, the electorate yearns for measures considerably more dramatic.

I'm afraid that the Democratic Party hasn't come quite far enough along its pilgrim's road to moral reawakening. Over the course of the next year I'm sure that wiser and better-paid consultants will come up with grander designs, but for the moment I can think of at least three gestures likely to assure a still suspicious public that the party—at long last and after much travail—has moved into the better part of town.

1. Nominate Richard Nixon as the Democratic candidate in the 1988 presidential election. Clearly the man is capable of miraculous transformations, and for the right price I expect he would consider presenting himself in the costume of yet another "new Nixon." He commands the respect of most of the world's dictators and enjoys a high degree of name recognition among voters over the age of forty-five. Last spring in San Francisco he received a standing ovation from the American Newspaper Publishers Association, a sign as certain as a voice from heaven that his politics remain perfectly tuned to the wisdom of the age. Best of all, the man could win.

2. Recognize the Soviet Union as the nation's newest friend and truest ally. Just as the Republicans have long understood that the best foreign policy follows the lines of commercial interest and racial suspicion, so the Democrats can announce that sooner or later it will come down to a matter of the Occident against the Orient. If Japanese money and technology arrange a joint venture with the Chinese market, Western civilization can look forward to a century of bankruptcy, humiliation, and defeat. Both the Russians and the Americans profess a materialist faith in progress and grant the supremacy of bureaucratic procedure to the unstable lurchings of the unaffiliated human imagination. Any savings of money brought about by the reduced manufacture of weapons can be distributed as gifts to American citizens earning over \$100,000 a year.

3. Define the poor as works of art. Nobody ever knows what to do with the poor. For years the Democrats squandered enormous sums on the dream of social justice. The Republicans haven't done much better. They have tried to render the poor invisible by ignoring their presence and closing down their access to education and medical care, but the poor have neglected to vanish. They still can be seen through the windows of limousines, cluttering the sidewalks and taking up too much space in the parks.

The Democratic Leadership Council might profit by the example of the artist Christo. Christo wraps large objects in cloth or plastic, thus imparting to otherwise ordinary things the value of transient masterpieces. He wrapped a bridge in Paris and a promontory in Australia, and for all I know he has wrapped bears and deserts and islands in the Caribbean.

Why not wrap the poor? Bundle them up in denominations of 500 or 1,000 and sell them to wealthy collectors looking for a reason to set a trend. If not enough collectors can be found, the bundled poor could be donated to museums and classified as tax deductions. Instead of subtracting from the sum of the society's wealth, the poor could be counted as additions to the gross national product. Safely and attractively wrapped, they might serve as ornaments in the nation's office plazas and hotel lobbies.

I know that none of these suggestions can be accepted within a matter of weeks or months. At first they might seem too visionary, a little difficult to explain to the contributors of campaign funds. I don't think I'd like to be the Democratic politician sent to introduce the theory of Richard Nixon's candidacy to the ACLU or David Letterman. But the suggestions at least should prompt the party's speechwriters to bolder metaphors. Maybe if the Democratic Leadership Council hired Michael Deaver as its lobbyist in Texas or California, or if it could devise a way in which the hunting of illegal aliens could become a professional sport (available on primetime television), the newly revived Democratic Party might find its way to the higher ground of a modern and victorious politics.

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### HARPER'S INDEX

Average percentage of income Americans earning \$200,000 or more will pay under the new tax bill : 22 Average percentage they pay today: 22

Average percentage increase in the pay of nonunion workers in the last year : 4.2

In the pay of union workers : 2.5

Number of jobs created during the Carter Administration: 10,600,000

During the Reagan Administration: 7,800,000

Number of Air Force personnel assigned to investigations and counterintelligence : 1,423

Number assigned to public affairs : 1,862

Percentage of Americans who know which side the United States supports in Nicaragua: 50

Miles of runway the U.S. military has built in Honduras since 1983: 7.3

Number of racquetball courts it has built there: 1

Percentage of Americans who say the United States should not send troops if Nicaragua invades Honduras: 59

Who say the United States should not send troops if an Arab country overruns Israel: 53

Percentage of Greeks who say they are willing to fight for their country: 76

Percentage of West Germans who say this : 33

Percentage of the U.S. population that is Asian-American: 1.6

Percentage of the 1986 freshman class at MIT that is Asian-American: 18

Percentage of first-year graduate students in physics at U.S. universities who are foreigners : 42

Membership of the American Federation of Astrologers in 1970: 1,500

Today: 5,000

Percentage of Americans who say that some numbers are especially lucky for some people : 40

Who say that U.S. space shots have caused changes in the weather : 41

Percentage of Icelanders who say they believe in elves : 5

Ounces of snail eggs Parisians ate in 1985: 400

Pounds of apples the average American ate in 1985: 17

In 1910:54

Number of "American-style" homes built in Japan in 1985: 26,000

Rank of Los Angeles, among all U.S. cities, in the number of homeless people : 1

Purchase price of a parking space in New York City's first condominium garage: \$29,000

Number of new products test-marketed in New York City in the last year : 198

In Peoria: 69

Number of brands advertised on network television in 1985: 2,713

Number of "big band" radio stations in 1982: 388

Today : 934

Number of "disco" radio stations today : 0

Percentage of deaths in 1965 in which an autopsy was performed : 41

In 1984: 14

Lifespan of a baseball in a major league game (in pitches) : 5

Percentage of men who say their biggest sports thrill would be to get the winning hit in the World Series: 32

Percentage of women who say this: 37

Figures cited are the latest available as of August 1986. Sources are listed on page 76. "Harpers Index" is a registered trademark.

### READINGS

# [Essay] IN PRAISE OF ILLITERACY

By Hans Magnus Enzensberger. This essay was adapted from a talk given by the author upon receiving the Heinrich Böll Prize from the city of Cologne. A longer version appeared in the Summer issue of Grand Street. Enzensberger is the author of several books, including The Sinking of the Titanic, a poem. Translated from the German by Michael Lipson.

an we dispense with the written word? That is the question. Anyone who poses it will have to speak about illiteracy. There's just one problem: the illiterate is never around when he is the subject of conversation. He simply doesn't show up; he takes no notice of our assertions; he remains silent. I would therefore like to take up his defense, although I don't hold any brief for him.

Every third inhabitant of our planet manages to get by without the art of reading and without the art of writing. This includes roughly 900 million people, and their numbers will certainly increase. The figure is impressive but misleading. For humanity comprises not only the living and the unborn but the dead as well. If they are not forgotten, then the conclusion becomes inevitable that literacy is the exception rather than the rule.

It could occur only to us, that is, to a tiny minority of people who read and write, to think of those who don't as a tiny minority. This notion betrays an ignorance I find insupportable.

I envy the illiterate his memory, his capacity for concentration, his cunning, his inventiveness, his tenacity, his sensitive ear. Please don't imagine that I am dreaming of the noble savage. I am speaking not about romantic phantoms but about people I have met. I am far from idealizing them. I also see their narrow horizons, their illusions, their obstinacy, their quaintness.

You may ask how it comes about that a writer should take the side of those who cannot read. But it's obvious!—because it was illiterates who invented literature. Its elementary forms—from myth to children's verse, from fairy tale to song, from prayer to riddle—all are older than writing. Without oral tradition, there would be no poetry; without illiterates, no books.

"But," you will object, "what about the Enlightenment?" No need to tell me! Social distress rests not only on the rulers' material advantages but on immaterial privilege as well. It was the great intellectuals of the dix-huitième who discerned this state of affairs. The people had not come of age, they thought, not only because of political oppression and economic exploitation but also because of their lack of knowledge. From these premises, later generations drew the conclusion that the ability to read and write belongs to any existence fit for a human being.

However, this suggestive idea underwent a succession of noteworthy reinterpretations in the course of time. In the twinkling of an eye, the concept of enlightenment was replaced by the concept of education. "In terms of the education of the populace," according to Ignaz Heinrich von Wessenberg, a German schoolmaster in Napoleon's time, "the second half

of the eighteenth century marks a new epoch. The knowledge of what was accomplished in this regard is joyous news to any friend of mankind, encouraging to the priests of culture, and highly instructive for the leaders of the commonwealth."

As far as the project of literacy goes, we've made great strides. Here, it seems, the philanthropists, the priests of culture, and the leaders of the commonwealth have scored triumphantly. By 1880, the illiteracy rate in Germany had fallen below one percent. The rest of the world has also made enormous progress since UNESCO raised its flag in the fight against illiteracy in 1951. In a word: Light has conquered darkness.

Our joy over this triumph has certain limits. The news is too good to be true. The people did not learn to read and write because they felt like it, but because they were forced to do so. Their emancipation was controlled by disenfranchisement. From then on learning went hand in hand with their state and its agencies: the schools, the army, the legal administration. The goal pursued in making the populace literate had nothing to do with enlightenment. The friends of mankind and the priests of culture, who stood up for the people, were merely the henchmen of a capitalist industry that pressed the state to provide it with a qualified work force. It was not a matter of paying the way for the "writing culture," let alone liberating mankind from its shackles. Quite a different kind of progress was in question. It consisted in taming the illiterates, this "lowest class of men," in stamping out their will and their fantasy, and in exploiting not only their muscle power and skill in handiwork but their brains as well.

For the unlettered human to be done away with, he had first to be defined, tracked down, and unmasked. The concept of illiteracy is not very old. Its invention can be dated with some precision. The word appeared for the first time in a French publication of the year 1876 and quickly spread all over Europe. At about the same time, Edison invented the light bulb and the phonograph, Bell the telephone, and Otto the gasoline motor. The connection is clear.

Furthermore, the triumph of popular education in Europe coincides with the maximum development of colonialism. And this is no accident. In the dictionaries of the period we can find the assertion that the number of illiterates "as compared with the total population of a country is a measure of the people's cultural condition." And they do not fail to instruct us that "men... [stand on a level] higher, on the average, than women." (Meyers Grosses Konversations-Lexikon, 1905)

This is not a matter of statistics, but a process of discrimination and stigmatization. Behind

the figure of the illiterate we can discern Hitler's concept of der Untermensch, the subhuman who must be eliminated. A small, radical minority has reserved civilization for itself and now discriminates against all those who will not dance to its tune.

oday we find that the illiteracy we smoked out has returned. A new figure has conquered the social stage. This new species is the second-order illiterate.

He has come a long way: the loss of memory from which he suffers causes him no suffering; his lack of will makes life easy for him; he values his inability to concentrate; he considers it an advantage that he neither knows nor understands what is happening to him. He is mobile. He is adaptive. He has a talent for getting things done. We need have no worries about him. It contributes to the second-order illiterate's sense of well-being that he has no idea that he is a second-order illiterate. He considers himself wellinformed; he can decipher instructions on appliances and tools; he can decode pictograms and checks. And he moves within an environment hermetically sealed against anything that might infect his consciousness. That he might come to grief in this environment is unthinkable. After all, it produced and educated him in order to guarantee its undisturbed continuation.

The second-order illiterate is the product of a new phase of industrialization. An economy whose problem is no longer production but markets has no need of a disciplined reserve army of workers. The rigid training to which they were subjected also becomes redundant, and literacy becomes a fetter to be done away with. Simultaneous with the development of this problem, our technology has also developed an adequate solution. The ideal medium for the second-order illiterate is television.

The educational policy of the state will have to align itself with the new priorities. By reducing the library budget, a first step has already been taken. And innovations are to be seen in school administration as well. It is well known that you can go to school now for eight years without learning German, and even in the universities this Germanic dialect is gradually acquiring the status of a poorly mastered foreign language.

Please do not suppose that I would want to polemicize against a situation of whose inevitability I am fully aware. I desire only to portray and, as far as I can, explain it. It would be foolish to contest the second-order illiterate's raison d'être, and I am far from begrudging him his pleasures or his place in the sun.

On the other hand, it is safe to say that the project of the Enlightenment has failed. The



From the Chicago Reader.

slogan "Culture for everyone" begins to sound comical. And a classless culture is even further from view. On the contrary: we can look forward to a situation in which cultural castes will become more and more distinct. But these castes can no longer be described by using the traditional Marxist model, according to which the ruling culture is the culture of the rulers. Indeed, the divergence between economic position and consciousness will continue to grow.

It will become the new rule to see secondorder illiterates occupying the top positions in politics and in business. In this connection, it is sufficient to indicate the current president of the United States and the current chancellor of the Federal Republic. On the other hand, you can easily find—both in Germany and the United States whole hordes of cabdrivers, newspaper hawkers, manual laborers, and welfare recipients whose thoughtfulness, cultural standards, and wide-ranging knowledge would have taken them far in any other society. But this kind of comparison falls short of portraying the true state of affairs, which admits of no clear analysis. For even among the unemployed you can find zombies; even in the presidential office there are people who can read and write and even think productively. But that also means that, in questions of culture, social determinism has become obsolete. The so-called privileges of education have lost their fearfulness. If both parents are second-order illiterates, even the wellborn child has no advantage over the

worker's son. One's cultural caste will henceforth depend on personal choice, not origin.

From all this I conclude that culture in our country has come into an entirely new situation. As for the claim it always made, but never made good, of providing a common denominator for all people—that we can simply forget. The rulers, mostly second-order illiterates, have lost all interest in it. As a result, culture cannot, and need not any longer, serve the interests of a ruling class. It no longer legitimates the social order. In this sense, it has become useless—but there is a kind of freedom in that. Such a culture is thrown back on its own resources, and the sooner it realizes this, the better.

Where does all that leave the writer? For some time now it has not been a class privilege—or requirement—to be concerned with literature. The victory of the second-order illiterate can only radicalize literature. When it has lost its value as a status symbol, as a social code, as an educational program, then literature will be noticed only by those who can't do without it.

Whoever wants to can bemoan all this. I have no such desire. Finally, weeds have always been a minority, and every city gardener knows how hard it is to do away with them. Literature will continue to thrive as long as it commands a certain agility, a certain cunning, a capacity for concentration, and a good memory. As you recall, these are the features of the true illiterate. Perhaps he will have the last word, since he requires no other media than a voice and an ear.

[Memorandum]

### CHARACTER IN '86

From "The Importance of Character in the 1986. Elections," a memorandum to Democratic congressional candidates from Peter D. Hart and Geoffrey Garin, of Peter D. Hart Research Associates, a polling firm based in Washington. The memo is included in the 1986 Democratic Factbook, a briefing book for candidates prepared by Democrats for the 80's, a party organization.

s Democrats develop their central themes for the upcoming elections, it is important for them to recognize that the dynamics of Campaign '86 are very different from those of previous election years, and that issues will play a different role from the one they played in 1980, 1982, or 1984.

Voters are focusing on the candidates' character to a much greater extent than in the past three elections, and the primary role of issues in 1986 will be to provide insights into a candidate's personal qualities and priorities.

#### WEAKENED PARTISAN DISTINCTIONS

In contrast to 1980 or 1982, 1986 will not be an election year in which voters support the Democrats to protect Social Security or vote Republican to send a message about the need for less government. To a surprising degree, partisan distinctions on the issues have become blurred in the voters' minds.

#### CHARACTER CONSIDERATIONS

Aside from weakened partisan distinctions on the issues, there are two basic reasons why character considerations will play an unusually critical role this year.

First, while voters tend to agree on which problems are important in 1986, there is no clear consensus about the solutions. Voters are uncertain what government should do to deal with the budget deficit, or even with the farm crisis. There are no easy answers, and the voters recognize this.

The last time we faced a similar situation was in 1978. That year, voters concentrated on minor issues when they could not get a handle on major ones. In 1986, the voters are taking a different approach. They are saying: "If I am unsure of the choices that must be made on the issues, at least I want to be sure of the people who will be making the choices for me.'

Second, voters are much more aware of the influence of political action committees, and they are fed up with what they see as the dominance of special interests in Washington. If there is a single message that voters want to send [Job Notice]

### DRIVING MADE COMPLICATED

From "Announcement Number C-86-151-RC," a Defense Department circular advertising the job of chauffeur for Air Force Lieutenant General James A. Abrahamson, director of the Strategic Defense Initiative Organization. The complete text of the job announcement is five pages long.

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IOB ELEMENTS: Candidates will be ranked on experience which demonstrates: (1) ability to operate a motor vehicle and safely maneuver in traffic (screen-out factor); (2) ability to follow and interpret road maps; (3) knowledge of metropolitan Washington, D.C., and Virginia areas; (4) knowledge of and ability to perform routine automobile preventive maintenance; (5) ability to record and schedule accurate information concerning destinations, times, and mileage; (6) ability to deal effectively with all levels of personnel, both in person and by using the telephone.

about me, and don't sell me out."

#### SPECIAL INTERESTS

In recent focus groups we have conducted across the country we have been fascinated by rank-and-file voters' ability to discuss in detail

### [Extension of Remarks] KUDOS FOR CONDOS

From the Congressional Record, May 9. This "extension of remarks," entitled "Celebrating the Twentieth Anniversary of the First Condominium Conversion," was inserted into the record by Representative Gary L. Ackerman, a Democrat from New York.

r. Speaker, two decades ago, a group of men and women took advantage of a new idea in American real estate by completing the first condominium conversion in the United States. Now, as the residents of this building prepare to celebrate its twentieth anniversary, they can look back proudly at having set the standard that all other real estate conversions would do well to emulate.

This historic building is located at 9410 64th Road, in Rego Park, Queens County, N.Y. Its residents have had true success by allowing tenants a real choice; in fact, one tenant who decided not to buy his apartment lived on under rent-control protection for almost twenty years.

Mr. Speaker, in the story of this modest structure in Rego Park and of the creative people who transformed it, I think we can see a truly American spirit of inventiveness and the can-do ethic. It is precisely this kind of innovation to meet challenges that has allowed this nation to sustain such a tremendous history of growth.

As always, it was the people involved in this enterprise who made the difference. David Wolfenson was the landlord of the building twenty years ago; it was his initiative that started the entire process. Edward Schiff gave the expert legal advice necessary to complete the project; twenty years later, he still represents both sponsors and tenant groups.

Mr. Speaker, I call now on all of my colleagues in the U.S. House of Representatives to join me in congratulating the men and women of 9410 64th Road on the twentieth anniversary of their successful conversion, and in wishing them the best of luck for the future.

how the PAC process works. Voters believe the system has a corrupting influence on how decisions are made, and they feel certain that the average person is the odd man out when political deals are cut.

As voters look at the problem of monied interests buying influence, they seem less concerned with procedural reforms and much more concerned with the personal integrity and independence of politicians who face temptation. Voters understand that it takes character to resist the blandishments of special-interest groups; more significantly, they fear that politicians who have no real commitment to the people will be all too quick to sell them out.

Given these fears, we cannot overstate the importance of candidates' assuring and reassuring voters of their dedication to the people and of their commitment to putting the people's interests first.

In our focus groups this year, we have asked voters in what situation they would most like to be a "fly on the wall" in order to judge what a candidate is really all about. Two answers invariably emerge: voters want to be present at a private meeting in which a candidate talks candidly about political strategy, and they also want to see what a candidate is like when he or she is at the family dinner table.

In essence, voters are saying they are less interested in viewing the candidates in traditional political postures than in finding out what kind of person an individual really is.

#### HEROES AND VILLAINS

One of the best ways to understand the political dynamics of the off-year congressional elections of the past twelve years is to examine the political personalities who, for good or for ill, best embodied the events of any given year.

In 1974, for example, Richard Nixon and Spiro Agnew were the villains in the wake of the Watergate scandals, while Sam Ervin and Peter Rodino were the heroes. Four years later, it was the liberal excesses of the Democrats that were on trial. The Republicans were running against "the liberals" and Bella Abzug, while Howard Jarvis and his tax revolt captured the country's imagination.

Who will be the heroes and villains of 1986? Bill Bradley is one of the people who best embody what voters seek in the positive sense. If he is a hero, Michael Deaver and the political action committees are the villains.

The message is simple: character counts. The voters do not want to be forgotten, and they do not want to take a backseat to special interests. They will reward the candidates they trust to care about them and remember their priorities, and they will punish those whose character falls short of the mark.

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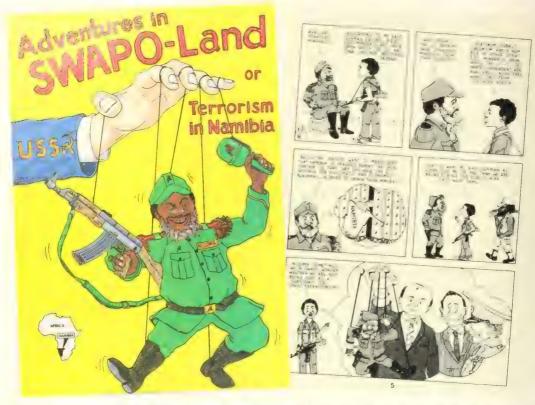
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### [Comic Book] SELLING A LINE TO WASHINGTON



From a come book published by the Namibia News Bureau and distributed in Washington (as well as in Namibia). Namibia, which is administered by South Africa, is battling an independence movement led by the South West Africa People's Organization (SWAPO). Pictured here is SWAPO president Sam Nujoma.

# APARTHEID: COULD THINGS BE WORSE?

From King Solomon's Mines Revisited, by William Minter, to be published in November by Basic Books. Monter is a contributing editor in Washington for the African News Service.

ppenents of sanctions against South Africa have come to rely less on the contention that they wouldn't work and more on the fear that they would. Whether relatively optimistic about Pretoria's plans for reform or more cynical, those arguing against sanctions have sought to shift the debate. Apartheid might be bad, they admit, but look at the rest of Africa. Majority rule would be even worse. Whites would be expelled or subjected to reverse apartheid. Most fearful of all, a strategic region might fall under communist influence. A successor regime, in short,

might not be a reliable friend of the West, as Pretoria has been. Similar arguments have been made and disproved often before—most recently, during the crisis in the Philippines—but they seem to derive added credibility from the widespread belief that the map of Africa is full of "worse cases."

Twenty-five years after the first wave of independence, it is indeed easy to point to disappointing cases elsewhere in Africa. Examples of poverty, ethnic and national conflict, dictators, and massacres are all available, and can be assembled into a composite image that is truly frightening. The expectation that independence would quickly lead to the promised land of peace and prosperity could not be sustained, even by those who most sincerely believed it. In some of the countries most devastated by war or economic crisis, there are those who mutter that at least the old order was predictable in its denial of political rights and allocation of economic privilege.

Yet Africa is neither uniform nor unique in its

disabilities, and Africans rightly resent those who conflate its plight into one racial image. Africa's ethnic conflicts and tensions are most commonly labeled "tribal," but in fact they are as diverse in cause and intensity as are the conflicts in Northern Ireland, Belgium, Alsace, or Yugoslavia. Few countries can boast a history free of civil war, corruption, and turmoil before the establishment of stable political institutions. African nations, after achieving independence, found themselves with minuscule numbers of people trained in technical skills; and these nations have indeed suffered from internal mistakes as well as external obstacles. Africa still has a disproportionate number of the world's "least developed countries." But even so, in several African nations, the growth rate in per capita income is greater than that of the United States.

The countries of southern Africa gained their independence later than those elsewhere on the continent, some only after more than a decade of war. Since winning their independence, Angola and Mozambique have seen the exodus of much of the skilled work force and endured incessant military assault. Each country in southern Africa has its distinct problems, and the ideological perspectives of the governments range from conservative to Marxist.

Yet there are common elements, which should give pause to those who fear that black tyranny or outside communist influence necessarily follows independence. In no southern African country have white citizens been subject to the systematic racial penalties they imposed on blacks in the past. Indeed, their assets and skills assure them a disproportionate share in the national wealth. There is no special political privilege for whites, save the extra seats in parliament still allocated under Zimbabwe's transitional constitution. But in Angola, Mozambique, and other countries whites serve in government, not as whites but as citizens.

Angola and Mozambique have allied themselves ideologically with the Soviet Union and sought to build their own societies along Marxist lines. But neither has taken a dogmatic approach to development or surrendered its political independence. Each has tried to develop good working relationships with Western countries and to diversify its sources of economic and even military support. Both still find the West an essential economic partner.

No other country, even in southern Africa, can serve as a model for South Africa. A far greater percentage of South Africa's population is white. The country is rich and well developed, in economic terms. Compared with other African countries, the black population includes a large urban and industrial working

class. The conflict is close to the center stage of international attention.

These are only a few of the factors that make detailed prediction futile. Whatever scenario is followed, however, one can be sure that the end of apartheid will be only an opportunity to establish freedom, not a guarantee that it will flourish. The successors to the white government will have to face not only the legacy of the inequalities of the past but also the devastation caused by desperate attempts to stave off a new beginning. South Africa's neighbors may be even more ravaged than South Africa itself. The ANC's strategy has been to avoid the destruction that could cripple an economic recovery and to open the door wide for whites who want to defect from racialism. But if the balance of forces fails to take a decisive turn against Pretoria, the bitter toll of conflict could mount up for years. It is that possibility, and not the history of black self-rule in Africa, that will determine whether the dark prophecies of apartheid's last defenders will come true.

### [Chart] RED BAIT

From "The Kremlin Lobby," by Dinesh D'Souza, in the June 20 issue of National Review. D'Souza compared the liberal Democratic positions on several issues (as expressed by Tip O'Neill) with those of the Reagan Administration and the Soviet government. He found a correlation between the Gorbachev and O'Neill positions 89 percent of the time.

Reagan	O'Neill	Gorbacher
Yes	No	No
Yes	No*	No
Yes	No	Yes
Yes	No	No
No	Yes	Yes
Yes	No	No
Yes	Yes	Yes
Yes	12.	No
Yes	No	No
No	Yes	Yes
Yes	No	No
Yes	No	No
Yes	No	No
Yes	Yes	No
	Yes	Yes No Yes No Yes No Yes No Yes No Yes No No Yes No No Yes Yes Yes No Yes Yes No Yes Yes No Yes Yes No No No Yes Yes No No No No No No No No Yes Yes No

<sup>\*</sup>O'Neill's position later changed to one of grudging support.

### IN RE: CAPASSO V. CAPASSO

This letter appeared in the May 26 issue of the West Side Spirit, a neighborhood newspaper in Manhattan. Written by Nancy Capasso in December 1984, the letter is addressed to New York State Supreme Court Judge Hortense Gabel, who at the time was presiding in the divorce case of Capasso and her husband, Carl, a builder whose firm has received more than \$150 million in New York City contracts since 1978. The letter raises the issue of conflict of interest in the divorce case: named as co-respondent in the divorce was Bess Myerson, the cultural affairs commissioner of New York City; Judge Gabel's daughter was then employed in Myerson's office. Carl Capasso has recently come under investigation by the federal grand jury examining corruption in city government. According to published reports, the grand jury is looking into Capasso's business dealings with the city, his relationship with Myerson, and the conduct of Judge Gabel in the divorce case. A final judgment and award was handed down in that case in December; Nancy Capasso is appealing the award.

Dear Justice Gabel:

I am the plaintiff in this action. . . .

I am appealing to you directly to disqualify yourself from my case because I have no other alternative. Since the inception of this case your decisions have endangered my ability and that of my two small children to subsist pending the ultimate trial of this matter. . . .

I do not mean this letter to be accusatory, but I think a review of your prior decisions will raise in your own mind the possibility that something might have interfered with your sense of justice and fair play.

(As you know, the *New York Post* reported on October 18, 1983, that your daughter was employed by Bess Myerson, who is my husband's acknowledged paramour in this case. I want to believe that this fact did not interfere with your decisions.)

I will briefly refresh your recollection of the standard of living enjoyed by Mr. Capasso, myself, and our two children prior to our separation.

My husband has acknowledged income of over \$1 million per year, not including perks or family expense, that he has always paid out of his business accounts.

We lived in a ten-room duplex apartment on Fifth Avenue. We spent our summers in Westhampton in a very large house with a guesthouse, pool, and boat apartment on the beach. During winter vacation, notably all of the chil-

dren's school holidays, we went to Palm Beach and enjoyed the use of two apartments on the ocean. Thus the family had five residences available for its use.

The family, including my children by a former marriage, had the use of seven cars: I had my own limousine and driver, and I had a Mercedes and a Volkswagen convertible which I drove myself; Helene, my oldest daughter, drove a Chevrolet Monte Carlo; my younger daughter, Debbie, drove a Chevrolet Corvette; Mr. Capasso had a limousine and driver, and two Mercedeses for his personal use.

As a result of your prior decisions, my husband was given the use of four out of our five residences, and I was permitted only the exclusive use and occupancy of our Manhattan apartment. You did permit me the use of our Westhampton condominium every other month. Thus, on alternate months, Mr. Capasso has two residences in Westhampton, while I and the children have none. And I have never been able to take the children to Florida for their winter holidays.

You took away from me and my children every single car that we had ever had at our disposal, totally depriving us of our means of transportation:

(a) to and from the children's school in Riverdale:

(b) our weekend excursions to visit family and friends outside of Manhattan, trips that we had always been accustomed to taking; and

(c) even marketing, which for a family of our size I used to do on Long Island for economy purposes.

You reduced my temporary award of maintenance of \$500 per week, a decision that was clearly inadequate, as the appellate division later ruled.

You denied my application for medical and dental expenses for myself and the children. (Although my daughter Andrea's braces were cutting into her gums and causing bleeding, for four months her orthodontist refused to treat her because Mr. Capasso would not pay the bill.)

That we are surviving this ordeal at all is due entirely to the appellate division's reversal of your decisions.

Because we have heard of your fine reputation for protecting women in my circumstances, your decisions in my case are inconsistent with your rulings in other cases and are inexplicable. I am sure that you can see this.

In sum, the only appropriate action you can now take is to remove yourself from my case. For the record plainly presents, at the least, an appearance of impropriety.

> Respectfully yours, Nancy Capasso

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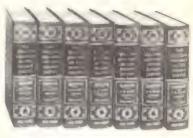
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### SCHOOLYARD LAW

From "Capture-the-Flag, Monotheism, and the Techniques of Arbitration," by David Mamet. From Writing in Restaurants, a collection of his essays that Viking will publish in December.

n Chicago's traffic court there is a room set aside for silver-suited lawyers. They sit there all day long, smoking and discussing who got caught, and defendants who wish to cop a plea go to the lawyers' room to shop for an attorney.

There the lawyers sit and, casually, anxiously, they watch the door their clients will come through. They look just like kids waiting for the captain to choose them for his team of kickthe-can.

We all were lawyers in the schoolyard. We were concerned with property and honor, and correct application of the magical power of words.

In the narration or recapitulation of serious matters our peers were never said to have "said" things, but to have "gone" things, we ten- and twelve-year-olds thereby recognizing a statement as an action. (He goes, "Get over to your side of the line or you're out," and I go, "I am on my side of the line—it runs from the bench to the water fountain.")

Our schoolyard code of honor recognized words as magical and powerful unto themselves, and it was every bit as pompous and self-satisfied in the recognition of that magic as is the copyright code or a liquidated-damages clause. It was the language of games, the language of an endeavor which is, in its essence, make-believethe language of American Business:

ME: I'm goin' down the Shoreland for a phos, I don' wan' Gussie comin' with.

TOM: Why not?

ME: We're playin' ball the schoolyard...?

TOM: Football, baseball?

ME: Baseball. TOM: Yeah...

ME: We lost the ball. TOM: Whose ball?

ME (pause): Gussie's.

TOM: Yeah.

ME: So he goes he ain't going home until we're paying him we lost the ball, he's gonna call my ma.

TOM: Where aid you lost it?

ME: On the roof. So I go, "Look, you never called it, Gussie."

TOM: He din call it?

ME: No! That's what I'm tellin' you. He goes, "I called it." I go, "No, you didn't, Gussie. No. You never called it, no. If you said 'chips' we woulda heard it, and you never called it. No." I ast the other guys, his own team, huh? Maurice goes, "I don't think you called it, Gus." I go, "Look here, your own man, Gussie, huh?" He says that didn' mean a thing. His own

TOM: Yeah.

ME: I tell him, "I ain't trine a hock the ball off you, Gus; you called 'chips,' I'd pay for it right now. It's not the money...'

TOM:...no...

ME: "... and you know times that I have loss my ball, and you ass Mike or anybody." Huh?

ME: "Or we're up in Jackson Park I got my headlight broke. I didn't say a word acause I din' say 'chips.' (Pause) And I have to say you never said it, too."

TOM: So what he say?

ME: He goes I'm trine a cheat him out his ball. I tell him I will go up there and get it Monday. I would like to pay him back . . .

TOM: Uh-huh...

ME: I'll go up there and get it . . .

TOM: Yeah . . .

ME: But when he didn't call it, I can't pay him back. He knows this isn't fair.

TOM: Yeah.

ME: And I tole him that this isn't fair. He called it, we would all of played a little carefuller.

This is, no doubt, a somewhat romanticized but, I feel, essentially accurate rendition of one of our schoolyard negotiations circa 1959; and it differs only in the minutest particulars, the diction, and not at all in spirit, from most adult formal and informal contract negotiations.

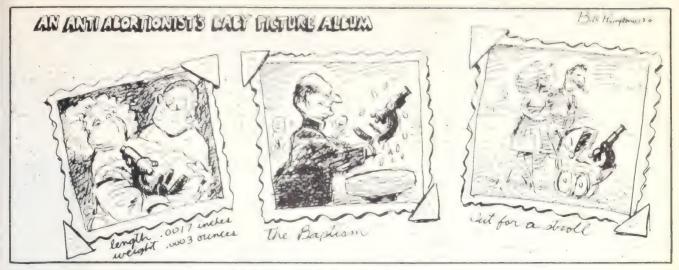
Thorstein Veblen said that the more that jargon and technical language are involved in an endeavor, the more we may assume that the endeavor is essentially make-believe.

As in Law, Commerce, Warfare. There we were in Vietnam; there we were in Jackson Park

"Olley Olley Ocean Free" was our South Side Chicago version of the cry that ends a tag game. I think the phrase frightened us as children.

We knew that an afternoon of kick-the-can or capture-the-flag could be positively terminated only by the adjuration "Olleyolleyoceanfree," but none of us had one idea what the words themselves meant. We knew only that they had magical power to cast off the restrictions of the game (to loose us from our vows) and let us go to dinner. (The "free" was clearly pertinent, and the "olley" could, by a stretch, be accepted as a rhythmic aid; but what, in the name of God, did the "ocean" mean?)

The Schoolboy Universe was not corrupted



From the San Francisco Bay Guardian.

by the written word, and was ruled by the powers of sounds: Cheater's Proof, Sucker's Walk, Rubber Balls, and Liquor. Our language had weight and meaning to the extent to which it was rhythmic and pleasant, and its power came from a juxtaposition of sounds in a world in which we were overtly pantheists.

"American Eagle" was the binding incantation in matters of barter. It was uttered at the completion of a trade by the party who felt he had got the better of the deal, and it meant that the agreement could not be reneged upon.

The ultimate oath in matters of honor not covered by the rules of sport or commerce was "My Jewish Word of Honor." For example:

MAURICE: Tommy Lentz said that your sister was a whore.

ME: You swear?

MAURICE: Yeah.
ME: Swear to God?

MAURICE: Yeah.

ME: Jewish Word of Honor? MAURICE: Yeah. (Pause)

ME: Say it.

MAURICE: I just said I said it.

ME: Say it.

MAURICE: I don't want to say "Your sister is a whore."

ME: Just say he said it.

MAURICE: Tommy Lentz, My Jewish Word of Honor, said your sister was a whore.

Which meant that it was so. Until that day when one discovered it was possible to swear falsely, and that there was, finally, no magic force of words capable of assuring the truth in oneself or in others, and so became adult and very serious and monotheistic in one hard moment.

### [Quotations] MOB WISDOM

From "Angulo's Republic," a selection of quotations from Gennaro Angulo, the Boston mob boss, published in the July issue of New England Monthly. The quotations were taken from tapes made by the FBI in 1981. (The FBI had placed a bug in Anguilo's North End office.) The tapes were played at Anguilo's trial earlier this year. He is serving a forty-five-year sentence for extortion, fraud, bookmaking, murder, and receiving stolen property. Compiled by Robert A. Bertsche.

### ON THE MEANING OF TIME

Time marches on! Time waits for no one. I got the f\_\_\_\_' hole burning in my f\_\_\_\_' brain! (January 19, 1981)

#### ON THE IMPORTANCE OF AN ORDERED LIFE

You and I been through some f.....' mill.... I'm not saying that I'm unhappy, but I'm accustomed to structure. (February 2, 1981)

#### ON THE VIRTUES OF FRIENDSHIP

They're the kind of f\_\_\_\_\_' guys [we need]. I'll tell you right now if I called these guys right now, they'd kill any f\_\_\_\_\_' body we tell 'em to. (February 4, 1981)

#### ON MINIMIZING RISK

Just hit him in the f.....' head and stab him, O.K.? The jeopardy is just a little too much for me. You understand American. (March 19, 1981)

#### ON THE UNPREDICTABILITY OF FATE

What is a f\_\_\_\_\_' guy like me doing sittin' here in the Holiday Inn in Somerville with fifty thousand in my jacket? (February 5, 1981)

#### ON POVERTY

When you were born broke like all of us were, you know, money becomes very important. (March 14, 1981)

#### ON PRUDENCE

When a guy knocks ya down, never get up unless he's gonna kill ya. (March 17, 1981)

#### ON REACHING MATURITY

Before you got this summons [to appear before the grand jury] I could call you "boy." Now I call you "man." (To Jason Anguilo, March 26, 1981)

#### ON RESPONSIBILITY

When a man assumes leadership, he forfeits the right to mercy. (April 6, 1981)

#### ON HOW TO HANDLE DEBTORS

If a guy owed you money and never paid you for... two years, then you turned around out of the goodness of your heart, you made a deal with him. You said, "All right, just bring back what you owe." And as soon as he brought it back he wanted to borrow it again. What would you do?...[M]eet him in a dark alley with a f\_\_\_\_\_' ax....[T]hrow it. Pray it hits him right between the f\_\_\_\_\_' eyes. (April 13, 1981)

### ON INVESTMENT POLICY

F...bonds....I want cash. If I ever f.....' find out that... the roof caved in and there's no cash... where you gonna live? How you gonna live? Where you gonna go? Stealing, selling coffee, selling cigarettes—that where you're going? What are you gonna do....(April 21, 1981)

#### ON GROWING OLD

Remember the old days, I used to kick televisions through on a day like this. Now I don't kick them no more. (April 21, 1981)

### ON EARNING A LIVING

I wouldn't be in a legitimate business for all the f\_\_\_\_' money in the world. (April 27, 1981)

#### ON FULL SERVICE BUSINESS

We're illegitimate business... We're a shylock... We're a f\_\_\_\_' bookmaker... We're selling marijuana... We're, we're, we're illegal here, illegal there, arsonists! We're every f\_\_\_\_' thing! (April 27, 1981)

#### ON THE PRICE OF SUCCESS

Isn't it wonderful when you was all by yourself? Never had a f\_\_\_\_' problem. F\_\_\_people. F\_\_\_everybody. F\_\_ the whole world. Remember them days? But you see, that's the penalty of making money. When you make money, now everybody starts to look down at you. (April 30, 1981)

### [Bibliography]

### SKATEZINE REVIEW

From "'Zine Thing," a guide to skateboarding magazines, in the May issue of Thrasher, a "skatezine" published in San Francisco.

Bow to No Man, Box 2433, Scottsdale, AZ 85252. (\$1) Distributed by Deluxe Mail Order. A creative conglomeration from team J.F.A. and assorted AZ inventors, B.T.N.M. is definitely worth the price of admission. Brian Brannon, Don Redondo, Fearn Smith, and others do an expert job telling the tale of local Scottsdalia, music, politics, and fiction. All of it is very well written. Issue #2 contains "Skater's Prayer," Meat Puppets interview, "Skating Ramps Can Be Fucked," "The Man, Board, Jo, Hill and No Shoes," and plenty more.

Gut Feel'n, 5130 Kaiser Avenue, Santa Barbara, CA 93111. Gut Feel'n, an offshoot of Crippled G-Raf, is one of the best-looking skatezines yet. Phread Conrad and Jawhn Dettman bring it together with a high-gloss cover, plenty of halftones, stylized artwork, and good writing. Not your average Xerox collage. Collector's item material.

Hick Town, Rt. 3, Box 233, Idaho Falls, ID 83401. (\$1) Jason Guyer and Jim Kelso paste together lots of small, hard-to-see pictures, good chunks of writing, and interesting artwork to form a tight rag covering the Idaho scene. Doggy Style interview, short fiction, Tahoe coverage, and more. A bit overpriced at a buck, but check it out anyway.

Killer Dork Sessions, 11409 Daisy Lane, Glenn Dale, MD 20769. (50¢) Another leading funzine from the dork/geek underground, a genre devoted to outright nonsense rather than the grave skate coverage you find in many rags. It's good to see that 'zines in this class—including K.D.S., Geek Attack, Freezine, Rag Read, Spunk, Crank, Joke, and others—don't take their scene or themselves too seriously with tedious tirades about what "hard-core" means, but preach in-

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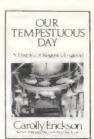


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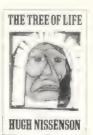


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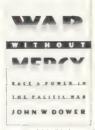


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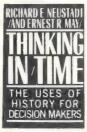
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that is just having a good time. "The only tun session is a dork session."

100% Funzine, 4221 Mill Stream Court, Virginia Beach, VA 23542. (50¢) Good photos and a professional attitude take away from the 'zine quality of 100% Fun, giving it more of a "clone" feel. Record and product reviews, contest coverage, skater profiles, and too many ads.

Rat Bite, 18 High Pool Close, Newton, Swansea SA34TV, UK. Strange but true rag from the boyz in Wales. Radical photos, comix, rumors, lies, and more are jammed in to give Rat Bite a chaotic, dry, hard-core feel.

Skate Threat, 566 Northlawn Court, Lancaster, PA 15213. (75¢) Good skate + music 'zine that does a fine job of covering the East Coast area on a regular basis. Quality writing, good pics, and computer typesetting give it a well-thoughtout look. Skate Threat gets the award for being most indignant about not making it in the last 'zine column. When I forgot to mention them in the Feb. issue, they whined. Real sorry, guys.

### [Captions] LOOKING FOR **AMERICA**

By David Byrne. These captions were written for photographs of Texas that accompany the screenplay to True Stories, published by Penguin Books. The movie, which Byrne wrote and directed, opens this month. Byrne's band, Talking Heads, recorded the movie's soundtrack.

#### SHOPPING MALLS

You learn so much in a shopping mall and it's fun too. You can find out what everybody's thinking about, what they're dressing like, how they spend their leisure time, what they think is important, what they think is funny. You don't need to run all over the place to find out what's going on. One trip through the mall and you're up to date. If I were a politician, I would spend most of my time in malls. Just from looking at the clothing on the racks you can tell what people's political inclinations are.

#### **CONSPIRACIES**

It's not what you know, it's who you know. Everybody believes in some conspiracy or other. The ones you believe in seem completely plausible. The ones you don't believe in seem like they were thought up by a bunch of nuts and kooks. Can one person be a conspiracy? Was supermarket bar-coding prophesied in the Bible?

It is true that a very large percentage of government leaders went to a very small number of prep schools in the East. Sure, they hire each other. So it's true. The world is run by the student council at high school. But those guys didn't go to your high school or mine. It's the high school across town that runs everything. Everybody would like to conspire against everybody else . . . if we could get the chance.

#### ASSEMBLY LINES

New corporations whip these plants up really fast...stick 'em out there on the prairie. Just throw up a metal building in about a week or two and the employees seem to come from all over the country. Even Flint, Michigan, and Worcester, Mass.; Wheeling, West Virginia, and Pittsburgh, PA. If you're lucky you can come down here, get a job in one of these places, be on the line real quick, and, depending on your position, you can get a mobile home, single wide or double wide, for as low as \$26,000. Almost no money down. And that's just like these factories. You can stick your home anywhere. Stick it out there in the middle of the prairie. You're living in the country. You got a milliondollar view. You just left some Victorian-era smoke hole up in the Northeast.

The deal is making a fresh start. It's the best thing in the world. People don't want who they are to be confused with what they do. "Well, I work on the line at G.M." But only for now. You can switch over and do something else when you feel like it, and live somewhere else and have new friends and be a completely different person. They don't know what you were like before. You could have been a total drag. You can have one kind of personality based on your relationships in one town. If you decide that isn't the best way to work things out, you can move to another town, be somebody else.

#### METAL BUILDINGS

Metal buildings are the dream that modern architects had at the beginning of the century come true, but they themselves don't realize it. If they followed their own theories to the letter-form follows function, using mass-production techniques to make cheap things with no frills—what you'd end up with is a metal building! And when you look at it that way, it's beautiful. The reason no architect ever says that is because you don't need an architect to build metal buildings. You order them out of a catalogue. Just put down your color, the size you want, number of square feet, style, and what you need it for. It comes with a bunch of guys, they put it together in a couple of days, maybe a week, and there you go. You're all set for business. Just stick a sign out front.

It takes people in a so-called uncultured or unsophisticated area to be open to the potential of this kind of structure. For instance, people in the East tend to think that a bank has to be made of stone, with columns out front, that a supermarket has to have lots of windows in front, that a building has to have a structure that says what it is. It takes open-minded people to realize that all you have to do is slap a sign on a building to tell people what it is.

#### FOOD STYLING

Food styling is an art form, but it's one of the most decadent art forms around. You need to be able to appreciate something totally absurd to enjoy and appreciate the art of food styling. Did you know that when you see ice cream in a commercial it's probably not ice cream but whipped potatoes, because ice cream would melt under the movie lights? Sometimes they put rocks in the soup to make it look chunkier. Do you like parsley? I really like parsley, but when I'm eating parsley I kind of feel like I'm eating the design and not really eating the food.

Food styling for restaurants or at-home dinners is an art form that you place before you, appreciate for a minute, and eat. It never has time to get stale. You never have time to get tired of looking at it or to worry about whether this should be here or over there, or whether it was done right. You only have time to enjoy it and then consume it. If only a lot of art hanging on a lot of walls was like that.

# [Speech] BASEBALL AND THE AMERICAN CHARACTER

Excerpted from a speech given last fall by A. Bartlett Giamatti at the Massachusetts Historical Society. Giamatti, who served as president of Yale University from 1978 to 1986, was appointed president-designate of the National League in May.

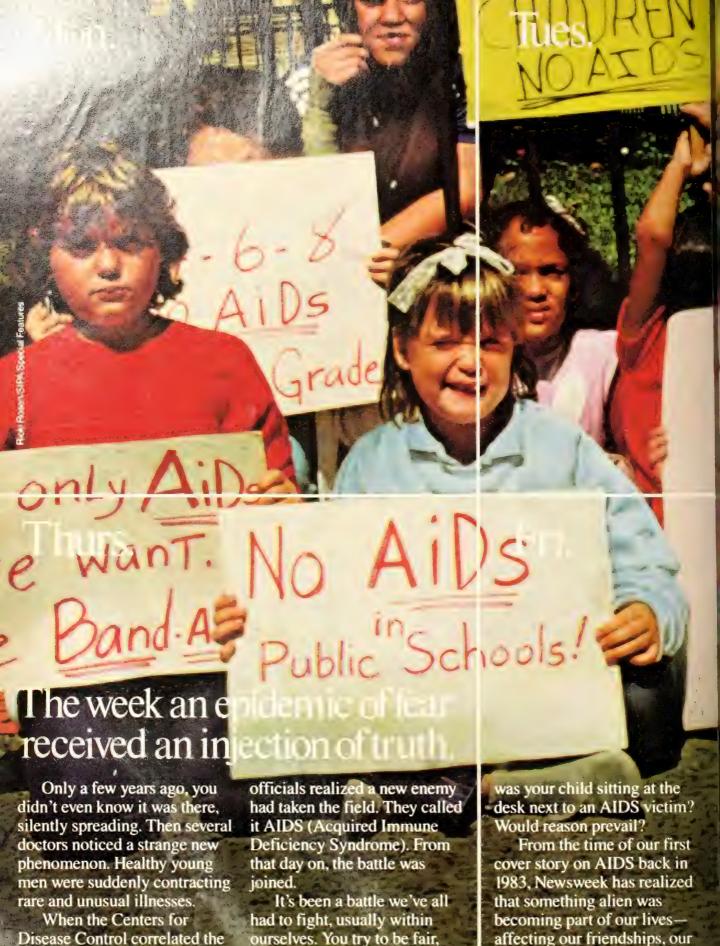
aseball fits America so well because it embodies the interplay of individual and group that we so love, and because it expresses our longing for the rule of law while licensing our resentment of law givers.

Baseball, the opportunist's game, puts a tremendous premium on the individual, who must be able to react instantly on offense and defense and who must be able to hit, run, throw, and field. Specialization exists, but in general baseball players must be skilled generalists. The designated hitter is so offensive precisely because it violates this basic characteristic of the game. Players are also sufficiently separated on the field that they cannot hide from responsibility in a crowd, as in football or Congress. The object—the ball—and what the individual must do are obvious to all, and each player's skill, initiative, and poise are highlighted.

Individual merit and self-reliance are the bedrock of baseball, never more so than in the fundamental acts of delivering, and attempting to hit, the ball. Every game recommences every time a pitcher pitches and a batter swings. But before a swing or not-swing can trigger the vast grid of mental and physical adjustments called forth by every pitch, there is the basic confrontation between two lone individuals. It is primitive in its starkness. A man on a hill prepares to throw a rock at a man slightly below him, not far away, who holds a club. First, fear must be overcome; no one knows where the pitched ball, or hit ball, will go. Most of the time, control, agility, timing, planning avert brutality and force sport. Occasionally, suddenly, usually unaccountably, the primitive act of throwing results in terrible injury. The fear that randomness will take over is never absent. If hitting a major league fastball is the most difficult act in professional sport, the difficulty derives in part from the need to overcome fear in a split second.

The batter is, they say, on offense, yet batting is essentially a reactive and defensive act. The pitcher is, they say, on defense, yet the pitcher initiates play and controls the game. It is not clear, at least to me, who is on offense and who is on defense. Consider the catcher, who may actually control the game. The catcher is the only defensive player in any sport I know of whose position requires him to adopt the perspective, if not the stance, of the player on offense. Part of what a batter must overcome, part of the secretive, ruthless dimension of baseball, is the knowledge that an opposing player, crouching right behind him, signals wordlessly in order to exploit his weaknesses. Is it so clear who is the defense, who is the offense? I think it is clear that part of the appeal of baseball is that it focuses on the individual with such clarity in such ambiguous circumstances.

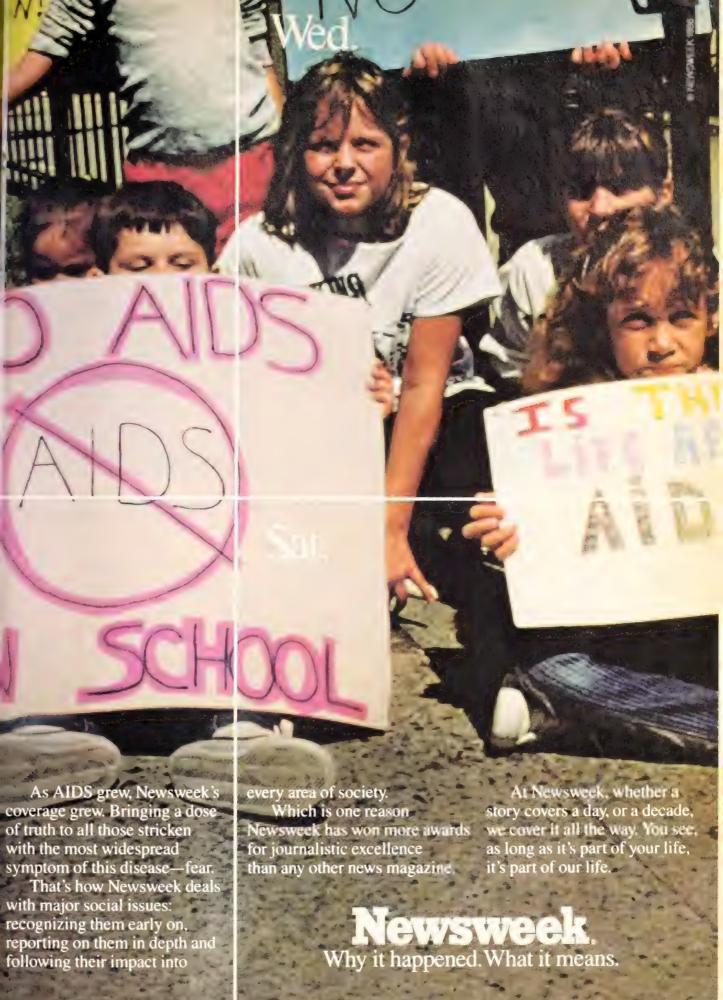
If the game flows from the constantly resterated, primitive confrontation of an individual with the world, represented by another solitary individual, nothing that ensues, except a home run—the dispositive triumph of one over the other, the surrogate kill—fails to involve the team. A strikeout involves the catcher, and anything else brings the community, either in the field or on the bench, into play. And while the premium on individual effort is never lost,



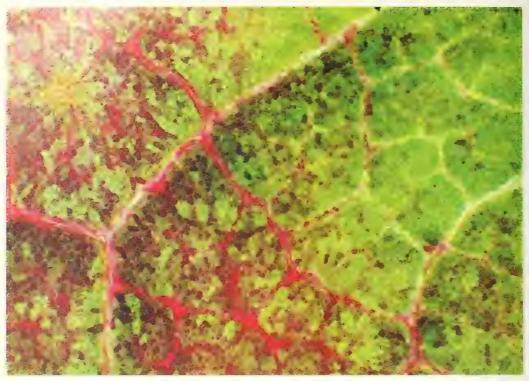
understanding. But suppose it

schools, even our politics.

data coming in, public-health



### [Photograph] AUTUMN CLOSE-UP



This photograph of a leaf, magnified twenty times, appeared in the August issue of Natural History. The leaf was taken from the floor of a mixed Northeastern forest at the end of September, just as its color had begun to change. As a leaf dies, its chlorophyll breaks down, allowing other pigments to become visible. The photograph was taken by Thomas Eisner, a professor of biology at Cornell University.

the communal choreography of the team eventually takes over. Every assigned role on the field potentially can and often does change with every pitch, and with each kind of pitch, or with each ball hit fair. The subsequent interactions among all the players on the field expand in incalculable ways. When in the thrall of these communal aspects, hitting, stealing a base, and individual initiative give way to collective playmaking, acts of sacrifice or cooperation, and obedience to signs and orders. Whether on offense or defense, the virtuoso is subsumed into the ensemble. The anarchic ways of solo operators are subdued by a free institution.

The ambiguities surrounding being on offense or defense, surrounding what it means to stand where you stand, endlessly re-create the American pageant of individual and group, citizen and country. In baseball and daily life, Americans do not take sides so much as they change sides, in ways checked and balanced. Finally, in baseball and daily life, regardless of which side you are on and where you stand, shared principles are supposed to govern.

Baseball's vast, stable body of rules ensures competitive balance in the game and shows forth a country devoted to equality of treatment and opportunity; a country whose deepest dream is of a divinely proportioned and peopled green garden enclosure; above all, a country whose basic assertion is that law, in all its mutually agreed-upon manifestations, shall govern—not nature inexorable, for all she is respected, and not humankind's whims, for all that the game belongs to the people.

It would be foolish to think that all of our national experience is reflected in any single institution, even our loftiest, but it would not be wrong to claim for baseball a capacity to cherish individuality and inspire cohesion in a way which is a hallmark of our loftiest free institutions. Nor would it be misguided to think that, however vestigial the remnants of our best hopes, we can still find, if we wish to, a moment called a game, when those best hopes, those memories for the future, have life; when each of us, those who are in and those out, has a chance to gather, in a green place around home.

### [Transcript]

### BASEBALL CHATTER

This exchange between New York Yankee announcers Spencer Ross and Bobby Murcer took place during the radio broadcast of the July 27 game between the Yankees and the Minnesota Turns, which the Yankees won 4–1. Twins pitcher Bert Blyleven had just struck out Yankee outfielder Claudell Washington for the first out of the eighth inning, and Don Mattingly had come to the plate.

SPENCER ROSS: Third time Washington has struck out this afternoon, and all three occasions have been on called third strikes. So Washington with three strikeouts, and for Blyleven that's his fourth strikeout of the afternoon. First pitch to Mattingly, ball one.

BOBBY MURCER: But he got the right blow in at the right time. [In his third time at bat that afternoon, Washington had hit a two-run home run.]

ROSS: That's right. Pitch is inside for a ball. Two and 0. You could strike out three times if you hit me a game-winning home run every day.

MURCER: You'd have, ah, you'd be batting .250.

ROSS: You'd make a million and a half dollars a year.

MURCER: What?

ROSS: Mattingly loops one high and deep to right field. [Tom] Brunansky moves toward the line, and this is a foul ball. Brunansky came over and ran out of room.

MURCER: What'd you say, you'd be making a half—one and a half trillion dollars? Is that what you said?

ROSS: No, not quite that high. You'd be making a million dollars a year.

MURCER: A home run, a home run a day?

ROSS: A game-winning homer just about every day.

MURCER: Oh, you mean a game-winning homer.

ROSS: Yeah, a game-winning homer.

MURCER: It doesn't make any difference. A home run or a game-winning home run, do you know how many home runs that is?

ROSS: Well-

MURCER: They would build a stadium for you.

ROSS: They'd-

MURCER: And you would own two or three American League clubs yourself if you hit a home run a day.

ROSS: But you're only a .200 hitter, though. See—

MURCER: .250 hitter.

ROSS: Well-

MURCER: If you went four times, on the average they're going to go up four times [a game], right?

ROSS: Well, you'd be about, between .250 and--

MURCER: I'm closer to a million and a, I'm closer to one and a half trillion than you would be to a million.

ROSS: One and a half trillion.

MURCER: If a guy hit a home run a day.

ROSS: You can't fathom trillion.

MURCER: Every day.

ROSS: How much is a trillion?

MURCER: A trillion's just a number.

ROSS: It's a lot of money.

MURCER: A trillion's only, a trillion's only a debt.

ROSS: Oh, that's right.

MURCER: That's all it is, it's a number, it's a, it's pick a number.

ROSS: Pick a number.

MURCER: A trillion, right. Nobody knows how much a trillion is.

ROSS: It's near infinity. Ball three now to Mattingly, 3 and 1.

### [Poem]

### VICTIMS OF THE LATEST DANCE CRAZE

By Cornelius Eady. This is the title poem from a collection published recently by Ommation Press, in Chicago. Eady is the winner of the Lamont poetry prize for 1985.

The streamers choking the main arteries Of downtown.

The brass band led by a child From the home for the handicapped.

The old men

### TWO FACES





From A True Likeness: The Black South of Richard Samuel Roberts, 1920–1936, published by Algonquin Books, of Chapel Hill. Roberts worked as a photographer in the middle-class black community of Columbia, South Carolina. The photographs in this volume were made from 4,000 glass-plate negatives recently discovered under Roberts's house by Thomas L. Johnson, an archivist at the University of South Carolina. The woman in the photographs above had her portrait done twice, in her work uniform (she was a maid) and in her Sunday clothes.

Showing their hair (what's left of it), The buttons of their shirts Popping in time To the salsa flooding out Of their portable headphones,

And mothers letting their babies Be held by strangers. And the bus drivers Taping over their fare boxes And willing to give directions.

Is there any reason to mention All the drinks are on the house? Thick, adolescent boys Dismantle their BB guns.

Here is the world (what's left of it), In brilliant motion, The oil slick at the curb Danced into a thousand Splintered steps. The bag ladies toss off their Garments
To reveal wings.

"This dance you do," drawls the cop,
"What do you call it?"
We call it scalding the air.
We call it dying with your
Shoes on.

And across the street The bodies of tramps Stumble In a sober language.

And across the street Shy young girls step behind Their nameless boyfriends, Twirling their skirts.

And under an archway A delivery boy discovers His body has learned to speak, And what does this street look like If not a runway, A polished wood floor?

From the air, Insects drawn by the sweat Alight, when possible, On the blur Of torsos. It is the ride Of their tiny lives.

The wind that burns their wings, The heaving, oblivious flesh, Mountains stuffed with panic, An ocean That can't make up its mind. They drop away With the scorched taste Of vertigo.

And under a swinging light bulb Some children Invent a game With the shadow the bulb makes, And the beat of their hearts. They call it dust in the mouth. They call it horse with no rider. They call it school with empty books.

In the next room
Their mother throws her dress away to chance.
It drops to the floor
Like a brush sighs across a drum head,
And when she takes her lover,
What are they thinking of
If not a ballroom filled with mirrors,
A world where no one has the right
To stumble?

In a parking lot
An old man says this:
"I am a ghost dance.
I remember the way my hair felt,
Damp with sweat and wind.

When the wind kisses the leaves, I am dancing.

When the subway hits the third rail, I am dancing.

When the barrel goes over Niagara Falls, I am

When the barrel goes over Niagara Falls, I am dancing.

Music rings my bones like metal.

O, Jazz has come from heaven," he says, And at the z he jumps, arcing his back like a heron's neck, And stands suddenly revealed As a balance demon, A home for Stetson hats.

We have all caught the itch: The neon artist Wiring up his legs, The tourist couple Recording the twist on their Instamatic camera. And in a factory, A janitor asks his broom For a waltz, And he grasps it like a woman He'd have to live another Life to meet. And he spins around the dust bin And machines and thinks: Is everybody happy? And he spins out the side door, Avoiding the cracks in the sidewalk, Grinning as if he'd just received The deepest kiss in the world.

### [Short Story] ANIS DEL MONO

By Quam Monzó. From the Spring issue of Translation, a special issue devoted to Catalan writing. Monzó, who was born in Catalonia in 1952, is the author of several volumes of fiction. He is also a lyricist, cartoonist, television writer, and newspaper columnist. Translated from the Catalan by Mary Ann Newman.

r. Nonell had lunch in a Lebanese restaurant with the man he considered his best friend. They were celebrating Mr. Nonell's seventy-third birthday. Since he hadn't been drinking or eating extravagant meals for quite a while, he still felt a little tipsy when he got home. Even so, he had no trouble opening the door; he had realized on leaving the restaurant that he had drunk too much, and all the way home he had been picturing himself struggling to get the key into the lock, just like in the movies. Euphoria had put him in a state of mind that seemed to call for one more drink. So he went into his bedroom (which doubled as a study) and walked over to his formerly well-stocked liquor cabinet to take out the bottle of anisette, the only bottle in there since his doctor had taken him off alcohol.

It was empty. He had long suspected that every now and then Matilde would sneak a little swig. But he had never found the bottle totally empty. And it was only empty this time, he mused, because for the past few weeks—for the first time in decades, and not without some sacrifice—Mr. Nonell hadn't touched a drop of lig-

Matilde had been taking a little tipple now and then in the belief that, between one sip and the next, Mr. Nonell was doing the same. Confident that the level of liquid in the bottle went down just a bit each time, she hadn't realized that, since Mr. Nonell wasn't drinking at all, she had emptied it all by herself.

Mr. Nonell had never given much thought to those furtive swigs of anisette. Matilde had been keeping house for him for forty-seven years, and she had always been an ideal servant. That afternoon, though, Mr. Nonell felt deeply hurt. Having found the strength not to touch a single drop for weeks, the least he could ask on coming home one day after a splendid meal, in the mood for one last drink—just one—was to have his way.

To broach the subject with her seemed undignified. He decided to catch her in the act instead. That very afternoon, he went to the supermarket and bought a new bottle of Anis del mono. Back home, he poured himself a drink and made an inconspicuous mark on the label on the neck of the bottle. Now that he had registered the amount of liquid it contained, he would be able to ascertain how often and how much she drank. That afternoon, as Matilde bustled about the room (making the bed, or putting away the books he had consulted the day before), Mr. Nonell never once took his eyes off her.

# DOES A BLUE JAY CRASH CARS?

From an interview with Henry Rollins in the July issue of RockBill. Rollins is the lead singer of the Lox Angeles hand Black Flag.

ROCKBILL: Do you think humans are superior to animals?

HENRY ROLLINS: I was thinking about that today. I think people should look up to animals more. I was starting to think animals are God. Does a blue jay make bombs? Does a blue jay crash cars? Does a blue jay break hearts? No. A blue jay just does his thing. Flies, eats some berries, pecks at your window, then dies. That seems a lot more cool than some dude jackin' you up for your wallet. The next day, though he hadn't caught her, the level of liquor in the bottle had dropped. He concluded that perhaps Matilde didn't dare to make her move while he was awake. She must do it in the morning, before ten o'clock, when she drew the curtains to wake him up. So Mr. Nonell started getting up every morning before Matilde and spying on her. He never caught her: either he fell back to sleep before she came in or she just didn't come in at that time of day. This led him to believe that she must have her shot at bedtime instead of first thing in the morning.

Three weeks later, Mr. Nonell felt he was being made a complete fool of. Obsessed, he couldn't go to bed until he was certain Matilde was fast asleep. He would get up before she did and spend the whole day with his eye on the liquor cabinet.

So now, whenever Matilde came near it, on the pretext-for by this time he was certain it was just a pretext—of dusting it off, he kept his eyes peeled. And when she went around clucking to herself (because she thought Mr. Nonell's changed attitude and his tense expression were harbingers of senility), he saw her clucking as a sign of resentment at finding herself under surveillance and therefore only able to grab her shots on the sly. At night, Mr. Nonell dreamed that, besides not being able to drink, he had to watch as the level of liquid in the bottle slowly fell, and his rage at being played for a fool made his ulcer grow and grow until finally it was bigger than he was. He died without making head or tail of it, and from the coffin, which had been placed on his bed surrounded by candles, he finally saw Matilde walk up to the liquor cabinet in the dark, remove the bottle, and take a slug. By this point in the dream, he was angry not so much at having failed to catch her red-handed as at being dead and therefore unable to say or do anything about it.

Mr. Nonell's health was failing. He spent almost all his time in bed, and Matilde had to add nursing duties to her household chores. Even so, Mr. Nonell kept his eyes glued to the liquor cabinet, and once a day, when he struggled out of bed to check the level of anisette in the bottle, he saw that, unfailingly, it had gone down. Mr. Nonell began to believe, though he couldn't quite determine how or why, that there was a direct relationship between the amount of liquid in the bottle and the life left in him. When hardly an inch of anisette remained, Mr. Nonell decided that drastic measures were in order: while Matilde was out shopping, he put poison in the bottle. He went to bed with a smile not unlike the one Matilde found on his lips the next day, when she discovered his dead body.

### FALL ASCENDANT

Reveries of an autumn amorist By Donald Hall

Vaking in late September, in New Hampshire, we gaze south toward Mt. Kearsarge from the dawn window under the great maple that torches the hillside. Each morning is more outrageous than the one before, days outdoing their predecessors as sons outdo their fathers. We walk out, over the chill dew, to audit glorious wreckage from the night's cold passage—new branches suddenly turned, others gone deeper into ranges of fire, trees vying to surpass one another and their yester-selves. In the afternoon we take long walks with Gus the dog, who is the color of oak leaves, who bounds ahead of us and leaps to chase a leaf falling. Maybe we walk up New Canada, the dirt road that climbs the northwest slope of Ragged Mountain, and walk in a tunnel of red shade under oak and maple, under wide old birches with leaves a delicate yellow. On the downslope, as leaves fall away, the valley opens, and on the clearest days for the first time since April we can look across and see the hills of Vermont. As the dog bounces our hearts bounce also with a happy overload, our landscape turned into sensuous Italian crockery or grand opera.

Or we walk on the low dirt road that skirts Eagle Pond, and on the rattling bridge at the south end—over the Blackwater River's tributaries exiting the pond, by the beaver's bog where wet earth stabs upward with coneshaped, gnawed stumps of poplar—we stand and stare with our jaws gaped at the tweedy circumference of the pond, low trees turned orange, Chinese red, pink, russet, together with silver-gray trunk and evergreen green, weaving the universe's most outlandish fabric, the whole more purple than not, although no part of it is purple. Walking back to our house, from any direction, we know again, and always for the heart-stopping first time, that our house sits floating in the center of autumn's flood: yellow candle leaves against unpainted barn; fiery wild maple shooting up against the sprawling old white house with green shutters; the slope of Ragged rising behind with its crazy anthology of color, shade, and texture. We inhabit the landscape's brightest and briefest flesh.

Or we drive, dangerous as it is—who can watch the road?—to places we remember. Driving on I-89, up where the Connecticut River Valley opens, we ride high discovering enormous vistas of fall's bounty, the distant low hills giving off their variegated light. But middle distance is best. Close-up we see the one leaf and the one tree, gorgeous but myopic. Distance makes a momentary uniformity. Middle distance at its best offers tricks of focus, as when we drive by certain mild hills—mild the rest of the year—and take

Donald Hall's most recent collection of poems is The Happy Man. His essay on winter appeared in the February issue of Harper's Magazine.

We who prefer fall are in love with the vigor of decay, as if we were philanderers bored by any nineteen-year-old, all smooth skin and taut roundedness

them in as leaf, as tree, and as expressionist wild canvas. The eye learns a rapid oscillation that makes all parts and one whole into yet another whole: creation's apotheosis and heaven on earth. Past Danbury, east on 104. there's a moment of space, north of Ragged where the ski folks go in winter, where the land widens into a sudden plain, flat as water and the size of Eagle Pond. Here we park in October to stare. Over the brief plain the hills start again, bright in the middle distance. Driving back from Franklin, where we shop at the A&P or go to Keegan's Hardware, or from Tilton, where Bob Beaulieu sells the best cheese and corns his own beef, we take the back road from East Andover to Andover Village. This narrow road rides straight up and down, past abandoned farms and great farmhouses, some with their elms surviving, some with stony pastures cleared 200 years ago and not yet grown over. At the edge of this road stand two magnificent eighteenth-century houses (one, Governor Bachelder's, with a little family graveyard), houses with fanlights, square and upright Georgian houses made of white clapboard with views of noble Kearsarge and with Ragged's southern slope in the grandeur of the middle distance.

Then leaves fall. They turn, they alter, and they fall. The trees that turn first drop leaves first, swamp maples shedding into their damp, boggy earth, sticking up their twigs as the slower trees on the hills behind them start their journey. Then birch, poplar, ash, and the great maple inaugurate their denuding, at first in the chill, vinegary air one or two leaves spiraling; then by the dozen the colorful leaves diving and dancing down, divers and dancers staggering through air to rest on silvery grass; then by the hundreds the leaves reeling down, making the air solid with swirling leaf confetti, sketching the wind's whirling shapes on a cool morning. Oh, to stand in the woods or by the house, with the chill wind in our hair, surrounded and gently touched by the continual descent of the multitudinous reds and yellows of the abundant and generous trees. Only the oaks hold on, cherishing still their crimped brown leaves through winter and even into spring.

Rain is the enemy of brilliance. Some autumns, when the reds and yellows blaze their fiercest, three days of cold rain drain color out. Rain knocks the bright leaves down and removes their stain, so that if you kick at a leaf on the brown earth of the driveway, you find underneath it, like the important left by a child's cellophane transfer, the leaf's bright

print left by a child's cellophane transfer, the leaf's bright image intact and quick on the dirt. These years the pomp is brief, abrupt, and poignant. But autumn is always poignant.

all, I would rather call it, as in dying fall or the fall of man. I think it was September when Adam and Eve left the garden, struggling as they walked on rough footing, the first time anyone did, uphill into the compromised world. Outside Eden the live pulsing green, thick flesh of leaf and stem, showed red wounds for the first time, withered beige and gray stalk, the bruised russet and yellow of dying vegetation. Against the uniform green of continuous summer advanced the complexities of autumn, fall's multivalent messages of decay in color and shape, death's mothering sigh. A leaf falls, the year falls, men and women fall. And, *felix culpa*, fall is the most beautiful season—at least in New Hampshire.

Some of us spend our lives preferring fall to all the seasons—accepting winter's blank as the completion or fulfillment that our season presages, taking spring only as a prologue and summer as the gently inclined platform leading all too slowly to the annual dazzle. We are in love with the vigor of decay, as if we were philanderers bored by any gorgeous nineteen-year-old, all smooth skin and taut roundedness; merely tolerant of the *femmes de trente ans* whose bodies, softer and more serious, bloom with the secret growth of the sensual life; pursuing not young girl or bloomed beauty but the gray-haired, stark-cheekboned beautiful woman of fifty.

For amorists of October, the red branch is the sign we seek. If we find it in May or June it only mocks us, for it is not earned and appropriate aging but disease, acid, blight, salt, herbicide, or a plague of beetles—mocking

the splendor of autumn as progetta, wretched aging disease of children, mocks residents of an old folks' home. But in August, in New Hampshire, we may reasonably look for a touch of the true and natural red that flames at a maple branch's tip; even in August, with vagaries of elevation, temperature, storm, and moon, a mini-frost foreshadows splendor. Though noon be hot, though well dry up and hay turn brown, though we parch tossing bales and rush to the lake for cool, yet the air is cold every morning. We rise to light a fire in the Glenwood, taking the chill off and the damp of cold dew, and to glance outside through early mist: Is there more red on the hill?

Every August somebody's garden goes. We live by Eagle Pond, protected by the water's heat from early frost. But north of us toward Danbury, and west at Wilmot Flat, we watch for August's autumn. When somebody loses a garden, we hear when we drop into the post office or the store: "Buck's folks got frosted out this morning." Driving past the Buck place we see tall corn browning and withered, tomato plants blackening and heavy with green-yellow globes. It is melancholy and no joke. From the peas planted early, scattered on snow in April, through the Rototilled wet soil of May, through June struggles with woodchucks and deer, through weeding in July's heat and watering in the drought of early August—gardens are hard duty. A frost in late August or early September is enough to drive a family to drink or Arizona.

Safe with our garden, we look for the red branch. As September starts we rise to white patches on grass, which keeps its dark green. We scrape a thin film of ice from the car's windshield when we stagger out to it at 5:15 (coffee being made in the dripolater, cats fed, dog walked) to drive down to the Kearsarge Mini-Mart for the Boston Globe. We glance at the tomato plants by the porch. They appear untouched; near the house and its reflected heat, they sometimes last into October.

Today it will warm up, and even turn hot for an hour early in the afternoon, but with a clear sky, tonight will be cold again. The 10,000 stars, so bright and harsh they prick at eyeballs, will see another frost. Somewhere somebody's tomatoes will blacken and sag. This morning, taking lunch at the Blackwater Restaurant, I hear one old man, entering, ask another old man at the counter: "How did your garden fare?"

From the red branch on the green tree, fall enlarges to become the red tree on the green slope—one maple of a hundred chooses to charge first into the breach. Then in September, in the damp places where swamp maples flourish, gross splendor begins: swamp maple leads the way, groves of the small bushes or trees, in spring and summer scarcely worth our attention as they plume their frail green in marshy land beside meadows, unremarkable in a landscape of great oaks, of elms (rare now even in New Hampshire), and of true maples in the dark sugarbush. In September these weed trees take their brief hour on the stage. Swamp maples are the pioneers of autumn; they blaze with their Chinese reds, brilliant enamels sudden on a cool morning. While their noble cousins by name, the rock maple of the hill, keep intact their dark, almost black, summer green, green-shutter-dark, swamp maples explode like Fourth of July fireworks, small red fountains on low land. Driving to the P.O., I watch for the boggy patch a

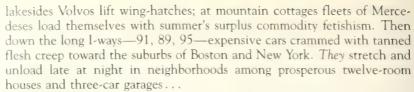
mile this side of Danbury where swamp maples congregate; here, on a sharp morning, a crimson eloquence rises like Godzilla from the bog.

his, the day of the swamp maple, is a red-letter day for autumn's amorist. Another such day comes soon: Labor Day is a holiday truly celebrated hereabouts, for it is the day when *they* go home, the summer people, who arrive blooming in the month of June, flower with hardihood through July and August, and wither abruptly on the first Monday of September. Everywhere gross Oldsmobile station wagons back up to cottages loading leftover Stolichnaya, unread stacks of summer reading, Port-Salut, golf clubs, tennis rackets, dental floss, and bottles of tanning lotion. At 10,000

I watch for the boggy patch where swamp maples congregate: here, on a sharp morning, a crimson eloquence rises like Godzilla from the bog



After the summer people have gone there is a quiet time. Then at the end of September, and throughout October, the leaf people come



While up north, in the countryside, air thins, lightens, chills, and cheers up. No more traffic jams down to the post office! No more bumping and shoving in the aisles at Cricenti's! Browning hayfields, mountains, dirt roads, and stone walls return to us. The land is ours again, so far as it is anybody's. The annual long rental—essential for 150 years to our economy—annually breaks its lease. Overnight, traffic on Route 4 diminishes by 30 percent. A few elderly summer people remain, not forced back by schools opening or the end of vacation, but they move more cautiously now, nervous and polite or more nearly polite: they know they are outnumbered now. (But with the growth of retirement condominium barn palaces, we begin to witness in New Hampshire the newest phenomenon: year-round summer people.)

In Danbury, up the road, the change is not so great as in some towns, because there are not so many summer people. Yet one Saturday soon after Labor Day, the village celebrates the end of summer, exodus and restoration, with the yearly festival of the Danbury Grange Harvest Festival and Parade. The harvest part is a show in the Legion Hall, melons and squash and tomatoes big and ripe, canning, pies—all displayed and judged. In the Grange Hall and Volunteer Fire Department there are crafts and sewing, watercolors, hot dogs and hamburgers, antiques, fudge and penuche. In the afternoon horses compete at pulling weights and there is a baseball game. At five o'clock the Grange puts on its ham-and-bean supper.

The parade is the best part. It starts at eleven; we gather at the crossroads where 104 from Bristol and Plymouth hits Route 4 head-on, between Danbury Center's two stores where Hippie Hill occupies the raised spot beside the railroad—no train for five years. The parade is decorated bicycles; the fife-and-drum corps from Bristol in colonial costume; girls riding horseback; men driving antique cars; politicians standing upright in convertibles; floats from the Grange, the fire department, the South Danbury Christian Church, the Jiminy Cricket Kindergarten, and the Little League; Willard Huntoon leading his Holstein oxen; and seven or nine fire engines from Danbury and all the little nearby towns hooting their sirens, the volunteers throwing fistfuls of candy out windows to children gathered at roadside.

After the summer people have gone there is a quiet time. Then at the end of September, throughout October, and even into November, the leaf people come. They do not resemble the summer people. The leafers don't own, rent, or hold tenancy here; they buy a ticket, as if for the Whirl-O-Ride at the county fair. Most of them are elderly—they peer from bus windows with goodwill and mouths that make O's. Young leafers from the flatlands drive their own cars and help support restaurant people, bed-and-breakfasters, inn folks; for the tourist business, leafers cut the wedge of a season between summer and ski. They drive to the White Mountains in early September. Later, they mosey along little roads; they stop at the side of Route 4 beside our barn to photograph yellow poplars against the gritty textures of unpainted vertical boards.

We like leaf people doubtless because we are also leaf people. In Andover, down the road, the Lions Club annually rents a school bus and bus driver to take a load of Andover's senior citizens up north. Because we are lucky enough to live here, our ecstasy is annual, not once in a lifetime as it is for the riders of the great land yachts with Texas license plates that wander for a week through Green Mountains and White, parking where it says "scenic view," where everybody whips out a Ph.D. camera ("Push here, dummy") and shoots the leaf's red dazzle for taking back to Houston. Sometimes these buses must have trouble with their WCs, because Gail down at



the Blackwater Restaurant puts signs on her restrooms during leaf season: OUT OF ORDER. It is uncanny what a busload of eighty senior citizens can do for your septic system.

Fall is the time of the McIntosh.

Apples have remained a big New Hampshire crop after the other farming has pulled up and gone west. In our cellar the row of barrels remains where the squeezed apples took their long journey toward vinegar, important to the diet in times when a single orange was a Christmas treat. It was always on the table, good with beets canned or fresh, with cabbage, and with red-flannel hash—north-country soul food which starts from the detritus of a boiled dinner: brown some salt pork in a skillet, grind up the leftover vegetables (cabbage, turnip, onion, potato, carrot), then grind up beets, which brings red flannel to the hash, and hash it together and serve with a cruet of apple vinegar tapped from the cellar's barrel.

Our barrels have been dry, I suppose, for sixty years. The old apple trees are gone, but we have put in new trees now, midgets for easy picking: old varieties like Sheep's Nose, chosen for their names, some McIntosh for seri-

ous eating, Northern Spy and Strawberry...

At Bone's Orchard they grow thirty-seven varieties, but 98 percent of the apples they sell are Macs. Late summer we drive past Bone's watching the trees grow heavy with the dense globes of redness. We look for the day they start picking. Early Macs aren't much better than Delicious or Granny Smith; the lover of the true McIntosh lives for a short season. Nothing is so intense to the mouth as a ripe McIntosh which detonates with the sweet-sweet yet acid, harsh texture of the accurate apple, autumn's bounty. Or almost nothing: the textured flesh is a mouth's joy, but the mouth or the

mind's mouth craves also the sweet torture of essence without texture, nervous pleasure-pain multiplied by abstrac-

tion. I mean cider.

he first taste of October's cider always recovers for me a single afternoon in the autumn of 1944, a long walk with a new friend, and a day I cherish. There are days in a long life which are carved without pain in the heart's chambers, or with pain as sweet as cider's. In September of 1944 I left home for the first time and lived among the barbarians of adolescence all day and night at a prep school in southern New Hampshire, where I studied Latin in hopeless panic and wept tears of solitude and loathed the blond, thick-lipped sons of lawyers and brokers who glared at me with insolence, with frigidity, and without acknowledgment. Once I asked directions from someone who looked depressed—the only facial expression I wished to address—and when he proclaimed his ignorance we began our friendship to the death.

My new friend and I took a hike on a Sunday afternoon, walking for four hours maybe in a circle of dirt roads around the town, past grown-over farms and farms mothballed for war on roads no one traveled because of gas rationing. It was dry and dusty, but there was chill in the air—apple weather—and we walked smartly as we talked about everything important: the war, what we would do in the war, what we would do after the war and after college, our parents, our goals in life... Gradually and tentatively, under the bright blue air, we spoke with trust of what we most cared for. We walked under the bonny elms of New Hampshire, which had never heard of Dutch elm disease, under oaks still green, weathering toward gray, and under maples splendid with carmine. Worn out, heading back to school, we took a narrow road so quiet that it seemed as if we had discovered it; and as we turned a curve we saw a great white farmhouse leading back from a wide lawn, and on the edge of the lawn at the dirt road's edge a table in the shade of an elm, empty glasses on it and a full tawny pitcher with a sign lettered on cardboard: CIDER 5¢ A GLASS.

It looked like the best idea the world had ever come up with, cider in October on a dusty road, a miracle surely, and surely we were the first cus-

Nothing is so intense to the mouth as a ripe McIntosh which detonates with the sweet-sweet yet acid, harsh texture of the accurate apple In the old life of the farms, fall was a lazy wason. Relatively.

Late in fall the farmer cut down to eighty hours a week

tomers for thirty years or maybe a thousand... Then a screen door banged on the porch above and a big old woman in a long housedress with a flowered apron over it worked her way over the grass, hobbling and smiling. She took our nickels and poured us cider. Then she took a dime and poured us more cider, and then she took no more money but poured our glasses full until she emptied the pitcher.

We walked home as darkness started and red trees flared into the dark. We walked with a light step in our friendship, tender and lively with the exquisite pain and excitement of cider wild in our mouths like apple fire. And if, thirty-five years later, my friend's wife found him on the staircase of their house, and if the lives lived have not entirely resembled the lives

planned for on a Sunday afternoon in 1944, at least the lives had that day in them, that house, that long friendship, and that cider.

n the old life of the farms, fall was a lazy season. Relatively. Late in fall the farmer cut down to eighty hours a week, maybe even to seventy-two.

First there was harvest. Come September my grandparents dug potatoes for the cellar and buried late carrots in sand; come October they picked apples for cellar and cider press. The busiest time was bringing the field corn in. My grandfather gathered it himself. The great grassy stalks, green as bamboo and thick, fell like soldiers in the teeth of the horse-drawn mowing machine; he always nailed the tallest, maybe twelve feet, on the barn door. Then the ensilage crew arrived early one morning. They brought with them the gasoline-driven corn chopper, a noisy, rattling, snarling belt-driven machine that gobbled whole stalks—white hard ears, green stalk, leaf and silk together; the machine blew the chopped mess into the silo, where my cousin Freeman tamped it down—Holstein granola for the milk of winter and pale spring.

When the field corn was chopped and stowed, the machine disassembled and packed for its journey to the next farm, the hard part of the fall was done with. There was fruit still to pick and cider to press. If no frost killed the plants there were tomatoes to can. After the first deep frost the remaining tomato plants were pulled up to hang upside down in the shed, where the green tomatoes blushed and turned edible. Now it was time to fatten up the pigs with corn for slaughter when it turned cold, to sell young roosters and wethers, to kill off old hens—one for dinner every Sunday—and settle

pullets in the henhouse.

But none of these tasks was continual, like having all summer or woodcutting in winter. As soon as the grass stopped growing, cattle were moved into the barn for winter, standing all day in the tie-up eating golden hay, silage, and grain. Before heavy snow it was time for fencing. There had always been patching in the summer when the sheep got out, or maybe a cow or a heifer; or you could fence in July and August, walking the perimeter of the two pastures (for cattle and sheep), when the hay was too wet to bring in. But systematic fencing, "mending wall," as the poet says, occupied a few days between harvest and deer season. (Only suicidal farmers fenced during deer season.) You hung a coil of wire over your shoulder, put staples and hammer in overall pockets. Then you looked for places where a rock had tumbled loose or a tree, blown over in a thunderstorm, crashed across barbed wire. You set the stone back in place or chopped up the tree to clear the breach and strung more wire. And you looked around you in the October woods at the extended private exhibition, low, pale autumn sunlight catching on reds and yellows of the great woods. After hauling rocks it was good to catch your breath; it was good to look, and look, and

And everyone looked and still looks. Even people who have lived their whole lives here never become bored with this looking—the old farmers I remember, my cousins now. When I was young I thought maybe the old didn't see, didn't relish the beauty they lived in. Then I learned: for more

than a hundred years, anybody willing to leave this countryside has been rewarded for leaving it by more money, leisure, and creature comforts. A few may have stayed from fecklessness or lack of gumption; more have stayed from family feeling or homesickness. But most stay from love. I live

among a population, extraordinary in our culture, that lives where it lives because it loves its place. We are self-selected place lovers; there's no reason to live here except love.

t Halloween the mounded pumpkins of the roadside, carved now, grin with candles from all the doorsteps, and the stuffed guys of the dooryards and all the ghosts of summer gather at October's end. According to the calendar winter begins just before Christmas Eve, at the solstice of December 22, but the soul's calendar, like the body's, knows that autumn dwindles by entropy into winter as Halloween turns the corner to November. In November we rake leaves against the sides of the house for insulation, as the grandfathers and great-grandfathers did in their northern houses, heaping the summer's warmth against the foundation stones and low clapboards. Now we tack poly up first, or we use black fiber paper or costly aluminum foil, but then add leaves as well, as deeply as they will hold. Wind scatters the leaves; to hold them down we cut spruce boughs to lay over leafworks, and when it snows we shovel snow over them, bundling tight against the winds of thirty below.

Winter's onset is the theme of autumn after the glory's gone. Ice forms in the watering trough; we scrape ice from the windshield early in the morning. In the pale grays and browns of late October and November we tuck the house up tight, we split and stack cordwood in the woodshed—splinter time—packing the autumn wood as we used to pack hay in the summer's rick. Now the house's fall puts on weight and solidity, like the bear fattening himself for a long winter's sleep, and the house is protected by the collapsed summer's dead leaves, forearmed with firewood, the stored heat of many summers. Trees warm the wooden house.

Thanksgiving's turkey is the fall's last fall: "Over the river and through the wood/To grandfather's house we go." The horse knows the way, and so does the Nissan pickup. Though the turkey be frozen and the stuffing be Pepperidge Farm, the Pilgrims' late celebration of corn and apple and cranberry, of mince and turnip and cider, turns the last key in the door of autumn. At noon the potatoes get mashed and the gravy thickens. In early dark we lie about, with football breaking its bones all over the living room, and we make Thanksgiving for one more cycle of the year gone through, ended with the great ghost dance of autumn, bright and pale wedded from September's leaf to November's early dark.

And although we may regret the darkening day, the beauty of late autumn is real and serious. With the leaves down, granite emerges from the hills and everywhere we see again the hills' true shape; and the stone walls that the ancestors made (to enclose their animals and to clear their fields of rocks) straggle, making gray rectangles on the gray hillsides.

Late October or early November—after weeks of frost and the fields brown and the harvest long taken and the garden ripped up and dumped and the trees mostly bare and the house tucked up for winter—comes the moment of miraculous restoration, summer's curtain call. The wind relents, the sun rises, and Indian summer visits like a millionaire; the expensive stranger walks over Kearsarge and Ragged and spends gold sunshine on the unreceptive fields. Down jackets hang again from a brief hook; the summer's T-shirt reappears. Flies waken on the windows of the second story; a wasp rubs her lazy legs together. If the frost has not yet finished them, late asters and chrysanthemums hover in summery air along with other late survivors: rose mallow's lavender wildflower, the spindly autumnal goldenrod. Soon, sure enough, frost will blacken fall's flowers and snow tamp them down with its orgy of sensuous deprivation, but now for five days or seven they float a warm raft of midsummer on the lake of fall's desolation.

In the pate grass and browns of late October and November we tuck the house up tight, we split and stack cordwood—the house's fall puts on weight and solidity



## A DRUNKARD'S PROGRESS

AA and the sobering strength of myth By "Elpenor"

For souls it is death to become water, for water it is death to become earth; from earth water comes-to-be, and from water, soul.

A man when he is drunk is led by an unfledged boy, stumbling and not knowing where he goes, having his soul moist.

A dry soul is wisest and best.

—Heraclitus

If all the things that happened on my last binge before I went into Alcoholics Anonymous, I remember clearly only one: a powerful, somewhat surprising surge of fellow feeling for a couple standing next to me at a Manhattan bar. The bar was not one of my favorite watering holes. I had none by that time, not much caring where I drank or with whom. But this place was more familiar than most, filled with an ill-assorted crowd of professional people, Hispanics, street people, and the odd preppie. The couple, too, seemed haphazardly matched, and it was evident that before this moment they had never spoken to each other.

The man was black, with a Ché beret and wispy chin whiskers. A law school textbook lay open beside his beer. She was drinking spritzers: a woman in her late twenties, in tweeds, and with plain gold hoops in her earlobes. She was white and, as I subsequently overheard, of Irish descent. They were making friends, talking about their ancestors, and it came out that one of his great-great-grandfathers had been a ship

captain on the Liverpool—West Indies run. And so, miraculously, had one of hers. Alas, they couldn't prove the link beyond a doubt, for the law school student could not remember his ancestor's last name. But I remember how delighted they were to establish the possibility of one, and how their joy touched off something like it in me, their secret sharer. I felt buoyed up as if on the gentle swells of the sea they'd been talking about: the old oceanic feeling, you might say, but in my condition, rather poignant. Then the couple went on to talk of other things (police brutality, as I recall) and I went back to my bourbon and water.

There are more synonyms for "drunk" than for any other word in the English language. Wentworth and Flexner's *Dictionary of American Slang* has to resort to an appendix to cover them all. There are 313 words in it. Most of us could add one or two of our own to the collection. I like *misjudged*, for example: a splendid equivocation by which the drunk manages to suggest that he has merely underestimated the potency of the liquor, or that his behavior is being sadly misunderstood. At any rate, the clear implication of this vast vocabulary is that drunkenness is the most verbal of human conditions—until it becomes the most unspeakable.

What intrigues me is the allusion that so many of these words make to the *liquidity* of drunkenness. We drunks are all sailors, stumbling and reeling from tavern to tavern. But to us it is the world that totters and plunges. Noth-

ing stands still for us, no more than deck furniture stands still in a storm at sea. Everything spins—the faces of friends, the bar, the streets, the bushes in the front yard, the stairs, the toilet, the bed. A drunk's world is hopelessly fluid, now rocking us gently, now breaking over us with blind and cruel force.

Perhaps my fascination with the liquidity of drunkenness is idiosyncratic. It certainly doesn't seem to be shared by my fellow drunks in AA. At a meeting once, I tried to convey a sense of my drinking career by comparing it to a salmon's epic voyage to the spawning pool. "I drank like that fish swam," I said. I told them how I dived into the tumbling waters with fervor and rose in glory. What was my quest? It was infraverbal, instinctual. And when I got there, where the waters were still and warm. I found a dreamy breeding ground of the self, with the bright air just above, attainable (wasn't it?) by a mere flick of the tail. But then, immersed in the pool, it seemed that my flesh was flaking off and floating away before my eyes, until at last I was all nerves and eyesight, staring into the fireplace, drinking Gallo from a gallon jug, trying to remember or forget, neither of which I could do, and weeping into my glass.

It seemed a terrific analogy when I launched into it at the meeting, almost a fable. But long before I reached the spawning pool I sensed that many of my fellow alcoholics had gone onto a different wavelength, and thereafter I kept my story plain. An analogy is a way of fishing for the unfamiliar, of catching it on the hook of the familiar. But nothing about drunkenness is unfamiliar to the people at an AA gathering. They want only to have the familiar made vivid, sharp, personal, immediate. They want concreteness: the kind of booze, the names of bars, what your wife said then, what the cop looked like, how much, when, how long. They want

Drinking, all we did was tell stories, if only to ourselves. Drinking, we built ourselves a drunk's ladder of words, one end propped on clouds, the other floating on water. The whole ladder is important if you would understand drunkards, but the fluid footing is where you begin to understand AA. The fellowship exists to ground the drunk's ladder on solid earth, on common ground, and whether we extend one end of it back up into the heavens or simply lay it down to

> bridge the chasms between ourselves and others, it is still made of words."

In AA meeting is an answer to a plea which everyone has heard and spoken:

My nerves are bad tonight. Yes, bad. Stay with me. Speak to me. Why do you never speak? Speak.

The ground rules differ from meeting to meeting. Some are for alcoholics only, others for anyone at all. Some are "beginners' meetings," but because beginners often tell the most touching and dramatic stories, and because veteran alcoholics want to keep their memories fresh and help those less experienced in the ways of sobriety than they are, these meetings are usually packed with old-timers as well. The number of people varies greatly. In New York I've seen meetings of twenty-odd people jammed into the cellar of a brownstone, and of more than 200 crowded into the basement of a cathedral-sized church. Where I live now, meetings seldom draw more than fifty and sometimes only two or three. Twenty seems to be the average.

This is a good number, to my taste, and the meeting where I feel most at home attracts about that many once a week. We have beginners, too, vanned in from a drying-out farm back in the hills. The format of the meeting is the open discussion group, with a lead-off speaker telling his tale, the other members following up with bits and pieces of their own stories. I always speak, whether I want to or not. I think of it as a kind of spiritual discipline: to attend to what's being said, to keep one's mind open to the spark of recognition, to wait in mounting tension for the moment when one will be called

\*Elpenor, the youngest of Odysseus's companions, is described in The Odyssey as an ordinary fellow, not overly brave, not particularly wise. He was also the first to die, doing so even before the ordeal of the great captain and his crew had properly begun. The circumstances, however, make his name irresistibly appealing to the writer of this essay, as a pseudonym.

What happened to Elpenor could have been funny. For nine long years Circe, the goddess of human speech, held the Ithacans captive on her remote island, transforming them into dumb animals, slaves of their most ignoble appetites. But then at last Odysseus persuaded Circe to give them speech again, to make them men, and to let them begin their voyage home. One whole day, before setting sail, they spent feasting on meat and wine; then at nightfall they lay down to sleep in Circe's great hall. All but Elpenor: heavy with wine, hot, he found a ladder and climbed up onto the roof. He was still there when Odysseus, down below, roused his comrades in the morning. Poor Elpenor! Springing up at the sound of voices, befuddled, he forgot the ladder he'd come up by and pitched headlong from the roof. "His neck," as A.T. Murray translates Homer's lines, "was broken away from his spine, and his spirit went down to the house of Hades."

But this was not the end of Elpenor's story. When Odysseus's turn came to make his own descent into Hell, Elpenor was the first of all the shades to greet him. "Son of Laertes, sprung from Zeus, Odysseus of many devices, he cried, "an evil doom of some god was my undoing, and measureless wine." He begged a favor of his captain, that when Odysseus gained again the common ground of mortals, "heap up a mound for me on the shore of the grey sea, in memory of an unhappy man, that men yet to be may learn of me. Fulfill this prayer, and fix upon the mound my oar wherewith I rowed in life when I was among my comrades.

A drunk's world is hopelessly fluid, now rocking us gently, now breaking over us with blind and cruel force

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on, then finally to hazard a link between one's own story and another's. The sensation, when I have said my bit, is what most of us came for, serenity.

But no one is under any compulsion to speak. On the contrary, old-timers tell you again and again that one of the great virtues they discovered in the program is the capacity to listen: truly to listen, without making assumptions or jumping to conclusions, without analyzing, categorizing, glossing, or comparing (what I'm doing now, for example), but with appetite, imagination, and sympathy. At an AA meeting, good listeners become as little children listening to fairy tales. And a fairy tale of sorts is what, typically, we hear.

I imagine many of my fellow drunks would be infuriated to hear their stories, "true" stories recalled with anguish and told quite literally in fear and trembling, described as fairy tales. Yet mythical world of apprehension: peopled with witches, ogres, and tyrants, rife with duplicity, danger, evil, and death.

But as the child battles through his ordeal, he also finds that nature is in secret complicity with his struggle. Life itself wants him to survive the ordeal, to defeat his enormous adversaries, to come into his kingdom. Little people, common people, all denizens of the earth, appear to help him. And the child must let nature's secret complicitors in, trust them, and with them trust himself, his wits and his high resolve. And with this access of trust, the last liberating secret is revealed: that freedom is a gift of strength, and strength a gift of going forth and suffering. The gift of the story to the listener is hope.

Point for point, this is the story one hears over and over again at AA meetings. Not that anyone orders us to tell them in this form. All we're told is to share our "experience, strength,



that's what they are to the listeners, and I don't mean to belittle them. After all, as Walter Benjamin has told us, a fairy tale is usually the story of a quest, through which as children we may learn to confront the forces of the mythical world, the dreadful projections of our fears, our hurts, and our mistrust. In quest stories a child goes forth, a child much like the listening child in his secret conviction of helplessness and oppression. And along the way he discovers that the real world of experience is much like the

and hope" for ten or twenty minutes. There are no other instructions: no one prompts, analyzes, jeers, breaks in to tell his own story, or criticizes.

But that's the way they usually come out, as quest stories, and one reason they do is that it's so easy to construe the actual course of a drunk's career in that way. The *ism*, alcoholism, is a disease. (I prefer to think of it as a gift, like the gift for music, but malign. Becoming an alcoholic is like winning a recital at Carnegie Hall: you must have the gift, but you must also practice. Still,

most drunks take it as a disease.) But because the disease of alcoholism goes its way in a seemingly purposeful fashion, it is a simple matter to personify it. In AA we call it "cunning, baffling, and insidious," and having gone that far, we might as well call it the Demon. When he first appears on the scene, he is as frisky and cute as Faust's poodle, found on an idle stroll. Later, revealed for what he is (charming, helpful, always available at the crook of an elbow), he begins making promises and deals. And this Demon knows how to make a deal, how to keep a promise. The stories I've heard! Hardworking foremen, corporate swashbucklers, surgeons, interior decorators, bus drivers, librarians, fishermen, submarine skippers, mongers of all sorts and kinds of things, all of them stewed to the gills morning, noon, and night, yet never faltering on their upward climb, never losing their jobs, never falling in the esteem of their fellows.

But we all lost our souls, and in the typical story, sooner or later, everything else as well: jobs, money, family, friends, health, the lot. We end up in a barroom, say, screaming a challenge to take on any man in the place. Ludicrous: we might be blowing bubbles in the bathtub. There are no takers. But out on the street, the Demon's little helpers are waiting, a bunch of pint-sized muggers come to collect. The deal was that you hold the liquor. With the

grip reversed, you lose.

So begins the most crucial episode in the drunk's career: hitting bottom. Everyone finds his own bottom. It might be on the carpet of an executive suite or in the backyard where the pints of vodka are buried; it might be the gutter, the slammer, or the bin. Wherever it is, it seems somehow more textured with the actual than anything we've known since we first set out on this voyage. And the Demon is down there as well, delighted as always to help a drowning man. Voices reach us, urgent voices. One, heroic in timbre (though strangely demonic), cries out, "Hold on!" Another, so close to the bottom we're lying on that it might be coming from there, speaks in a croak. "Let go," it says, "let go." These voices, this site, are the

Vhat quest were we on when we set forth? What was it we wanted, really wanted? It wasn't anything in particular. That was the trouble. All we had was neediness and vision, bottomless neediness and wondrous vision. Out of these we conjured a god—the god, in fact, whose servant is the Demon. W. H. Auden called him Possibility, and said that his idolaters were legion in modern societies. But drunks have always known about that god, long before there were modern societies, for on the downward leg of

drama of Alcoholics Anonymous.

the drunkard's quest it is Possibility who fills the

Possibility, after all, is simultaneously the one great true thing (anything can happen), the great half-truth (I can do anything I want to). and the great lie (I can be anyone I want to). There are moments of Possibility-worship in evervone's story. In most people's lives, however, Possibility makes itself felt as a more or less fixed object of desire, not the wind but the compass: riches, celebrity, a lively love life. The more concrete the desire, in fact, the more coherent the voyage, the story, and the "I" who is telling it. In a drunk's story, Possibility appears as it is to the true idolater: the achingly elusive element in which we live and move and have our dreams; the pool, the drowning pool, of the self.

I don't know how many times I've heard an AA storyteller begin his story with the assertion that he began drinking to "get along," because he was shy and ill at ease at parties and a snootful made it easier for him. I could never identify with this until a few months ago. I was at a party, a small dinner where there was a man who I instantly realized was cleverer, more articulate, more entertaining, and more forceful than I could ever be. This would have been hard to bear under the best of circumstances, but these were especially difficult. For one thing, the hostess was a woman whose attentions I coveted and my "rival" was winning. For another, I had stopped smoking three weeks before: this was my first foray into unfamiliar social territory without cigarettes.

By dessert, I was in such a rage of envy that I grabbed a cigarette. (One of his cigarettes, needless to say.) I think I'd have grabbed his wine bottle, too, if there hadn't been another recovering alcoholic at the table. Still, I smoked, which was bad enough; I smoked out of envy. Cleverer than I could ever be? Ever? Dear God, say it isn't so! Say that I could if I tried. That I could if I made myself new. That I could, by some miracle, be someone else. But now, wafted onward on my nicotine afflatus, I was another man-if nothing else, a man who had not smoked but did now. Exhaling, I could see any self I wished in the moist clouds of smoke, and a good deal less of the man I envied.

Booze, I now realize, did the same thing for me. Looking back to when I began drinking, I can see that I was no different from those others who say they drank to make themselves agreeable, lovable, clever. We drank to spawn new selves, to be reborn in Possibility, more charming, more persuasive, more resolute, more highspirited—until at last our new selves swam away and lost themselves in the darkness and silence of the bottom.

If spawning Possible selves is what the drunk

We drank to spawn new selves, to be reborn more charming, more bersuasive. more resolute. more high-spirited Felling his story, the becomes the protagonist in extragalc between cynicism and trust, despair and hope

was up to during the first part of his quest, then "re-collecting" and "re-membering" those selves is what he is doing when he tells us about it. Recalling himself as he was, prostrate before the idol, he remembers daring great deeds and speaking resounding words. But even if he did and said half of what he dreamed, even if he was the selves he gave birth to, the lived experience eluded him, forever being dissolved in the solvent of alcoholic Possibility. God does save drunks and fools, but what he saves them from is experience. The story of a life devoted to Possibility sounds like a quest story with the ordeals left out. It's just a haphazard accumulation of endings: triumphs or catastrophes, as the case might be (for anything can happen), but completely severed from the necessary middle, the traveled ground of experience.

In the rooms, then, where AA people tell their stories, there are really two dramas going on, the events recounted in the narrative and the narrator's struggle to recover his experience, to build a new ladder of words on a firmer footing. The story emerges rung by rung, sometimes as farce, sometimes as melodrama: a situation comedy or a horror show. Often it is both. At one meeting I used to go to, for example, a tough little Irishman convulsed us with an inexhaustible series of disaster stories involving runins with the police, tractor trailers, frosty bank managers, night nurses in the drunk ward. He used to tell how he was cured of the gambling addiction that overcame him after he went into AA. He and his wife were at a Florida racetrack. and each had bet on a different horse. His horse, which had been in the lead, stumbled and fell. His wife's horse, which was second, tripped over the fallen favorite and broke its neck. "I took it as a sign," he would say, "a bad sign."

But farce is easily transmuted into horror. There are meetings where one feels beaten. physically and morally, by the ingenuity, the persistence, the cruelty that human beings bring to the task of destroying themselves. Again and again you find yourself saying, "Now, dear God, surely he's reached his bottom!" He has not. But the storyteller has. The storyteller is here now, warm and dry and safe, perhaps with a firm grip on sobriety, perhaps just digging his fingers into the beach against the pull of the slamming, sucking surf. So the end of the story is always both happy and tragic. Now, right this minute, he is in these rooms, telling his story among common people, close to the world's center of gravity. (Meetings seem always to be held in basements.) But after the meeting he must go out again into the fluid world of Possibility. And out there, as he and every member of the gathering know, waits the certainty of death.

In some stories, the presence of death is

almost palpable. In these versions the hero hits bottom and goes into AA. The quest should move on from there, a quest for sobriety, but it does not. Instead, we see the drunkard lifting himself up from the bottom time and again, only to slip back. The pity of it is unbearable: the rehab centers, halfway houses, asylums, prisons, AA itself, in and out, in and out. These are epics, heroic and terrible. The terror, of course, comes from the hero's willed participation in his own doom. The heroism is the storyteller's. Telling that story, groping in agonizing silence for words, the speaker becomes an actor in his real life, the protagonist in a struggle between cynicism and trust, despair and hope, death and life, death and love-now en-

acted, in these rooms, in an agon of remembrance.

herapies of the word, of course, are almost as easy to come by as a drink. And it might be asked, as alcoholics in AA meetings do often ask, why it is that these other therapies, psychoanalysis in particular, were never able to help them stop drinking. It's a good question, and I think the answer tells something about the kinds of people alcoholics are. (The question of whether we were always that kind of person, or became that way as a result of drinking, is a chicken-and-egg question, and not a good one.)

What goes on in an analytic session is quite similar to what goes on in an AA meeting. Analyst and patient meet periodically, the patient bearing his anxieties, some too deeply rooted or too painful for words, others already fixed in words—too fixed, like a published text. The analyst brings his own experience, and in the encounter between the two, the patient undergoes a kind of conversion, or rather a series of conversions, in the course of which he works out a new, illuminating, and presumably helpful version of his life story. So, too, at an AA meeting: there, the newcomer learns to channel the maelstrom of his experience along the lines of a quest story. And there are parallels, as well, between the dramas played out in each kind of session. In AA there is the drunk's mortal struggle to compose his life in words and the counterinsurgent denial of his need to stop drinking, as well as of the proffered way to stop. In analysis the drama is the patient's painful ordeal to become a maker of sense and his fierce resistance to the analyst who can help him.

But it's just there, in that element of drama, that the alcoholic finds analysis wanting. We alcoholics are intensely social, constantly threatened by loneliness: we need to go *out*, mix it up with the crowd, see and be seen, perform. What can an audience of one man or woman do for us?

And we want sacrifice. Once we sacrificed

ourselves on the altar of Possibility; now, giving ourselves to others like ourselves, we learn a new form of sacrifice, one with life itself as the gift for the giving. In analysis there's nothing like that, nothing so dramatic: if anybody is being sacrificed it is the therapist, who may be dying of boredom. But he is being paid for it, which rather spoils the fun.

Considered as theater, moreover, psychotherapy in general (as a drunk might say) is pretty small beer. AA theater, by contrast, is primitive stuff, as primal as the quest story. Sophocles' Oedipus is what we want; Freud's is too refined, too limited. Lacking experience, and in that sense childlike, we like our theater crude and dirty and full of miracles. But we also like it formal. If a psychotherapeutic treatment has any form, it's usually apparent only to the therapist, and not necessarily even to him. The AA drama seems as simple and straightforward a container of meaning as the mind could devise. It has to be, for containing is precisely what it must do for us. We are the incontinent, those whom Dante found wallowing in putrid slop, and what we crave is integrity, coherence, simplicity. AA drama is oral, preliterate. In fact, the whole culture of AA is oral, a tribal culture which gets passed on by means of stories and maxims. There's an AA maxim for every contingency: Count your blessings, One day at a time, Easy does it, Live and let live, First things first. The beginner finds them stupefyingly banal. Then he learns that they are nothing more than condensed stories waiting to be brought to life by his own experience.

Some of our tribes even have bards. I think of Ted, a regular at some of the meetings I go to. The first time I heard him speak I thought the Ancient Mariner had grabbed me by the arm. His voice rumbles along the edge of a cough and his story emerges with the beat and power of epic verse. He takes us from the loafing idyll of his youth to the horrors of a bin for the criminally insane. In his story Ted is always moving, stumbling from bar to bar, from doorway to alley to flophouse, from courthouse to prison, always on foot. Fondly, wryly, he ticks off the names of the bars, their proprietors, their regulars. Sober now, on the upward curve, he is still moving, still on foot. "You've all seen me, haven't you?" he says. Everyone has. Once a month, perhaps, they catch a glimpse of him, day or night, walking with his easy stride from town to town along the shore road. He is walking to meetings mostly, and now in his story he names the meetings, recalls anecdotes he's heard at them, laments the dead, sings the praises of those members who stopped and gave him a lift. Sometimes he'll fix the date of an incident by something he read in the papers. "It was the day they buried old Patrick P.," says Ted, or "the night they had that terrible fire up in Galahanty.'

Ted is a mythmaker. In the usual fairy-tale quest, the only name you hear is that of the hero ("I'm Susan, and I'm an alcoholic"), a name so rudimentary that every individual can identify with it. And the action of these stories takes place anywhere, somewhere in such and such a kingdom, but really in the good listener's head. Myth, however, occurs in historical time, in a real country, among real people, and the men and women of myth are the real heroes of that country and people. A myth is constitutive: it makes for a collective identification. That's what Ted's stories do. They weave a magic circle of words around our meetings, making a tribe out of a group of lonely quest-heroes. In his own story, Ted is Odysseus; but in his manner of telling it, he is our Homer. He offers himself up, a creature as wretched and glorious as the powers of speech, for us to identify with, to be at one with, to die with or to live with, if he

can only go on telling his story.

have never yet had a slip. Ordinarily, I think no more of slipping than I think of my dead mother, who had a fatal one. Drink is something I kissed goodbye. But one evening a man was telling us how he and his wife (also an alcoholic) were driving home from a meeting when they decided to stop off at a roadside restaurant for a steak. It was a wonderful steak, he said, and they had just been to a wonderful meeting, and the two things coming together, the spiritual and the physical well-being, left him feeling, as he ominously put it, "on top of the world.'

Suddenly, the thought of how wonderful it would be to cap off the evening with a crème de menthe slashed through his mind. Now, as it happens, he didn't have a crème de menthe. It also happens that I detest crème de menthe. Yet the word, the mere sound, gave me a taste of it, as real as the taste of the coffee in my hand, and the taste struck me with terror. The essence of AA is contained in that incident. What happened was something so simple as to be almost barbaric: a ritual drama that transformed our anxiety into pity and terror, our pity and terror into awe.

Awe is a reflex of the spirit, I think, and the spiritual is a dimension of existence that drunks are especially vulnerable to. There are many of us, however, myself included, for whom spirit in all its uses (except, naturally, the liquid) had become a meaningless, a tiresome, even a threatening word. By the time I went into AA, I'd pretty well dropped it from my vocabulary. The booze had been one cause of this, of course, having drowned my spirit along with everything The spiritual is a dimension of existence that drunks are especially vulnerable to

AA has ever attempted to 'help' me by pointing the way to his notion of God else, but my background had helped, too. Where I come from, all the actualities and potentialities of being human are parceled out to disciplined licensees: mind to the philosophers, psyche to the psychologists, language to the linguists, and so on. Spirit, according to this scheme of things, belonged to the religionists, the devotees of a god, and my spirit's experience at the hands of religionists had been uniformly depressing.

AA did nothing at first to disabuse me of this. It is true that when I went into AA I miraculously rediscovered my spirit. But for a great many days thereafter, I could not have told you

what I meant by the word. Spirits (as in "high spirits") got at part of it. So did morale. Yet there was always something hollow in the sound of the word when I spoke it, some dead spot of failed resonance when I heard it spoken, where there should have been, though I hardly knew why, a full and joyful understanding.

My difficulty lay in my laggard belief that

spirit had to have something to do with religion, that it had to be in the most conventional sense transcendent, that it had to be somehow always straining upward, higher than man, toward God. Most AA people have no difficulty with these thoughts. Like nine-tenths of their fellow Americans, they are happy to declare (to pollsters, for example) that they believe in God and that their God is in some sense a higher power. At meetings, "Higher Power" is the way God is most frequently referred to: "My Higher Power, whom I choose to call God." The locution is tactfully existential. Still, at first I could never hear that word, God, without the abyss opening up just beneath my heart. There is no question that the Higher Power most AA people have in mind is the Judeo-Christian one; and neither is there any question about what this power, this high god, does for me. He gives me the jitters. He's bad for my nerves, the affliction with which I went into AA in the first place; and speech between us is quite impossible.

But the interesting thing is not only that I had difficulty getting the word *spirit* to sound right in my mind and heart. It is also that no one in AA has ever attempted to "help" me by pointing the way to his notion of God. Never, for example, have I heard anyone in AA refer to Jesus Christ. This is astonishing, for most AA people are

Christian (like most Americans). Moreover, Jesus' "story" has some rather close parallels to the typical AA story. Surely the drunk's agony of remembrance is also an atonement; surely, too, the first leg of his quest is a descent into death, the second a transfiguration, though one that's always at risk. To me this only goes to show that the Crucifixion is not our only passion play, but a model, so to speak, of the genre. But I am not a Christian, and Christians, I should have thought, might find the temptation almost irresistible to call upon the story of Jesus' Agony and Resurrection to illuminate, perhaps to confirm, their own. But in AA they never do. They nev-

er speak of it.

The reason, when I found it out, revealed to me what had been missing in my sense of the spirit that moves in AA. One day I took a friend of mine, a poet, not an alcoholic, to a meeting in New York. It's a meeting that attracts a large contingent of theater people, which probably accounts for its being especially emotional. even for AA. I thought

my friend would be amused and moved. At the same time. I was a little afraid of what he might say. He is a man whose language is extraordinarily precise, and one who ordinarily demands the same precision of his friends. He is also an agnostic, and these two qualities gave me pause. My hold on sobriety was then even more feeble than it is now (I'd been "in" for less than a month), and I was high, rapturously high, on AA, and felt I could take no criticism of it. I thought my friend might despise the wild groping for words he'd hear from these people, and scorn the trite maxims by which we all tried to live. And I thought he'd be embarrassed by all, those references to "my Higher Power, whom I choose to call God."

In the event, my fears proved groundless. For it was the talk that most touched my friend: the stories told in the diction of suffering, the eloquence of shared experience, the rhetoric of hope against hope. In the taxi on the way back to his apartment he said, "The talk of God? Well, what moved in that room is the best working definition of God I've ever heard." And it was then I began to see that the true spirit of these rooms is the spirit of human life; a thing godlike, perhaps, but not transcendent; not "high"; a thing altogether human. In AA we dry moist souls on the *logos*, the Word.



# LOST IN ANOTHER HONDURAS

Of bordellos and bad scenes By Francisco Goldman

It ends with creating not another Cuba [in Central America] but another Costa Rica, El Salvador, or Guatemala, or Honduras . . .

—Assistant Secretary of State Elliott Abrams

he really is a remarkable woman," one foreign journalist was saying of another who had just gotten up from our table. It was my second day in Honduras, and we were sitting by the swimming pool of the Hotel Honduras Maya in Tegucigalpa, the capital. "She really knows how to handle her sources."

He was right about her. In spy novels the most remarkable spies have the most charm, and the best sources. And serious news reporting in Honduras, more than in any other place I've ever been, resembles espionage: a matter of sources, of conspirators, of inducing conspirators to tell on one another. Working together, pooling sources, these two journalists had broken the week's big story, one that had been picked up in May by newspapers all over the United States. The story was that a small Tegucigalpa grocery store called Hermano Pedro had been charging exorbitant prices for goods ordered by the contras—goods paid for by the U.S. government. Some of the goods turned out to be nonexistent, and several Honduran military officers were revealed to be investors in the innocuous-seeming, but immensely profitable, little store. The State Department had issued denials. The Honduran military was said to be enraged, and rumors were circulating that the journalists

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were going to be expelled. Hermano Pedro's principal owner had feigned a nervous breakdown so that he wouldn't have to talk to anybody, but then someone "higher up" must have told him not to worry about it, because he remerged after a few days and went around town calling the charming journalist a *niña malcriada*, a "naughty girl." Despite talk that she might be punished, she didn't seem very worried. Maybe some of her sources were higher up than the people who were threatening her.

But that story was already a few days old, and now the journalists were saying that nothing was happening in Honduras. The big *contra* vote in Washington was temporarily on hold. Contadora was, as usual, on hold.

The Hotel Maya sits atop a hill in a city of hills, and from the pool area you can look out over Tegucigalpa. The rainy season was several weeks late and the drought had drained the hills of whatever color they'd once had, so that the city—its sandy steep slopes crammed with bright little stucco houses and sheet-metal roofed shacks glinting in the smoky haze looked almost Middle Eastern. Because of the drought, the fires campesinos had set to prepare their fields for planting were burning out of control throughout the country, and there were forest fires, too-there was so much smoke in the atmosphere that one day the airport had to be closed, and at night the moon was coming out filtered dark red.

"He used to think he was in love with me," a journalist was saying. "I just went out with him a couple of times. He said, 'Kiss me.' I said, 'I can't, you're a *contra*.' Then he told me he'd leave the *contras* and his wife for me and every-

Central America.' And yet, what city on earth seems, on first impression, as sleepy, as unriled? thing. 'I don't really give a fuck about that country [Nicaragua],' he said. 'They just pay me O.K.' Patria Libre or Miami. That's el modo contra, all right."

She knew el modo contra. So where were they? I'd half expected to find them right here by the pool: contra chieftains, fat and thuggish, with their American Express gold cards, huddled over drinks with their paymasters and falling silent whenever a waiter, possibly a Sandinista spy, came by. Such was my preconceived Honduras: a place drenched in el modo contra, in intrigue; a place palpable with all the fearsome passions of the anticommunist holy war against the Sandinistas in Nicaragua. Of course, reality is rarely so blatantly arranged as that. The fact is that if you want to find conspirators, the Hotel Maya is as good a place, as plausible a door to that particular Honduras, as can be found. That's one reason the foreign press hangs out there. Anyone might, and probably will, drop by the Hotel Maya. But you have to know who you're looking for, and they have to think they have a reason for talking to you. (It was at the hotel that the two journalists were leaked the papers that broke the Hermano Pedro story.)

Young Americans were sunning themselves by the pool, walkie-talkies and tape players by their sides. I was told that they were soldiers attached to U.S. Embassy security and such, and that they came to the pool nearly every day to swim laps and to deepen their tans. Tanning seemed to be a real fixation, and some of them looked monstrous: hair sun-and-chlorine bleached to platinum, skin darkened to splotches of maple-syrup and chocolate shades of brown.

The outdoor café just above the pool area was tantalizingly full of American voices: droning and genial Sunday afternoon poolside voices; Bible Belt and Deep South voices, rural voices, speaking in that restrained, nearly mumbled, but contented-sounding way that so many career military men seem to share. There were a few Israeli accents mixed in, and of course that Dale Carnegie—schooled confident, archaically slanged, Rotarian English that wealthy Miami Cubans and their oligarch cousins in the Central American right like to speak.

In the stairwell leading from the pool to the hotel lobby I encountered a cowering young prostitute, reeking of perfume. She was nearly homely, and quite afraid. The man who had summoned her, she told me, was on the seventh floor, but he had ordered her not to use the main elevator in the lobby. So I helped her find another one, and then watched the little numbers over the doors go blinking up to seven.

As I walked by a row of pay phones near the check-in desk I overheard a young American

soldier making what was probably his first call home. He hadn't learned to pronounce Tegucigalpa yet—"Tegu-something," he called it. He said he'd been taking lots of pictures, mainly of airports: the one in El Salvador, the one here in Honduras. Then, in that hearty yet inflectionless tone of voice we all fall into so easily when speaking long-distance to our parents, he said,

"Remember, Mom, I'm in Central America now."

left the hotel to take a walk, wondering what I was going to be able to make of Honduras. In other Central American countries I've been to and written about, it hasn't been hard for me to find the connections between peoples' lives and what makes each country "newsworthy": in Nicaragua, of course, it is the revolution; in El Salvador, the civil war; in Guatemala, the horrifying repression. But what makes Honduras newsworthy is not anything Honduran, really, but the contra war, and to a lesser extent the passive role Honduras plays, as a kind of geographic cornerstone, in everyone else's Central American war. Contras, perhaps as many as 20,000 of them, with their bases in southern Honduras; the U.S. armed forces, with at least 1,200 men stationed at Palmerola airbase and thousands more involved in constant military maneuvers, or in constructing landing strips, radar posts, and other installations throughout the country; Salvadoran guerrillas, who are said to use the refugee camps along the western border for R&R and are presumed to be conducting their own clandestine operations (i.e., arms procurement) inside Honduras three foreign armies in the country. Four foreign armies, even, on those occasions when the Sandinistas cross the border to strike at the contra camps. Probably only Lebanon has more. The CIA is, of course, active in Honduras; the Sandinistas have spies as well. Drug traffickers, arms dealers, mercenaries; World Anti-Communist. League crusaders and their colleagues in the Unification Church of the Reverend Moon; export-quality death-squad goons and torturers from Guatemala, El Salvador, Argentina—all of these excellent types are known to be (or to have been) mixed up to some degree with the contra war against Nicaragua.

"Tegucigalpa, the Saigon of Central America"—the nickname would seem earned. "Saigon" because of the American presence, because of the whores, because of the intrigue, because the city is supposed to be Washington's home base in the Central American war that at times seems so inevitable. And yet, what city on earth seems, on first impression, as sleepy, as unriled, as Tegucigalpa? The Tegucigalpa I found upon leaving the Hotel Maya, the one I spent the

next few days wandering around in, looking for anything that might spark a narrative, is the capital of the *other* Honduras, the one that is famously inert: "Honduras, the Last Banana Republic"; "Honduras, Country for Sale." That's the Honduras you hear mocked all over Central America for its passivity, its subservience. Central Americans stereotype Hondurans as the dumbest, the slowest, the laziest. But what the country really is, above all else, is poor, demoralizingly poor, the second poorest country in the hemisphere, after Haiti.

Because Tegucigalpa is a hill city, you're always staring off at one faraway-seeming hill or another, wondering what might be happening there, since nothing is happening here. The hills, and their steeply climbing, winding, narrow walled streets, give the city its insular, quaintly provincial feel—and soften the severity of its poverty. One hill is covered with pretty, middle-class houses, the next with an appalling

slum—you're never faced with more than one hill of anything. Downtown Tegucigalpa, in a valley between the hills, is busy and commercial, but you don't see the upscale stores and chic boutiques full of brand-name imports that you see in Guatemala City and San Salvador—Tegucigalpa just doesn't have as many rich people as those cities do.

Unemployment in the capital was said to be running near 50 percent. In the middle of the afternoon, a little bar called Mi Preferida was full of men. The bartender was both the only sober and the only employed person in the room—he had the air of a millionaire doing charity work. Most of his customers were slumped forward onto the sticky tabletops, their heads haloed with flies. A few drunks were loudly blaming the Jews for all the country's problems. A wobbly man removed his sunglasses and handed them to the bartender, who locked them in a cabinet and gave the man a drink;

What Honduras is, above all else, is poor, demoralizingly poor



and support
political
parties in
Honduras
to gain
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favors, to
win jobs

many of the customers seemed to be bartering for their beers. Then the bartender went back to telling me about the wonderful year he'd spent as a factory worker in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Later, when I left the bar, I kept walking past secretarial academies—Tegucigalpa seems to have an extraordinary number of them. There's something reassuring, hopeful, even musical, in suddenly coming upon a doorway or barred window and, looking in, finding a room full of teenage girls industriously pounding out their lessons on old portable typewriters.

Were there that many openings for secretaries? I asked a girl standing outside during a class break.

"It's hopeless," she said. She refused to acknowledge even the possibility that she might find a job upon graduation, and her girlfriends glumly nodded in agreement.

Government is the main business of Tegucigalpa, with all its ministries, bureaucracies, and public-works utilities—that's why so many girls train to become secretaries. It's also why nearly every shack in the barrio I walked through in the late afternoon displayed the plastic colored flags of one or the other of Honduras's two major political parties: the Liberal Party of President José Azcona, and the National Party. Civilian politics in Honduras—where the military has always been the real power—have tended to be of a not very ideological, clubhouse variety: people join and support parties to gain influence and favors, to win jobs for their families.

Near the end of the day I met a fifteen-yearold girl named Marta; she invited me to meet her family and see where she lived. Her tworoom shack flew the flags of both parties: her mother had once found a secretarial job through a connection in a now defunct wing of the Liberal Party, and her older sister was hoping to get a job through someone she knew in the National Party. But everyone in Marta's family voiced the complaint that the politicians "don't do anything for us anymore." In fact, as Honduras has suddenly started to matter internationally, many politicians seem to have lost the old personal touch. Just when Honduras's newly institutionalized presidential elections should have made civilian politics more dynamic and consequential, the Honduran military—beneficiary of the U.S. buildup—has become more powerful and self-serving than ever. And U.S. economic advisers have been teaching the debtridden Honduran government Reaganomics: the importance of streamlining bureaucracies and of encouraging the denationalization of vital industries. The result: fewer jobs for secretaries, fewer jobs for everyone.

Marta's mother now sold candy in the central plaza. Marta's father, like so many poor Hon-

duran men, had long ago fled the daily humiliation of not being able to provide for his family. And Marta's plain little house was an example of even modest dreams stopped dead: there would have been two small bedrooms added on to the back, but Marta's mother lost her secretarial job before they could be completed, and so now the rooms had no roofs, and their floors were weed gardens, and all five children slept in the same room up front. The children kept their belongings, everything each of them owned, in plastic shopping bags nailed into the mud-brick walls. And the sounds they fell asleep to every night were the usual barrio sounds—barking dogs and restless roosters—as well as the sound

of a great many plastic flags flapping in a dry wind.

o get to the house I was staying in I had to climb a steep stone staircase of more than 200 steps. In the heat it could be tiring, and in the evenings, during that first week in Tegucigalpa, I'd climb it feeling discouraged, because another day had passed and all I'd done was sink a bit deeper into a Honduras that seemed made of little else but poverty and apathy. Whenever I've written about Central America, I've tried to describe how the lives of ordinary people intersect with, and are affected by, the larger political issues that people get so worked up over in Washington. I felt that I was failing to make Honduras come alive for me in this particular way. The Honduras that matters in Washington seemed to have very little to do with the Honduras that I was seeing.

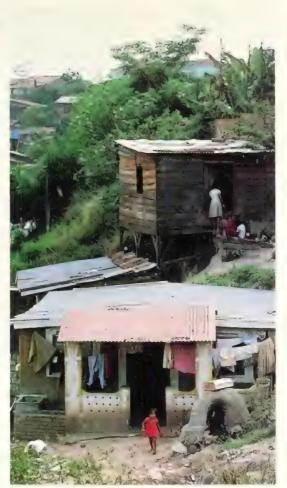
"Tegucigalpa, the Saigon of Central America"—that began to seem a stupendous joke. "Tegoosey," Americans like to call it, as if naming a cartoon character. Tegoosey, the poor little goose that just got dragged along. Not that Tegucigalpa-Saigon doesn't exist—it's just that it's a very private club, darkly lit with fantasy and autosuggestion. My journalist friend took me there one day. I went with her to meet a contra heavy. We drove in her car to a highway, where he was waiting in his car, and then we drove to a bar. He wanted to warn the journalist that her life was in danger because of the Hermano Pedro article. Which made her laugh: as angry as some Honduran officers might be about it, they weren't going to kill her, and she knew it. It seemed that this contra, in his attempt to be helpful or ingratiating, was simply projecting el modo contra onto the Honduran military. If a contra gets mad at someone, he's likely to at least think seriously about killing that person. This is, in fact, a familiar enough Central American mentality—the contras share it with their right-wing counterparts in Guatemala and El Salvador.

This contra was middle-aged and dressed Miami-style, with a Members Only windbreaker and sunglasses hanging ornamentally from the open collar of his fancy shirt. He directed the usual rightist venom at the "gringo press," and went on about it for an eternity. Then he claimed the contras had "a secret plan," and would be in Managua by Christmas. He was a lawyer, and said he'd recently been appointed to head the contra human-rights commission. When my friend asked if he might be able to arrange for her to enter Nicaragua with the contra troops, he laughed, and said no, because he didn't want to feel responsible when they raped her. He told us that Elliott Abrams's office in the State Department is full of cowboy hats-he'd

been there—and that Abrams has a terrific sense of humor.

We got back into the car and, making Twilight Zone noises, drove back to the Hotel Maya for drinks by the pool.

t seemed a stroke of luck when I found the Marbella, a cafeteria in downtown Tegucigalpa. Actually, I was taken there. Still trying to make something happen in the Honduras of no consequence, I'd gone into a leftist bookstore downtown and struck up a conversation with a young browser, who'd said something like, "Let's go to the Marbella. It's where everybody goes to talk." And so we sat there, in the Marbella, exchanging platitudes about Nicaragua and Guatemala and so on, and he kept saying, "You don't have to lower your voice when you say that. In Honduras, for all our problems, we're free to talk, no one cares." I wasn't really listening after awhile, because I couldn't take my eyes off the walls. The Marbella's scarlet walls are covered with cuckoo clocks, turtle shells, mirrors, medieval coats of arms, two long sawfish snouts, giant still-life paintings in heavy gilded frames, and decorative plates inscribed with corny sayings about wives who spend too much money. There



are booths and tables and a long aluminum diner counter, espresso machines and a wellstocked bar.

Eventually, after I went back a few times, the Marbella came to remind me of the sort of setting Hemingway might have used: he liked to place a café or bar at the center of a city's life, especially when he was writing about Madrid. And the Marbella, owned by a Spaniard, seemed to have been planned from the start to play that kind of role.

The Marbella is, most of all, a hangout for Honduran reporters. But everybody goes there: politicians, government clerks, lawyers. It's as if, for those regular customers, reality begins every morning at a crowded table in the Marbella over cups of strong coffee, reality be-

ing whatever they have to say about the Honduras that matters to them. Then they come back for lunch, or late in the afternoon, to hear what has changed or staved the same. If the Hotel Maya can be seen as a door to one Honduras, the Marbella is a door to the other one.

Compared with the press in the rest of Central America, the Honduran press is nearly exemplary. The country's four dailies are lively enough, its press unions strong. Though three of the papers are politically conservative, none is afraid to attack the civilian government or the U.S. Congress, or to editorialize against the contras and aspects of the U.S. military presence, or to write about the country's social problems. IN 15 YEARS HONDURAS WILL BE A COUNTRY OF RE-TARDS—that was a headline I saw one morning. It referred to the country's ever worsening problem of malnutrition, said to be stunting infants' minds.

One morning in the Marbella a reporter named Mingo introduced the people at our table: "He's Extreme Right . . . he's Right . . . I'm Center . . . he's Left . . . " The point he wanted to make was that in the Marbella, people of such diverse political opinion could be, as he put it, "amigos primero."

Compared with the press in the rest of Central America, the Honduran press is nearly exemplary

access to the powers in the the U.S. Embassy, the Honduran army, the contras

And then Mingo said: "Aqui no hay poder civil." "Here there is no civilian power."

"No hay," said Extreme Right.

"No hay," said Right.
"No hay," said Left.

And that settled that.

They all agreed that the U.S. Embassy was the number-one power in the country, followed by the Honduran army. The contras, they said, have power only because of their intimate involvement with the other two. And they concluded that all three will be able to drag Honduras into a war with Nicaragua if they ever decide they want to.

Honduran journalists have access to none of these powers. The contra zones are off-limits to most people—any Honduran journalist who tried to go there would be arrested by the Honduran army and brought back to Tegucigalpa and the offices of Honduran officials and the U.S. Embassy are effectively off-limits as well.

"The really important sources are open only to the foreign press," said one of the reporters in the Marbella. "They can get an interview with, say, a colonel in the Honduran army, but we can't. And who in the U.S. Embassy is going to tell us anything?'

Which is why René Cantarero, a reporter for La Tribuna, was the current star of Honduran journalism. Here was a reporter, a Honduran, trying to navigate the rivers and streams that run between the two Hondurases.

COCAINE AND BETRAYAL. THE HATILLO CRIME: A COMMANDO ACTION, CAPTAIN IS A CIA AGENT WITH TWO HONDURAN LOVERS APATHY AND NEGLIGENCE: those are some of the headlines that La Tribuna ran over René Cantarero's stories about the most horrendous multiple murder Tegucigalpa had seen in years. On the night of April 18, five people, including an American in his forties named Paul Lawton, were murdered in Lawton's house in El Hatillo, a secluded and fairly exclusive neighborhood spread over a long ridge high above the city. Paul Lawton, a chemist, had left Massachusetts and settled in Honduras twenty years ago. At the time of his death he was a majority owner of a factory called POLCO S.A., which produced (mostly for export) liquidambar concentrates for perfumes and soft drinks.

Also killed were Rodolfo Castejón, a handsome and immensely wealthy Honduran coffee and cardamom planter, who generally spent weekdays at his farm near the Guatemalan border and weekends in Tegucigalpa with Lawton and three women: Claudia Román, Silvia Aurora Urquiá, and Lawton's lover, who went by several names including Lillian Martinez and Gladys Suyana Bonilla. Some of her friends called her Maritza, but in the nocturnal streets of Tegucigalpa, where it wasn't hard to find people who had known her, she was most commonly, and very affectionately, known as La China Suyapa. She wasn't really Chinese, but her eyes had an Oriental look, and in the photographs I've seen of her, her smile hinted at a disposition of lighthearted sweetness. La China was, or had been before she started going with Lawton, what the Honduran papers like to call a mujer alegre, a "fun woman," by which they mean a prostitute. Perhaps both of the other women who died that Saturday night were "fun women," too, though Silvia Aurora Urquiá had a job as a secretary in a government pension office.

Apparently—or according to my new reporter friend René Cantarero—Lawton, Castejón, and the women (or perhaps other women) gathered in Lawton's house every Saturday for social evenings that Cantarero, in his articles, matterof-factly referred to as orgies. As in, "They were murdered at approximately 11:00 at night in the first-class residence, cuando supuestemente se encontraban en una orgiá." Whether the murderers interrupted them in the middle of an orgy or not, they somehow got into the house about 11:00, tied up everybody with telephone wire and cord, handcuffed Lawton, stabbed the women, and put a bullet into the back of each man's head. (Some reporters said that only Castejón had been executed that way, and that Lawton had been stabbed.) Then they set the house on fire and departed in at least two vehicles, including Castejón's pickup, which was found two days later, a burned-out wreck, on a rural road south of the city. Back in El Hatillo, the neighbors would later claim not to have heard a thing until the combustion explosions began in Lawton's burning house. The five bodies pulled from the smoking rubble were thoroughly charred.

At first the Tegucigalpa dailies dwelled on the sensational details of the crime. (La Tribuna sent its regular crime reporter to cover the story, not Cantarero, who is an investigative reporter.) Much was made of the handcuffs that pinned Paul Lawton's wrists behind his back. In Honduras they like to call handcuffs esposas, or "wives," and these esposas were of a kind unfamiliar to the Honduran police. So a small drama ensued as the police and the medical people performing the autopsies spent hours in the morgue trying to get them off. When they finally did, one of the medical examiners came out in his lab coat and blackened rubber gloves, triumphantly holding the handcuffs up for the press photographers.

A woman to whom Lawton was apparently still married, if estranged, flew down from the States, and the press covered that. Lawton was buried amid a weedy landscape of plain wooden crosses in the El Hatillo cemetery, and his grave

was covered over with loose stones and dirt and flowers. But no family came for La China Suyapa. She was buried in a remote corner of the cemetery, at the bottom of a steep incline, by twenty of her closest friends, mujeres alegres all. They'd come up with the money for a cheap pine box but couldn't afford to hire gravediggers. So the twenty women dug La China Suyapa's grave themselves. And the Honduran press certainly covered that.

The DNI (Department of National Investigations) announced it was launching an investigation of the murders. And so did the judge appointed by the Supreme Court-in accordance with Honduran legal procedure, the judge's investigation would be independent of the one conducted by the DNI police. Nothing happened. The newspaper coverage stopped.

Then Cantarero came along. Suddenly, newspaper readers all over the country were enthralled by an exposé that seemed as if it would eventually involve all the elements of Honduras: drug and arms traffickers, rich and poor, Americans, prostitutes, contras, even the CIA.

Cantarero's "CIA agent with two Honduran lovers" was a U.S. Air Force captain who had been assigned to the radar post in Cerro de Mole, outside Tegucigalpa, and who had been renting the guesthouse attached to Paul Lawton's house in El Hatillo. The night of the murders, he left El Hatillo early in the evening to go dancing with one of his lovers and didn't return until dawn. The DNI briefly questioned him and then gave him permission to return to the United States as soon as he wished. He went home that very day. The U.S. Embassy described his exit as "normal."

"There's no such thing as a perfect crime, right?" Cantarero told me. "But this is something like one. The indifference of the authorities. The captain getting away. The embassy says that he played no role in this. But the captain was CIA. A CIA agent is multifaceted now. He knows about criminology, about drugs, about counterinsurgency, intelligence. He's prepared in every way. There are 2,000 CIA agents in Honduras. And they're a different kind of man than they used to be."

We were sitting in the Marbella. Cantarero looked gloomy. Hunched forward in his chair, his elbows planted firmly on the table, he seemed tense, too, as if he wanted to spring right up and be something other than gloomy, only didn't dare to. With his dark, bleary-eyed face, his wide, slumped shoulders, and his sagging belly, Cantarero had the look of a recently reformed street hood who is trying to be good simply by not doing anything bad. He had on a bright red polo shirt that day, with a tiny Don Quixote emblazoned on it.

Cantarero's gloom was caused in part by fear. The previous day he had received a summons from the DNI police, and had appeared for what turned out to be a stormy meeting. He found himself in a room with a DNI colonel, who demanded that he reveal the identity of his "sources." When Cantarero refused, the colonel

Cantarero didn't like having the police mad at him; like everyone else in Honduras, he hasn't forgotten their involvement with General Gustavo Alvarez, a pro-contra fanatic whom the United States helped promote to the head of the Honduran armed forces in 1982. General Alvarez ran the army for about two years, and in that time some 200 Hondurans disappeared—a small number compared with the thousands who have suffered that fate in El Salvador and Guatemala, but deeply shocking to Hondurans, who don't believe in killing one another over politics and who, for the most part, have refrained from doing so.

Cantarero's encounter with the DNI was one reason he was glad to have me accompany him on his rounds that day. On our way out of the Marbella an elderly radio reporter—a somewhat sinister-looking man in an expensive dark suit, with thin, greased-back hair and dark glasses called Cantarero over.

"The captain's schoolteacher girlfriend is called La Lichi," he told Cantarero. "And I heard that she's very nervous. She's asked for twenty days off from work."

Vaiting for us outside the Marbella was a Tribuna pickup, with a driver and a photographer sitting in front. Cantarero and I sat on the bench in back, and we slowly moved off into the choked downtown traffic.

"Cantarero!" shouted the driver of the truck behind us, leaning out his window. "The police are going to get you, man."

"That's why I have him with me," he called back, pointing at me. "Periodista Norteamericano."

We spent the day looking for a mysterious American friend of Lawton's ("His neighbors say he changes cars a lot," said Cantarero), who turned out to be living in Indiana. We actually spent most of the time sitting in the pickup, discussing Cantarero's latest finding: in a manual that had survived the fire at Lawton's, he said, there was a computer code that he believed had significance in international drug circles—La Salchicha Bien Vestida, "The Well-Dressed Hot Dog." "CIA agents today are multifaceted men," he told me over and over. "Multifaceted in everything. They can do anything." He was overly awed by the CIA; it was the windmill he was tilting at. And I began to realize that CanThe exposé seemed as if it would eventually involve all the elements of Honduras: drug traffickers, prostitutes, contras, and the CIA

bordelios
are, in a
way, U.S.
government—
supported
institutions

tarero knew as much about the CIA in Honduras as I do, which is almost nothing. I began to feel worried for him.

Late in the afternoon we stopped to look at Rodolfo Castejón's burned-out pickup truck—Cantarero thought he'd found some traces of cocaine in the back seat the day before. He showed me some pieces of partly melted clear plastic tubing that contained white powder. It seemed incredible that the police would leave such evidence behind. I tapped some of the powder into my hand and tasted a bit. It tasted like baking powder. It sure wasn't cocaine. But Cantarero put a piece of the tubing into his pocket and said he was going to bring it to a lab and have it analyzed.

On the long ride back to the city I told myself that Cantarero would never know what had happened in El Hatillo that night. "Andando perdido," "going along lost"—the phrase kept popping into my thoughts. And I remember suddenly thinking, "I'm Cantarero." The truth about not only the murders but how the two Hondurases were connected was beyond my reach, and would temain there.

"People say it was a crime of passion," said Cantarero, growing gloomy again, and a bit defensive. "A crime of passion over whores? And are you going to tell me that Castejón, one of the richest men in Honduras, was going to come all the way into Tegucigalpa from his farm every weekend just to sleep with whores?"

A few moments later he said, "... woowhere an bensteen ..."

What?

Then I realized he meant Woodward and Bernstein.

Back in Tegucigalpa, Cantarero reentered the fanfare of his sudden celebrity. We walked through the pedestrian mall, where a choir of evangelists from Texas was singing, and a street vendor shouted out Cantarero's musical name: "Cantarero! Fucking over CIA!"

Cantarero smiled, and put on his sunglasses.

a China Suvapa had had. I heard, a best friend and roommate whom I'll call Maria. And it was Maria who had been left with La China's two-year-old daughter. I knew where she lived. Cantarero had given me her address, though he'd never gone to speak with her himself. I decided to find her. I thought I wanted to take one more crack at the El Hatillo case.

But that wasn't my real reason for wanting to talk to her. It was more a feeling I had about Honduras's mujeres alegres. It isn't simply glib, I think, to suggest that it is in the bordellos that the two Hondurases meet. One evening in Comayagua, a small city ten minutes from the U.S.

base at Palmerola, I'd seen a most literal expression of the relationship.

I'd left Tegucigalpa for a few days in hopes of seeing more of the Honduras that matters in Washington. I'd gone with another journalist to Danlí, at the edge of a contra zone. And I'd visited the Palmerola base, situated in the middle of a vast, empty plain, a desolate place made more so by the petrol haze and jet-fume smell. At the base, I met (through embassy arrangements) a military medical team that once a week gets into a helicopter and flies off to some remote village that most likely has never seen a doctor or dentist before. Dentists in helicopters: one told me he'd pulled 281 teeth in one village.

It was from the base that I'd gone to Comayagua. At dusk I sat looking out from a café in the central plaza. Ragged little boys, *cipotes*, were already gathering there to await the evening ritual of begging coins from American soldiers and taking them to the bordellos.

The bordellos of Comayagua are, in a way, U.S. government-supported institutions. Early in the evening, buses from Palmerola bring U.S. servicemen into town. They walk from the central plaza to the dark back streets where the bordellos are. The MPs wait outside. The White House and Rosa's are the two upscale bordellos. I spent most of the evening in Rosa's. It has a little sitting room out front, and a bar, and a small dance floor. In back there is a long corridor lined with at least twenty doors. The girls are clean and friendly—rural girls, most of them. They speak no English, beyond what they need to conduct their business. The soldier boys speak no Spanish. They dance, they drink, they hold hands at the bar, and eventually they go back to the rooms off the corridor. At 10:30, the MPs walk down the corridor, knocking on the doors with nightsticks. And the soldiers come out and walk back to the central plaza, where the buses are waiting. And Rosa's closes down.

In Tegucigalpa, three mujeres alegres, or was it two, were murdered in the house of an American businessman; and maybe it was just a common robbery, or maybe it was drugs (and if it was drugs in Central America, then there's a good chance it was arms, too, and politics). And in Comayagua, four prostitutes had contracted the AIDS virus and been sent back to their villages, disgraced, pariahs—one had tried to kill herself. They provided the small and weak Honduran left with a sensational and dreary symbol; all over Tegucigalpa, graffiti tried to arouse nationalistic indignation over AIDS. BASURA YANQUI FUERA DE HONDURAS CON LA SIDA—"Yankee trash out of Honduras with AIDS." In Comayagua, the tragedy is forgotten; the U.S. Army has instituted AIDS testing, and the nightly tide rolls in.

Maria, La China's friend, lived in El Castillo Beluchi, a sprawling, almost elegantly grotesque stone castle full of apartments, which takes up nearly one whole side of one of Tegucigalpa's prettier middle-class hills. A comfortable enough place for a mujer alegre, I thought. But none of the people going in and out of the main entrance had heard of Maria, and when I mentioned that she had been the roommate of La China Suyapa, the girl who had died in the El Hatillo murders, they looked at me with fright and disbelief. Finally somebody told me that El Castillo Beluchi has a kind of underground annex around the back. To reach the back of the castle I had to climb a long staircase ascending through a dark and narrow alley and then go up and around two streets. Then I went through a steel-grate door and down a winding steel staircase, which led to an underground passageway with plank walkways over sewage-reeking mud. It was like a dungeon. The apartments off the passageway were one-room chambers; they glowed in the dank dark as if they were fire-lit. Teenagers sat in the shadows, smoking marijuana. They directed me to Maria's "cave." I found her sitting on her bed, wearily but patiently tending to La China Suyapa's two-year-old, and to her own one-year-old boy.

Maria had had an American boyfriend, too, it turned out. Only he'd dropped her in the aftermath of the murders. Before that, he'd supported her. She would pay a month's rent on the little apartment with his money, and then La China, with Lawton's money, would pay the next month's. In the competition for American affections, mujeres alegres seemed to be more than holding their own against middle-class secretaries. Still, it was hard to associate Americans with the squalor and poverty of the castle's underground annex.

"Chinita," Maria called her old friend. "A good person . . . sincere . . . like a sister. She loved Paul Lawton. Once they fought, over something unimportant, and she came home and cried and cried."

Claudia, La China's two-year-old, was fairskinned, but she had her mother's Oriental eyes, the same soft, round face.

Maria showed me pictures of La China and of Lawton: he was sitting at a picnic table, barechested and pink, a baseball cap crooked on his head, smiling happily and drunkenly at the camera, an almost empty bottle of vodka on the table in front of him. The picture had been taken at the Bay Islands, where Lawton and La China, Maria and her American boyfriend, and the "CIA" Air Force captain and one of his two Honduran lovers had spent some time during Holy Week.

"The men spoke in English," said Maria. "I

don't speak English. They'd be talking about important things, so we girls would go to the beach and leave them talking.'

She told me that La China had a presentiment of her death on the very night of the crime. She was waiting for Lawton to come for her, and suddenly she said, "I feel sad. Flaca (Skinny), if something ever happens to me. I want Claudia to stay with you.'

Maria said she told her not to speak idiocies, and La China said she didn't know why, but she didn't feel like going out that night. And Maria told her that if she didn't go, Lawton would be suspicious, and might think she had another man.

Skinny, pretty Maria, telling me this, had tears in her eyes.

Over her bed was a poster of a Jesus Christ who seemed to be emitting a laser beam from his upraised hand. Maria had gotten religion recently—this was the poster the choiring evangelists from Texas had been giving out all week on the downtown pedestrian mall.

"What are you going to do for money now?" I asked.

She shrugged.

I didn't see any way around it. I asked her if she would go back to being a mujer alegre.

She shrugged again, and said she didn't think

I asked her what she thought of that way of life now.

She thought awhile, and said, "It's fun. You have a lot of fun. You meet lots of people, and they take you places, and it's fun."

She said she planned to give up the apartment and leave the children with her mother in a village outside the city. And then she asked if I wanted to meet her on Friday afternoon at 4:30, by the statue of General Francisco Morazán in the central plaza. (General Morazán, a Honduran who was the greatest of all Central American statesmen-warriors, achieved, for twelve years in the early 1800s, his dream of a progressive, united Central American republic; then the usual feudal oligarchs and illiterate generals defeated and killed him, and led their newly divided fiefdoms back into the past. But it isn't really a statue of Morazán. As Gabriel García Márquez pointed out in his Nobel Prize acceptance speech, the statue of Morazán in Tegucigalpa's central plaza is actually a statue of Michel Ney, purchased at a Paris warehouse of secondhand sculptures.)

I met Maria that Friday at the statue, thinking that she had something to tell me. But she came up to me smiling, and put her arms around my waist, and I realized that no matter what had happened, Maria was back in business and looking for a new American.

In the competition for American affections, prostitutes seemed to be more than holding their oun

## THE REAL STORY

#### By Pamela Painter

when the son, back from a volunteer job abroad with Vietnamese refugees, discovers that he has become a minor character in one of his father's novels. In Chapter 10 the "son" returns from the "Peace Corps," sleeps a lot, and makes exits and entrances talking of El Salvador—not Vietnamese refugees.

"So this is how real people and things are transformed into fiction," the young man says to his father after reading the father's manuscript. They are in the father's downstairs study.

"Real? One never knows another human being that well," his father says, leaning back in his chair, closing the subject.

Nevertheless, the son determines to read more of his father's work, and his mother's too.

His parents' library and files are illuminating. He discovers he has lived with them in fiction, in various permutations, for a long time. Perhaps he, too, is a writer. The cleaning woman seems cheered to have him home again and helps him clear out the storage space over the garage. There he sets up shop. The first story he writes is about a son who returns from the Vietnam War to discover that his parents, both writers, have used material from his letters, from his life—the mother in stories and the father in a novel.

"But we wouldn't do that," his parents say, when he shows them his manuscript for comment. "How could you write such a thing?"

The parents follow the son to his study over the garage, where they all sit on orange crates. The son begins addressing SASEs. "You wrote about a kid who thinks the laundry is washed in the laundry chute," he accuses his mother.

"But it was so funny," she says, trying not to smile.

"And there's a son in your latest novel who

Pamela Pam. The author of Getting to Krow the Weather, a cilibration of short stones.

gets three graduate degrees before deciding he wants to be a garlic farmer."

"You're not a garlic farmer," his father says.
"Maybe you should be a poet," his mother says.

The mother's next story is about a brilliant young poet who writes mystically about nature and its life cycles, yet refuses to "examine" his two years in Vietnam. Critics wait expectantly for a decade. Finally, as the poet is dying of something related to Agent Orange, it is revealed that he has been writing about Vietnam ever since he returned, but only on the walls of buildings, the seats of subway trains, the tiles of public bathrooms. Instantly, scholars find themselves with a new terrain. Bespectacled, bearded men and lank-haired young women armed with Nikons begin the task of gathering his epic graffiti poem. Each "line" is numbered. He used a red magic marker. His scrawled lines are spotted in Albuquerque, Peoria, Memphis; he has been everywhere, Bangor, Maine. "I ended with number 352," are the poet's last words. The hunt intensifies. Female scholars claim discrimination and demand escorts into the men's johns. This indignity ends the story.

"Just because I haven't written about Vietnam yet doesn't mean I'm not going to," the son says to his mother in her study, where her black Underwood typewriter rests on an old sewing machine.

"Of course you will write about Vietnam," his mother says. "But you had such a normal childhood. My poet is an orphan."

"A Normal Childhood," the son's next story, tells of a boy of nine who reads his mother's journal, which indirectly recounts a series of affairs she has while he is growing up, all with men closely associated with his father: his dissertation adviser, his squash partner, his dentist, his star graduate student. But the writing in her journal is so oblique that it isn't until the boy

has his first sexual experience that he knows his mother's "friends" were actually her lovers. He has come of age.

The story is accepted immediately by his father's old editor.

His parents uncork a bottle of Piper-Heidsieck to celebrate this first publication. Even the cleaning woman is given a glass. But later that night the son overhears the mother angrily assert that since she didn't have any affairs, their son must be writing about his father. She asks her husband if, in addition to having affairs, he also wrote them down for the scrutiny of future biographers.

"You know I think journal writing depletes creative energy," the husband says as he

undresses.

"Affairs don't!" she says.

Her husband ignores her. Shaking his head he says, "That kid. Didn't he write a great sexual-awakening scene."

Oo: the wife writes a story about a woman who understands her husband's sexual inadequacies only after she finally meets his mother, who chatters about the unusual methods of discipline she employed to stop her son from wetting his pants. The mother-in-law enjoys telling how she dressed him up as a little girl and sent him out on the front porch for all the neighbors to see (those she alerted by phone), and how he later had hormone treatments for undeveloped genitals and late-staying baby fat.

When the wife's story is published the husband storms into his wife's study, pounds on her Underwood. "I resent your using painful details

from my childhood."

"But after all the affairs you've had, no one could possibly think the man with the sexual problems is you," his wife says, already at work on another story. She writes them in two to four hours, which makes both her son and her husband nervous when they compare the day's output over dinner. But she, she reminds them—she works on her stories for weeks after. "And your mother, thank God, lives in New Mexico and never reads a thing."

In the husband's next story, his first in several years, a man is married to a woman who suspects him of having affairs. He is innocent, of course, which the reader knows, but the increasingly distraught and suspicious wife proceeds to become a master domestic spy. She draws up elaborate charts and graphs for his meetings, his out-of-town trips. She charts gas receipts, restaurant checks, long-distance calls. These "clues" are color-coded by both paper and ink, and soon the wife begins to think of the charts as works of art. A select committee at the Institute of Contemporary Art actually admits a chart ti-

tled *Infidelity #4* to a juried exhibit. Finally, in a cataclysmic scene, the wife is confronted by a museum guard as she is adding another name, "Gloria," to the collage.

"Why don't you stick with novels," the wife says, barging into her husband's disheveled study, an open *New Yorker* in her hand. He whispers something into the phone and quickly hangs up the phone, but she ignores this. She points to the thin shiny column of prose. "How dare you. Until I learned to tolerate your affairs, drawing up those charts kept me away from my work for two whole years."

"It was a detail I couldn't resist. There are those, I have discovered," the husband admits sheepishly. "Besides, friends know you're not

crazy.

"Your affairs are real."

"But only your psychiatrist saw your charts." Her psychiatrist is a closet writer with three novels in his bottom drawer. He plans to use a pseudonym, not because he might be breaking his Hippocratic oath by revealing his patients' secrets (which he is), but because he doesn't want to disturb his patients' progress by introducing a personal side of himself into their lives. In fact, he has an irresistible temptation to write about a wife's—he changes it—a husband's elaborate system of charting the suspected course of his wife's affairs as if they were stock market fluctuations. It rings familiar. Commodities? No. He makes the husband an oil tycoon obsessed with fat phallic oil wells (now who designed them?). Their locations appear as blue pushpins on his eight-color topographic map of Texas. Red pushpins represent his wife's gas receipts, her platinum American Express card bills, her extended visits to the ranches of rich Texan relatives. (Alliteration pleases the psychiatrist.) Then the psychiatrist calls a patient who is a writer (the free-association of this escapes him) and asks for the name of her agent.

"Jesus, my shrink called me for an agent. He says he's beginning to write fiction," the mother complains to a friend. She cancels future appointments, risking writer's block, but her anger has energy. Consequently her next story is about an analyst whose most interesting patient is a writer of stories that appear in Esquire, the Atlantic, Playboy. Soon this writer realizes that the analyst is not treating him but rather his characters—the flat ones on some glossy page. In their sessions, the analyst asks the writer to explain: why a father reveals a daughter's real mother to be an aunt the daughter can't stand; why a woman creates a second set of journals when she suspects her husband is reading the first; why a criminal, given a new identity through the government's witness protection program, leaves clues as to who and where he is, even though it

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means certain death. "Where do these stories come from?" the analyst asks. Enraged, the writer retaliates by writing a story about a patient who poses as a transvestite in order to seduce his analyst and bring about his downfall. At their next session, just after "The Couch" has appeared, the writer and the analyst agree to part ways.

The mother mails the story off to her agent. Writing is therapy!

he son's next stories are about: a mother who reveals a son's real father to be an uncle the son has always hated; a husband who keeps a second set of journals when he suspects his wife is reading the first; a woman spy who, given a new identity under the government's witness protection program, leaves clues as to who and where she is, even though it means certain death.

"Those are my stories," his mother accuses. In defense, the son says he read that a young Algerian woman recently wrote to Doris Lessing and asked if she could write Paul's novel, whose first line is given to him by Anna Wolfe in *The Golden Notebook*, and Lessing said yes.

"But you didn't ask me," the mother persists, though she is secretly mollified by his comparison of her with Lessing. She is even more pleased when the stories appear in a magazine that has been turning down her husband's latest work.

Flushed with success, the son buys an IBM Displaywriter and gives his old typewriter away. Now the most prolific member of his family, he writes a story about an artist, a son of well-known artists, who finally confronts what it meant to grow up in their shadow, of needing to find his own light.

"Good image," his father says. "But I wonder if your artist's career would have taken off so smartly if he hadn't used the family name."

Furious, the son locks himself in his study and pours out a story in which a dying composer accuses his son of trading on his father's name in order to get his own, less accomplished concertos performed.

"What will people think?" His father rants and raves (clichés are true, the son discovers, but you still can't use them). "I mean, what kind of father would say a thing like that?"

"You tell me," the son says.

"But you are the one who wrote it," the father says. "Stories demand motivation, consistent behavior. Real people aren't held accountable for what they say, but characters are. Besides, I'll be besieged by reporters' morbid phone calls, neighbors' discreet condolences for an illness you neglected to name."

"But the father has to be dying," the son says.

"Why else would a father say a thing like that—accusing the son of using his name." Suddenly he looks at his father with curiosity—and false enlightenment.

"I am not dying," his father says. "The answer is no."

But it makes the father think. In the next five weeks the father finds a new well of creative energy and begins to write brutally honest memoirs of his childhood, his teenage years, his marriage, and his lovers. He loves his son, his wife, but he loves immortality more. He will preempt the biographers, the memoirs of a wife and a son, by telling more than any son or wife could ever imagine. All his life he wrote fiction in order to tell the truth, but now he will write the truth in order to avoid becoming a fiction. His latest affair is allowed to wither and he instructs the cleaning woman to screen all his calls. The son must do his own editing; his wife has stories of her own to write. He retreats to his study. Furthermore, the cleaning woman is expressly forbidden to disturb a thing in his study. "Come to think of it," the husband tells her, "you really needn't clean it again at all."

The cleaning woman, of course, takes offense. She also has been taking notes for years, ever since she heard some writer ask on All Things Considered, "Why aren't there any novels by cleaning women?" She's ready to quit. They have ceased to surprise her, this quasi-famous family (her vocabulary has improved while cleaning their toilets, changing their sheets, baking their casseroles). She has enough material: habits, plots, lines of dialogue; the charts and graphs of adultery; the son's letters from Thailand; the husband's wimpy affairs; the line "My shrink called me for an agent." She tells her employers she wants to work only part time because she has other things to accomplish. Somehow, and truth is stranger than fiction, she finds a job with a therapist who fancies himself a writer and has all the books on technique—books the family used to ridicule—next to Freud. She makes sure before taking the job that he never locks his files. There is an efficiency about all this the missus often accused her of lacking. But she feels efficient as she assembles her cast of characters. Heavily into symbols, she begins her saga by recalling a story Robert Graves told of the Scilly Isles, a place that had no industry and where the people had to make do by taking in each other's laundry. An island setting appeals to her. Three famous writers all live under one red-tiled roof, in a white stucco house overlooking a cerulean sea. Mother, father, son—and of course the cleaning woman. It will be a roman à clef. She types on an old typewriter the family gave her, gave her the way folks always give things to the help.

## BODY LANGUAGE

Leaves of Grass and the articulation of sexual awareness
By Helen Vendler

o book in our literature remains more alive than Walt Whitman's Leaves of Grass. Most of us first meet it in the enormous "Deathbed Edition" of 1891; but the first edition of 1855 (quoted here from a 1961 Viking paperback edited by Malcolm Cowley) is the purest and most immediate expression of Whitman's early genius. In its twelve poems Whitman displays, in one complex act, the double discovery of his sexual identity and its torrential equivalent in language.

In the central moment of the book, Whitman asks, "What is this flooding me, childhood or manhood.... and the hunger that crosses the bridge between." The sexual flooding demanded a language supple with physical sensation; the hunger for psychological authenticity demanded a language of self-analysis; and the wish to cross more bridges, those connecting Whitman's own manhood to other selves, demanded an unprecedented intimacy of address, a new voice of yearning. Even in solitude, the keenness of sexual sensation terrified him; still, he would not flinch from finding the words for it:

Is this then a touch?...quivering me to a new

Flan and other making a rush for my veins,

Helen Vendler is Kenan Professor of English at Harvard. She has written books on Yeats, Herbert, Keats, and Wallace Stevens, and recently edited The Harvard Book of Contemporary American Poetry.

Treacherous tip of me reaching and crowding to help them,

My flesh and blood playing out lightning...

You villain touch! what are you doing?...my breath is tight in its throat;

Unclench your floodgates! you are too much for me.

Precisely because he observed the world from a hidden position, one of furtive passion, Whitman's enormous efforts of perception and sympathy were silent, searching, and delicate (no matter how inwardly impulsive, turbulent, and passionate). He consequently wrote about the world in a way half-open, half-secretive, revealing his subjects with apparent openness and frankness but at the same time inviting his reader to learn from him a quiet and unobtrusive perception. It is to Whitman's instructions in perception and to his rich renderings of life (at once so "democratic" and so concealing) that I want to turn; but I want first to sketch out the nature of the 1855 Leaves, mentioning along the way some aspects of the book others have singled out for praise.

It was the watershed of sexual discovery, dividing the adult Whitman from the child Whitman, that enabled all the strengths we see in Leaves of Grass—notably its extraordinary impress of (invented) personal selfhood, sympathy with others, and exquisite expression. The twelve poems of the first Leaves of Grass, origi-

nally untitled but later named, contain "incomparable things said incomparably well," as Emerson wrote to the then unknown Whitman. Emerson was able to guess that there had been a "long foreground" to Leaves of Grass largely because the book takes pains to describe that foreground: it gives evidence of a prolonged period of self-investigation and self-analysis, including many baffled passages into blind alleys. "The boy I love," says Whitman in "Song of Myself," "becomes a man not through derived power but in his own right": he will be "wicked, rather than virtuous out of conformity or fear." Whitman drew that lesson by giving up "derived power" and, insisting on fearlessness, learning to be "wicked" in his own choice of nonconformity. Not only learning the truth of his own identity-"refreshing, wicked, real"-but also learning to write out that truth for others, he could begin the greatest of the early poems, "Song of Myself," with two propositions, one expressive-"I celebrate myself"-and the other didactic—"And what I assume you shall assume."

For Whitman, learning to be wicked was so linked to the letting out of semen (as "Song of Myself" testifies) that learning to speak "wickedness" took on sexual overtones:

Speech is the twin of my vision....

It provokes me forever,

It says sarcastically, Walt you understand
enough....why don't you let it out then?

Whitman had invented his free verse by 1850, but he had not yet invented himself. He still thought of himself as oppressed and victimized, mawkishly commiserating, in 1843, with the condemned Jesus and with auctioned slaves as a way of protesting the Fugitive Slave law. His leap forward into authentic manhood can be seen in the passage on slavery in the 1855 poem "The Sleepers." Here Whitman represents himself not as a passive victim but rather as a powerful male slave who, seeing his brother and sister on the block and his woman sold downriver, vows a Luciferian revenge, threatening to become Leviathan and kill the slave owner:

Now Lucifer was not dead.... or if he was I am his sorrowful terrible heir;

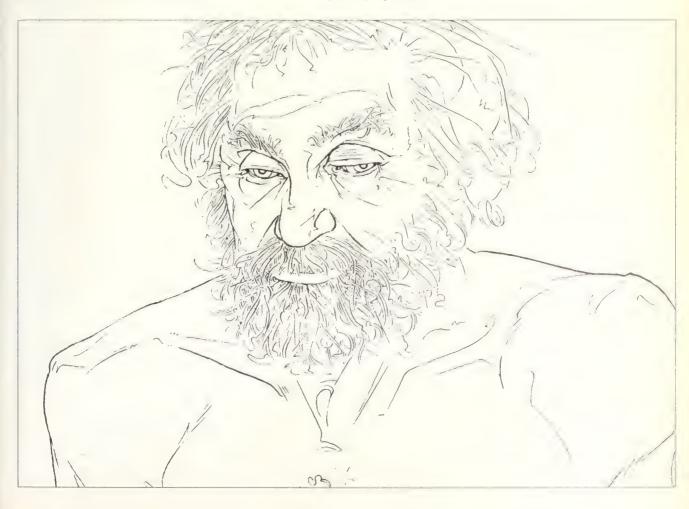
I have been wronged.... I am oppressed.... I hate him that oppresses me,

I will either destroy him, or he shall release me.

Now the vast dusk bulk that is the whale's bulk.... it seems mine,

Warily, sportsman! though I lie so sleepy and sluggish, my tap is death.

Whitman had invented his free verse by 1850, but he had not yet invented himself



Whitman is the one who opened a new circuit between the energies of sensuality and the energies of language The prophetic change from passivity to rebellion, from maudlin sympathy to male menace, marks the birth of the poet's confidence; he assumes authority and power in voice, address, and gesture.

If there is, in the first Leaves of Grass, a Whitman for everyone, it is because Whitman made himself, programmatically and deliberately, into a poet for everyone. He pretended, for instance, to have visited parts of the United States that in fact he had never seen, and to have had experiences that he had not in fact had: "I am the man.... I suffered.... I was there." Many of Whitman's readers, from García Lorca to Neruda, have read him politically, as the speaker for the oppressed. Whitman presented himself readily in this American role; it was a genuine enough elaboration of his own self-defense as a poet and as a homosexual. Readers who seek in Whitman the poet of social protest find an authentic Whitman. But they do not find the primary one.

The primary Whitman, psychologically speaking, is the Whitman who, at some point in his thirties, opened a new circuit between the energies of sensuality and the energies of language, making them the electric poles of his identity. If the "unclenched floodgates" of autoeroticism confirmed him as a sexual being, homosexual experience (both real and imagined) gave him sexual identity, a very different matter. He then confronted—with extraordinary equanimity, invention, and happiness—the strange compositional problems set by his nature. Faced, for example, with the considerable aesthetic problem of representing fellatio in poetry, he found, in "The Sleepers," a solution at once brilliant and beautiful, in the image of a feast:

The cloth laps a first sweet eating and drinking, Laps life-swelling yolks....laps ear of rose-corn, milky and just ripened:

The white teeth stay, and the boss-tooth advances in darkness,

And liquor is spilled on lips and bosoms by touching glasses, and the best liquor afterward.

Since our cultural myth of "the best liquor afterward" is that of the wedding feast at Cana—where, the New Testament tells us, Jesus turned water into wine—we can appreciate Whitman's metaphorical daring. We also can appreciate his dramatic sense, as he prefaces the delighted relief of the closing line with the original fearfulness of the virgin. "The white teeth stay"—a reprieve—but then, inexorably, the seduction resumes: "and the boss-tooth" (its commanding purposiveness implied by its adjective) "advances in darkness" until the liquor of ejaculation is spilled.

This characteristic movement of fearful, if exhilarating, sexual exploration followed by the joy of physical and gestural expression is the pulse of the first Leaves of Grass. It is understandable that homosexual readers of Whitman have been as grateful for his candor as for his poetic invention. (Whitman's intoxicating cry against censorship—"Unscrew the locks from the doors! / Unscrew the doors themselves from their jambs!"-becomes in our century the epigraph to Ginsberg's "Howl.") But Whitman's celebration of authenticity was meant to beand is—available to everyone, not just to Americans, or to political revolutionaries, or to members of sexual minorities. There is a "coming out" to oneself in all emboldened inner declarations of identity. For Whitman, the divine moment in which one acknowledges one's selfhood makes one a partner to all the young gods of creation. In a passage in "The Sleepers" representing that liberating moment, various divinities and immortals play hide-and-seek (cachecache, in French) with Whitman through the universe. This passage is the best expression in our literature of the disclosed joy, at once tentative and boisterous, of being at last, sexually, personally, and aesthetically, on the right path:

I am the everlaughing....it is new moon and twilight,

I see the hiding of douceurs.... I see nimble ghosts whichever way I look,

Cache and cache again deep in the ground and sea, and where it is neither ground or sea.

Well do they do their jobs, those journeymen divine,

Only from me can they hide nothing and would not if they could;

I reckon I am their boss, and they make me a pet besides,

And surround me, and lead me and run ahead when I walk,

And lift their cunning covers and signify me with stretched arms, and resume the way;

Onward we move, a gay gang of blackguards with mirthshouting music and wildflapping pennants of joy.

When Whitman found himself able at last to pour out "mirthshouting music"—"I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world"—he discovered, hoarded up within himself, all that his phenomenal attentiveness of eye and ear had ever registered, all that he had ever noted in his minutely categorizing mind. One reads the first Leaves not only for the newly-made man but for the absorptive child he had been. The "long foreground" that preceded sexual expression and sexual identity had been for Whitman a time of incorporating the world through his senses; and the 1855 Leaves includes the best poem in our literature about the sensuous, intellectual, and

aesthetic formation of the child-"There Was a Child Went Forth." This poem should be read before "Song of Myself," that consolidation of young manhood. Yet it is only after reading the ecstatic worship of the newly-sexual body in "Song of Myself" that one can detect Whitman's deliberate exclusion of the sexual in his homage to childhood.

L became a reader of Whitman through "There Was a Child Went Forth." Deprived of Whitman in childhood—first by the schooling I received (which would have considered him indecent) and later by my absorption in the poetry of England-I found him, at, of all places, the School in Rose Valley, in Pennsylvania, where the remarkable headmistress, instead of addressing her audience of parents, recited aloud from memory "There Was a Child Went Forth," and sat down without another word. Until then, I had known only the myth of Whitman-that he was noisy, patriotic, crude, repetitive, formless. No one had told me that Whitman was curious, intellectual, troubled by "the doubts of daytime and the doubts of nighttime....the curious whether and how." No one had told me that Whitman was careful and truthful:

The father, strong, selfsufficient, manly, mean, angered, unjust,

The blow, the quick loud word, the tight bargain, the crafty lure.

No one had told me that he was delicate, ethereal, noiseless:

The village on the highland seen from afar at sunset . . . the river between,

Shadows...aureola and mist...light falling on roofs and gables . . .

The strata of colored clouds....the long bar of maroontint away solitary by itself.... the spread of purity it lies motionless in.

Most of all, no one had told me—but it was selfevident, in "There Was a Child"—that Whitman had invented an oceanic American rhythm unknown to English verse.

The passages I have so far quoted do not represent the Whitman who is a master of anecdote. The first Leaves is full of small narratives of suffering—accounts of deaths, amputations, shipwrecks, hounded slaves—retold with Keatsian infeeling. Whitman had discovered, perhaps from his newspaper reporting, that anecdotes could introduce large social reference into lyric; this was his most original structural discovery. His expansive announcement, "I celebrate myself," turned out to include the celebration of his whole social world: soldiers, ship captains, mothers, artisans, prostitutes, and animals—all sketched in those miniature narratives that to

the poet Muriel Rukeyser seemed prophetic of

Whitman's brief lyric anecdotes are the foundation of his famous catalogues. In an opening anecdote, he sketches the category he intends to catalogue—the yearning dream, for instance, of an immigrant wishing he could return home:

... The immigrant is back beyond months and

The poor Irishman lives in the simple house of his childhood, with the wellknown neighbors and

They warmly welcome him...he is barefoot again . . . he forgets he is welloff.

After such an initial sketch, Whitman will begin the iterative catalogue: "[In his dream] the Dutchman voyages home.... / The Swiss foots it toward his hills. . . . / The Swede returns." We are to compose in our own minds a vignette for each of these subsequent immigrants—extending, for instance, Whitman's single phrase "The Swiss foots it toward his hills" forward and backward to create an entire anecdote of the return to Switzerland, using the template of the Irishman's dream of return to the Ireland of his youth.

Whitman's book is thus a handbook, training apprentices in a method of response. His catalogues are an invitation to us to "loafe and invite" our soul, as we co-create (following the original model) new anecdotes from his lists. Whitman insists that we do this in our own way, not in his. He will teach us the knack of it (by sketching the first vignette for us), but then we are on our own:

I have no chair, nor church nor philosophy;

I lead no man to a dinner-table or library or exchange.

But each man and each woman of you I lead upon a knoll,

My left hand hooks you round the waist,

My right hand points to landscapes of continents, and a plain public road.

Not I, nor any one else can travel that road for you, You must travel it for yourself.

Many readers have found in Whitman the strength to accede to a painful authenticity forbidden them by their parents or their society. Whitman's apprehensive, ultimately liberating, acknowledgment of his homosexuality, his rebellious identity, and his aesthetic originality permit-

ted him to command others, through his poetry, to comparable courage.

**L**s I have said earlier, if I were asked why I myself read Whitman, I would have to answer that I read him for his "treatment" of things, for his "renderings." Perhaps this comes down to surprise and awe at his genius for descriptionWhitman had discovered, perhaps from his newspaper reporting, that anecdotes could introduce large social reference into lyric

Whatever

may have
owed to
Emerson, he
did not owe
his supreme
tenderness
toward
natural
biological
being

but the word "description" does not suggest aesthetic choice, while words like "treatment" and "rendering" do. Here, for instance, is how Whitman "renders" ad hoc shipboard surgery in the wake of a sea battle:

The hiss of the surgeon's knife and the gnawing teeth of his saw,

The wheeze, the cluck, the swash of falling blood....the short wild scream, the long dull tapering groan,

These so . . . these irretrievable.

Once Whitman decided to "do" this scene as an aural one, his prodigious inner thesaurus cast up "hiss," "wheeze," "cluck," "swash," "scream," and "groan." But the phrases "gnawing teeth" and "long dull tapering groan" mark points in the passage where one's admiration for Whitman's lexical plenitude gives way to wonder at the imagination that conceived of a saw's teeth as avid and animal, that thought up (in an aural context) the visual "tapering" for the sound of a drawn-out groan.

Another case of "rendering": intoxicated with his power to take in, imaginatively, the whole earth, Whitman comically and ironically renders *himself* as the whole earth:

I find I incorporate gneiss and coal and longthreaded moss and fruits and grains and esculent roots,

And am stucco'd with quadrupeds and birds all over.

To imagine, in 1855, a view of the earth from outer space; to see a round ball with quadrupeds and birds artistically (and ridiculously) stuck on and sticking out all over it; to say "That is what I am" and to find this image humorous and appealing: this is what Whitman can do in two lines by way of imaginative spectacle and human comedy.

I want to close by quoting the most beautiful of all Whitman's renderings in the 1855 Leaves, his unequaled representation of the body, treated in a liturgy of worship. (Each phrase of rendering in this passage is followed by a phrase of ritual veneration, the verbal equivalent of a salaam-"It shall be you.") Behind this extended imagining of the self, there must lie a long reflection on the body and on its visual and kinesthetic correspondence to the natural world. How to render the pelvis and the shoulder blades? they are "ledges and rests." How to render the penis? it is like a plowshare, going ahead into a furrow. How to imagine semen? well, it is milky in appearance, and one could, after all, liken the action of masturbation to the action of stripping a cow's udder of its milk. (Whitman was willing to be curious in comparison to the point of grotesquerie.) How to imagine urine? like maple sap trickling from a branch. The scrotum? a nest of two eggs. The penis (in another aspect), so shy and yet so quickly aroused? a "timorous pond-snipe." In his thirties, writing this passage, Whitman, aware of a new relation with his own body—its desires, its shape, its effluents—could find nothing more worthy of worship and of expression. This early bodily faith is the faith of the whole 1855 *Leaves*, voiced in Whitman's cry, "O love and summer! you are in the dreams and in me."

For readers who admire not only Whitman's themes but his renderings, I offer, then, his celebratory hymn to the human body, as he intertwines it with the body of the world and the other mortal bodies it touches during its lifetime:

If I worship any particular thing it shall be some of the spread of my body;

Translucent mould of me it shall be you,

Shaded ledges and rests, firm masculine coulter, it shall be you,

Whatever goes to the tilth of me it shall be you, You my rich blood, your milky stream pale strippings of my life;

Breast that presses against other breasts it shall be you.

My brain it shall be your occult convolutions,

Root of washed sweet-flag, timorous pond-snipe, nest of guarded duplicate eggs, it shall be you, Mixed tussled hay of head and beard and brawn it shall be you.

Trickling sap of maple, fibre of manly wheat, it shall be you:

Sun so generous it shall be you,

Vapors lighting and shading my face it shall be you, You sweaty brooks and dews it shall be you,

Winds whose soft-tickling genitals rub against me it shall be you,

Broad muscular fields, branches of liveoak, loving lounger in my winding paths, it shall be you,

Hands I have taken, face I have kissed, mortal I have ever touched, it shall be you.

Whatever Whitman may have owed to Emerson, he did not owe this supreme tenderness toward natural biological being. Later, the Civil War and his own paralysis would force Whitman, toward a sorrow that broke this faith in the body; but his generosity of feeling survived the loss, and appears in the many genuine later poems. The moment of awakening genius that produced the 1855 Leaves of Grass was a fragile one, but that fragility does not diminish its unbridled joy and passionate candor. The troubled underside of that joy, visible in Whitman's doubts of daytime and doubts of nighttime, only redoubles our sense of the strenuous courage of Whitman's self-analysis. His discovery of unforgettable rhythms and words for the joys and the doubts alike remains inexplicable; not even Whitman fully understood how the child who went forth became, in 1855, the man who wrote poems.



# The people making the money in the defense budget aren't in uniform. They're in three piece suits."

--Rep. Pat Schroeder (D-Colo.) in an interview with Bob Edwards, host of National Public Radio's "Morning Edition."

"...diplomacy in dentistry..." "There must be a lot of diplomacy in dentistry, in that for the greater good of the patient, you have to inflict some little pain—and expect to be paid for it."

--Dr. Lamuel Stanislaus, dentist and Grenada's chief delegate to the United Nations, talking with Scott Simon, host of National Public Radio's "Weekend Edition."

"...our children...chew sugarcane to feed their hunger..." "Sometimes we only eat root crops, vegetables, rats, frogs and other wild animals...And sometimes our children only chew sugarcane to feed their hunger...all the time they are chewing sugarcane."

--Marlene Vista, wife of a sugarcane worker on the Philippine island of Negros, in an interview with National Public Radio correspondent Bill Buzenberg.

"An actor uses other men's words; he's like a violinist, rather than a composer.

--Sir Alec Guinness in an interview with Susan Stamberg, co-host of National Public Radio's "All Things Considered."



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## GREAT SHOW,

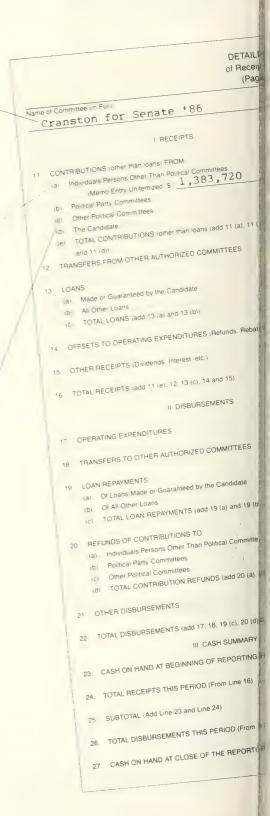
Running for the Senate is at

Alan Cranston, Democrat of California, has been a U.S. senator since 1968, and no doubt believes his presence on the Senate floor is worth a great deal—roughly \$12 million, which is what he is expected to spend in his attempt to be reelected this fall. Getting elected to the Senate has always been work; now it is a business, and a crucial part of the business is raising campaign funds. Having plenty of money on hand may not guarantee victory—but not having enough nearly always spells defeat.

Most candidates still raise the majority of their campaign funds from individual donors, and Cranston is no exception. In fact, he has made a serious attempt to attract small donors; his reelection committee says that some 80 percent of his contributors give \$100 or less. The rationale for encouraging this kind of giving is that the more people who contribute to a campaign, the deeper the grass-roots support for the candidate (and the stronger the populist image). Directmail solicitation letters and telephone banks are generally used to raise money from individual donors. Cranston, who has a reputation as an effective and hardworking fund-raiser, helps draft the solicitation letters and has been known to work the telephones. He also attends breakfast, lunch, and dinner fund-raisers. Last June, for example, he raised \$225,000 in a single evening from more than 100 supporters who met at the Washington, D.C., home of Averell Harriman.

> Contributions to Senate candidates from political action committees amounted to \$30 million in 1983-84, and could top \$40 million in this election. By the end of 1985, Cranston had raised more than \$500,000 from PACs. Labor union PACs figure big in this total; among the earliest contributors to his 1986 campaign were PACs run by the American Federation of Teachers, the Communications Workers of America, and the International Brotherhood of Painters & Allied Trades. Cranston's voting record, as far as unions are concerned? The AFL-CIO gives him a 92 percent lifetime rating. But business helps to bankroll Cranston too, despite a Chamber of Commerce rating of only 16 percent. Incumbents, natural favorites in most races, receive approximately 60 percent of PAC monies in Senate contests.

Jeremy Gaunt is editor of Congressional Quarterly's Campaign Practices Reports.



## CHEAP SEATS

position, by Jeremy Gaunt

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If political parties can no longer deliver precincts, they can still reach into their pocketseach party can spend up to \$1.7 million in California on a senatorial candidate. Cranston has already gotten a good deal more in kind from the Democrats than the \$17,500 in direct cash contributions listed here; earlier this year, for instance, the Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee bought him \$300,000 worth of TV time. (TV is crucial in big states like California.) Democratic candidates, however, cannot expect their party to ante up like the Republicans. Fund-raising has given new meaning to the notion that the Democrats are the party of the poor: in the 1984 elections, the Republicans' House and Senate campaign committees raised a total of \$140 million. Their Democratic counterparts? \$19 million. It's a dangerous gap: in the last weeks of a heated campaign, money is what fuels a big push. Of the last fifteen Senate elections decided by 4 percentage points or less, Republicans have won all but two.

Forms like this filed with the FEC provide a good deal of information about where a candidate's money comes from and where it goes this is the major benefit of post-Watergate reforms. It is also a major new source of paperwork. Cranston's campaign has a full-time paid comptroller, an accountant on retainer, and a computer system with software designed specifically to help candidates meet federal-electionlaw reporting requirements.

> An incumbent with plenty of cash on hand someone like Senator Alfonse D'Amato, Republican of New York, who at the end of last year had more than \$4 million at his disposal can all but scare off a serious challenger. Cranston has had no such luck. He is facing one of the toughest battles of his political life: his opponent, California Congressman Ed Zschau, is young (forty-six), attractive, and well-backed. It will be one of the most expensive election fights in history. There are no spending limits in Senate races, as there are in publicly funded presidential races. The Supreme Court ruled ten years ago that campaign spending is essentially a form of free speech. In California this fall, as elsewhere around the nation, the Bill of Rights is being fully exercised.

## A KEEPSAKE FROM THE WEDDING

#### By Brian McCormick

Two men wait to be served at the bar during a wedding reception at the Hyannis Port Club.

DAN: Which side you on?

NED: Groom's.

DAN: Me too. You consult with him?

NED: No, friend of the family.

DAN: Roommate back at school.

NED: Got my own tank out on the Beltway. We do systems work. Right now we're Navy contractors, but we do everything.

DAN: What? Underwater Surveillance Systems? Bethesda?

NED: Yeah. You know, everything.

DAN: Must be cushy, being a Beltway Baron.

NED (pouring himself a beer): We hold our own.

DAN: You didn't learn to pour beer like that in Washington. Coney Island, maybe.

NED: Football scholarship at the Point.

DAN: Cushy—getting paid to push a pigskin. You pour like a Navy man.

NED: You Air Force?

DAN: I'm out on my own now. I do printer-plotters, telemetry, SDI. But we do everything.

NED (moving to raw bar): Talk about cushy.

DAN: Cushy? Carry the ball for the President. That's cushy.

NED: New guy's Air Force, isn't he?

DAN: Sure. Yeah, right out of the Academy. Got

Brian McCormick is a former editor of the Harvard Lampoon and the National Lampoon. He is a screenwriter, playwright, librettist, and private detective.

his training, got his flight hours, friend of a friend saw him, said he looks good, right place, right time, he's a friend of Reagan's, and boom boom boom—he's carrying the black box handcuffed to his wrist. Just like that. Total cush.

NED: Must get laid all the time.

DAN: You kidding? The guy can't keep his pants on.

NED: Women go for that stuff. They love the black box.

DAN: He's got party invites coming out his ass.

NED: You know him?

DAN: I met him once in the men's room at the Hyatt while the President was giving a speech. I walk in and there he is with a couple of other guys, picking lint off his lapel. *Total* cush.

NED: A guy like that should have a lint-free suit.

DAN: You'd think they'd find him a good tailor, maybe some Jewish guy from Beirut. Or Paris,

NED: What kind of lint brush was he using?

DAN: I'm sure it was one of those parostatic jobs.

NED: One hand, he's got handcuffed to global nuclear destruction, the other, he's picking lint off his suit.

DAN: The weight of the job. They switch hands every hour or so.

NED: They'd have to, or his wrist would swell up like an allergic reaction.

DAN: Poor guy. Fate of the world on one hand, lot of pressure, long hours, no sleep, no chance for advancement. Poor chump's married to his job.

NED: Probably end up with one arm longer than

the other, have to carry it in his pocket all the time.

DAN: Yeah, it's his ball and chain.

NED: Still, he gets laid all the time.

DAN: Probably a masochist in the sack though.

NED: Sure, chained to a briefcase, every day, wouldn't you?

DAN: The thing of it is, it's all for show.

NED: Nothing in the suitcase?

DAN: Nothing at all.

NED: Must be something.

DAN: Nothing. Completely empty.

NED: Just to scare the Russians? Not even a code book?

DAN: Maybe a code book.

NED: Public key stuff, RSA boxes.

DAN: Other than that, just a few buttons on a black box, a couple of up-links, maybe a six-pack for the President.

NED: For when push comes to shove.

DAN: Right—he's got to relax under pressure.

NED: To throw the Russians off.

DAN: Right. Relaxation scares the pants off them.

NED: Where'd you meet him, again?

DAN: Men's room at the Hyatt. The President was giving a speech, doing his thing at the National Policemen's Benevolence Society convention last year. I was pushing our telenet system back then. All I remember is two thousand drunken cops on their feet cheering, me learning the two-step from a *gorgeous* blond detective out of Phoenix, and me taking a whiz next to a guy handcuffed to a briefcase, picking lint off his suit.

NED: Mr. Armageddon in the men's room. He wasn't soliciting, was he? Taking policemen's benevolence too far?

DAN: No—this isn't the Roman Coliseum, remember. This is the Hyatt Regency.

NED: You'd think the taxpayers could get him a



better suit.

DAN: It's all going into SDI. Nothing left for suits.

NED: No suit allowance. No suit. It's that simple.

DAN: Some of it goes to you Navy boys.

NED: Sure, of course. It's like we pick the lint off the Russians' suit and they do the same for us. A suit that sensitive is bound to pick up false signals. Type One Error, Type Two Error—missed signals, false alarms. Even the whales are confused nowadays.

DAN: Right. Whales have no use for lint.

NED: They spot our subs, send a whale signal, and all they get for their trouble is a Yellow Alert. A six-hundred-ship Navy combing the seas for lint twenty-four hours a day.

DAN: It's a damn shame.

NED: Whale picks up a false signal, goes a little loopy, next thing he's belly-up on a beach in Sweden, porno capital of the world.

DAN: Whales deserve better than porno.

NED: Right. They're mammals too.

DAN: But it's a small price to pay for freedom.

NED: Right. A small, small price for a very big freedom.

DAN: America's got freedom the size of a whale.

NED: Or even beyond the whale.

DAN (pouring another beer): 'Nother one?

NED: Sure, I'm not driving.

DAN: Right. We're members of the wedding tonight.

NED: We're brothers in the art of war.

DAN: To the bride and to the groom.

NED (clinks his glass to DAN's): To that guy in the men's room at the Hyatt.

DAN: May he get laid every night.

NED: May he prosper like the whale.

DAN: May he forever rid himself of lint. (*They drink.*)

Illustration by Victoria Kann PLAY 71

## ANXIETY AND ITS DISCONTENTS

The hows and whats of worrying

By Mark Randall

#### WORRY ANALYSIS: SOME DISTINCTIONS

Picture a typical 1950s mother in toreador pants, watering the begonias in back of her suburban home. She is worried about creeping communism, of course, but then she looks into the back bedroom and sees her son wearing a bra and girdle. Maybe this (like communism) will elicit no outward response. Maybe she will just stand there with the garden hose and think, "My son . . . I worry about him." Expressed or not, these are real worries, communism and her son, but are they the same? In fact, they are not. One is distant, one is near. One is impersonal, the other is not. One is the proverbial bogeyman, the other is a real live drag queen. These distinctions will be useful later on.

#### WORRYING THROUGH THE AGES

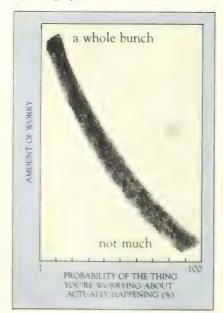
It is generally thought that people have always worried. But new work in the field suggests that worrying is a relatively recent development. We know, for example, that Hamlet worried to a fault, but did Beowulf? People in fourteenth-century Limoges should have know that the Black Prince was up to no good, but a kind of fatalistic insouciance gripped the citizens until their tow: was sacked and burned. We can assume that some of the people running and

Mark Randall is a uniter who it is in Philadelphia.

screaming around the city's ancient walls were worried silly, but they died shortly afterward, so no written accounts exist.

#### A LAW

It is axiomatic that worry tends to increase as the probability of the thing you're worried about really happening decreases. The ancients never lost a wink over childhood diseases; now, hardly a day goes by when you don't get a letter from someone asking you to worry along with him about some disease or other. What does this mean? Simply, that we are worrying about the wrong things! Like most easily understandable concepts, this can be graphed.



What the graph shows is that most of what we worry about doesn't merit the fuss. The problem then arises: how can we be sure that what we are worrying about deserves our worry? How, in other words, can we worry more efficiently? The answer lies in the following law.

All worrying can be reduced to two primeval causes: an unsatisfactory level of disposable income and death, of you and your loved ones. People will say: "But I worry about my marriage." This, however, is actually a ramification of income worry (think, for example, how extremely significant amounts of cash can give even the most miserable couples something fun to do during the day) or death worry. As Schilton says: "Many things can put a damper on living. A mediocre relationship is one example. Death is a better one."

#### **OUALITY WORRYING**

The above law leads us to what might be called non-wasteful worrying, or quality worrying. Quality worrying is worry about penury or worry about death, unencumbered by worry about the specific means one uses to reach these conditions. Since all human activity leads to penury or death (sometimes both simultaneously), the quality worrier knows he can't go wrong worrying about them. His worrying energy will never "go up the chimney," so to speak, but will focus on known ultimates. Indeed, this focus is what we admire in our philos-

ophers. Can the man who asks "What is reality and why must I die?" get worked up about his daughter's overbite? That is to say, really worked up? Clearly, he cannot.

By now the reader might be saying: "I'm excited about what I've just read about quality worrying and want to try it. But tell me, is it fun?" Well, no. Which is why quality worrying is not for everybody. In general, the fun of worrying tends to decrease as the quality of worrying increases. And it is well known that the highest quality of worry is no fun at all.

#### RECREATIONAL WORRYING

The bleakness of quality worrying-e.g., in the near future you may not be able to command goods and services in the marketplace; in the somewhat more distant future you will die—has driven many people to the idea of recreational worrying. Suppose you were to think yourself through the nuclear holocaust and then suddenly find yourself worrying about your great-great-great-grandchild who will not exist and what a fine fellow he might have been if he had existed, and then about his son who won't exist either and how he won't ever play in the Babe Ruth League because he won't exist. This is worrying that never gets close to poverty or death. Rather, it is worrying as a means of self-fulfillment.

At this point the reader might be saying, "Yes! This is the sort of worry I like. Is there any hope for me?" Unfortunately, no. Not, at least, until one accepts the basic incompatibility between recreational and quality worrying. Quality worriers believe that when financial remuneration or self-entertainment results, worrying ceases to be convincing.

Finally, what can be done about the mother in toreador pants, watering the begonias and worrying about her son? The worry of the mother should go straight to the known ultimates: insufficient funds and death. "My son," she should think, "is going to die and so shall I!" or "With more money, a better life could be secured for him: the finest counselors... maybe a couple of those mauve silk teddies from Bonwit Teller."

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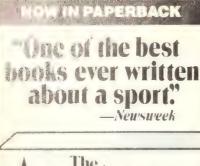
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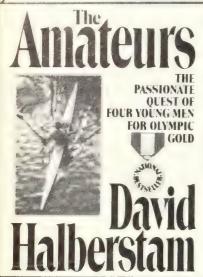
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#### LETTERS

Continued from page 6

operates on the principle that the more art of every conceivable kind we produce in this country, the more world-class Canadian art is likely to surface; but instead we have gotten wave after wave of mediocrity—and the waves keep getting higher.

The exceptional art that has emerged owes nothing to any government or to any corporate entity; it is not born of regulated service geared to prevailing economic conditions; it cannot be quantified and found instantly useful; it cannot be measured by industry standards. It surfaces because it must—from unfathomable idealism, or philosophical exploration, or disconcerting spirituality, or elevated thought.

A cynic once said: "There are two ways to succeed in the arts: die young, before you have a chance to establish your mediocrity, or survive long enough to outlive your enemies." And, I'm prepared to add, in either event there won't be one damned thing governments or corporations can do about it.

Ian Trowell Ontario, Canada

Jacques Barzun's article is at first glance impressive. But without government support, how could the serious arts stay afloat? Our cost of living is too high, and there is a dearth of sinecures offered by thoughtful art lovers. The solution is not to cut financial aid to the arts but rather to discourage poor art at its source. The real problem is a glut of poor teachers, who encourage mediocrity.

Sharon Katz Ottawa, Canada

What is wrong with having a lot of art? Art is the research-and-development portion of our culture; from new works by previously unrecognized individuals we learn new ways of seeing, hearing, and thinking. We are in a period of acute economic reorganization, a period of profound social changes. Adjusting to these changes

requires tremendous creative courage, and the work of our artists, composers, and writers can provide inspiration. But it is only the work of experimental artists that can provide a wide range of insights, for the popular arts, though vital and sometimes insightful, rely on predictable patterns to ensure sales.

Why not have lots of "skillful," "pleasant" art? If Jacques Barzun is suggesting that art ought only to be "great art," made by people with a "maniacal faith in one's self," I can see why he thinks there ought not to be too much of it, because such art can be oppressive. The most satisfying art experiences for an audience may not be the most profound.

Barzun seems to have the impression that government subsidies are somehow bringing profits, and the illusion of them, to young, misguided artists. I have seen nothing of the kind. Most grants are very small, and are given to artists who have shown some dedication over the years. Most aspiring artists understand that there is a constant struggle for survival; I've been involved with artists in Chicago and San Francisco, and I've never known a fine artist who didn't do some other kind of job to make his or her living. The paltry government subsidies provide only the equivalent of a few new canvases, paints, and brushes for a painter, a week or two off work for a writer. No one really expects to live off this money. If there is a fantasy of wealth and grandeur, it is that of becoming a Picasso or a Warhol, and generating millions through the private sale of works.

The fat in the system is in the institutions of "public" art that Barzun praises, the museums and opera houses that spend millions each year redisplaying and reperforming the hits of the last century, while the work of living artists remains the "fringe." That it has always been this way is not a good reason for keeping it so. I delight in the fact that a doctor who wants a painting to put over his sofa can go to a neighborhood gallery and pick up a work by a member of the local avant-garde. He may even develop a relationship with the artist, and thereby both lives may be enriched.

The question of whether government ought to be supporting the nascent careers of artists through project grants and grants to schools and institutions is really a question of whether a society feels that its artists are worth supporting. This is much like the question of whether parks are worth maintaining, or whether streets should be clean. Civilization is no accident; it requires the constant creation of new kinds of social enrichment. It's what people actually do that constitutes culture, not the acceptance and classification of a canon by a relatively small body of theorists; it is the making of art, not its collection and preservation. It is widely known that participation in the arts is beneficial to the psyche; most of our revered public figures have incorporated some such cultural enrichment into their lives. What should government encourage, anyway, if not the cultural enrichment of its citizens? The problem with government subsidy is not whether it should exist or not. The problem is with archaic methods of distributing funds. I would agree that the work of many artists who receive government funding is based on grantform criteria, but that doesn't mean that another method of funding might not be more successful.

Barzun's complaints boil down to the fear that many will start art careers and fail and the fear that the professional art consumer will suffer more eye and ear strain. I say that anyone who participates in the arts is probably going to be more perceptive because of it. As for the professional art maven, there are many cures for boredom.

The arts are, after all, ways in which we communicate, and the "surfeit" is merely the opening of many new channels of communication; one needn't feel compelled to converse in every one of the new "languages." The new insights find their way into the rest of the media, and we all can benefit.

Peter Babakitis Fairfax, Calif.

Why is Jacques Barzun perpetuating the myth that artists must struggle?

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struction of artistic promise, not a source of nourishment.

The proposed budget for military bands is larger than the proposed budget of the National Endowment for the Arts; given this situation, how can anyone argue, in the guise of supporting the arts, for a cut in funds? Many of our best-known artists were nurtured for years by small grant-supported institutions, the kinds of organizations which Barzun seems to want to disappear so their funding can go instead to prominent organizations. If Barzun knows of any well-recognized contemporary artists who were not supported in their early years by such small institutions, I would like to hear who they are.

Edward Sisson San Francisco, Calif.

The crux of Jacques Barzun's confused essay seems to be contained in his statement that "to lead people on when there is no chance they will ever fulfill their desire is immoral."

How exactly does our society "lead people on"? According to Barzun, our schools encourage "every spark of talent and try to fan it to a raging ambition." Barzun suggests that it is wrong to encourage creativity, to hang a child's poem on the wall, because someday that child might try and fail to make a living at his or her art. How sad that he can find no other reason for writing poetry. (Perhaps we can develop a Poetry Aptitude Test to enable us to know which five-year-olds to concentrate our efforts on.) And where do we draw the line? Should our children be kept from studying the U.S. Constitution for fear it will fan a desire to study law and thus add to the glut of lawyers? Would it be "moral" to hang a child's multiplication tables on the wall because America can always use more accountants? What should our schools be doing if not leading students toward increased creativity and self-fulfillment?

Gree Lichon Oakland, Calif.

#### How a Birch Dies

Margaret Atwood, in her story "In Search of the Rattlesnake Plantain" [Harper's Magazine, August], writes beautifully about the outdoors of which she is a shrewd observer:

Against the dun color of the fallen leaves, which recedes before us, the birches stand out, or lie. Birches have only a set time to live, and die while standing. Then the tops rot and fall down, or catch and dangle—widow makers, the loggers used to call them—and the lopped trunks remain upright, hard fungi with undersides like dewed velvet sprouting from them.

But if she visited the woods in the winter, rather than staying safe and snug in Toronto—or, to give her her due, courageously bird-watching along the Amazon—she would observe that heavy snowfalls break the slender branches of the young silver birch, which are brittle in winter. This is what kills them. Birches which stand exposed, rather than in the forest, often live to a ripe old age because the wind blows the snow away.

John Brinckman Montreal, Canada

#### October Index Sources

1, 2 Congressional Joint Committee on Taxation; 3, 4, 5, 6 U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics; 7, 8 U.S. Air Force; 9 ABC News/Washington Post poll; 10, 11 U.S. Department of Defense; 12, 13 Roper Organization (New York City); 14, 15 Eurobarometer (a study by the Commission of the European Communities, Brussels); 16 U.S. Census Bureau; 17 Massachusetts Institute of Technology; 18 Physics Today (New York City); 19, 20 American Federation of Astrologers (Tempe, Ariz.); 21, 22 Committee for the Scientific Investigation of Claims of the Paranormal (Buffalo); 23 National Survey of Psychic Phenomena and Religious and Paranormal Beliefs, by Erlendur Haraldsson, University of Iceland (Reykjavik); 24 Fauchon (Paris); 25, 26 U.S. Department of Agriculture; 27 New York Times; 28 U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development; 29 Joseph Berman Realty Inc. (Brooklyn, N.Y.); 30, 31 SAMI (New York City); 32 Television Bureau of Advertising (New York City); 33, 34, 35 Radio Information Center (New York City); 36, 37 Science (Washington, D.C.)/Institute of Medicine (Washington, D.C.); 38 Rawlings Sporting Goods Co. (St. Louis); 39, 40 Sports Illustrated Sports Poll '86.

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 46

by Thomas H. Middleton he diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 79.

#### **CLUES**

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#### PERSONALS

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### PUZZLE

#### Title Search

By E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

ighteen of the clue answers must be treated in the same way before entry into the diagram. The entries are not arranged symmetrically and do not overlap; many have one or more unchecked letters, as is normal. When the diagram is completed, its title will be revealed.

Among the clue answers are four proper names, one common foreign word, a common phrase not in some dictionaries, and less-thancommon words at 23A, 1D, and 30D.

The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 79.

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#### Across

- 1. Discotheque's closed early, being full of intense excitement (4)
- 4. Associate comic place with tomfoolery (10)
- 11. Like the ascetic life, it's heartlessly regal (8)
- 13. Much admired, man left after marriage vow (4)
- 15. Attack cheerless rabble from the East (7)
- 17. Practice in a harem? It's reckless ploy, and scandalous (8)
- 18. One enters awful brassy old Sin City (7)
- 19. Rev. Spooner's wed dullard as acting family member (9)
- 21. Mercury comes from this...can brain waves? (8)
- 23. What knights' tunics are called, thanks to the minstrels (7)
- 24. A gale stirred up food for fish (5)
- 25. I cry with one not quite wealthy, being under the same pressure (8)
- 28. Englishman embracing an English singer (8)
- 29. Decorative metalwork native to Major Moluccas (6)
- 31. Crabs ran amok in garages (8)
- 32. Carbide almost reorganized...it's poetic (6)
- 34. Coming before end of relay, ran, with one miler, quietly on the way back (11)
- 35. He's no secret drinker by far, drunkenly swallowing liter (6)
- 36. Insect found between two leaves (4)
- 37. Settles accounts, as Geneva's in an uproar (7)
- 39. Nymph seen in commercial for teetotalers? (5)
- 40. Extend rests—time is most attractive (9)

#### Down

- 1. Old pulpit carried by steamboat (4)
- 2. More jumpy when it's stickier around South (7)
- 3. What's bargained for? This material, possibly (9)
- 4. Cast, turned inside out, works (4)
- 5. Church has a right to plan (5)
- 6. Large rodent in crown upset the sheik's place (8)
- 7. I'm going up to look at small Greek island (5)
- 8. Box in the theater with record energy (4)
- 9. Main places for ringing changes! (10)
- 10. French palace rarely seen in its entirety? No (6)
- 12. Milan broad cooked Milanese, e.g. ... (10)
- 14. ... old Italian cooking fat, about a large lump (9)
- 16. Is the second defensive force silly? (5)
- 20. Device to hold water from river in rare lab explosion (4.6)
- 21. Put in pen...dug out, losing head (6)
- 22. In New York, male resorted to wit (6)
- 25. A lot of dailies brought up a series of disastrous events (5)
- 26. American-raised variety of apple is poisonous plant (5)
- 27. Want to put Republican in a hole in the ground (5)
- 30. Circle pasture with olive tree for the botanist (4)
- 31. Meal's said to be so long for an Italian (4)
- 33. Cyberneticist marginally has abnormal growth (4)
- 35. Brother, bachelor on the way up is enough to make one throw up (4)
- 38. Boat often towed...except, for instance, turning (5)

Contest Rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to "Title Search," Harper's Magazine, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to Harper's Magazine, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to Harper's Magazine. Winners' names will be printed in the December issue. Winners of the August puzzle, "Marginal Observation," are Robert Hooke, Pinehurst, North Carolina; John Burke, New York, New York; and Gertrude Hudson, Riverside, California.

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# HARPERS



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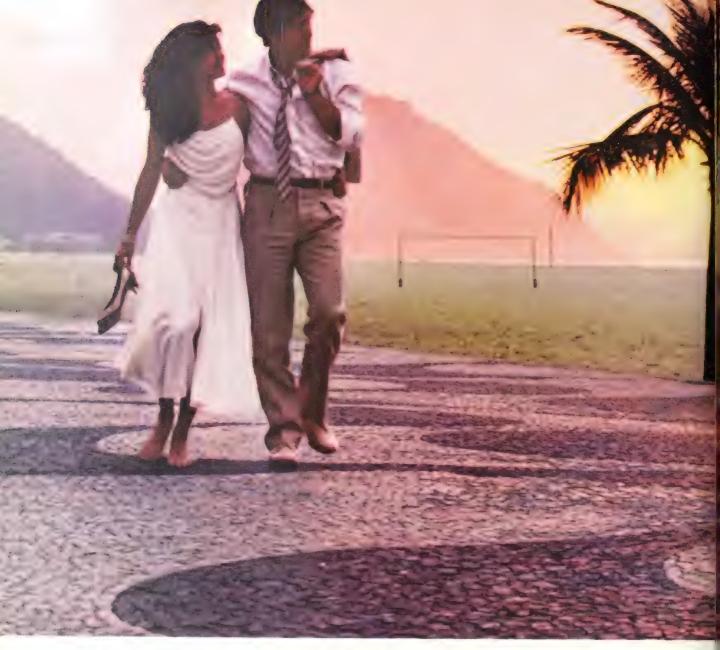
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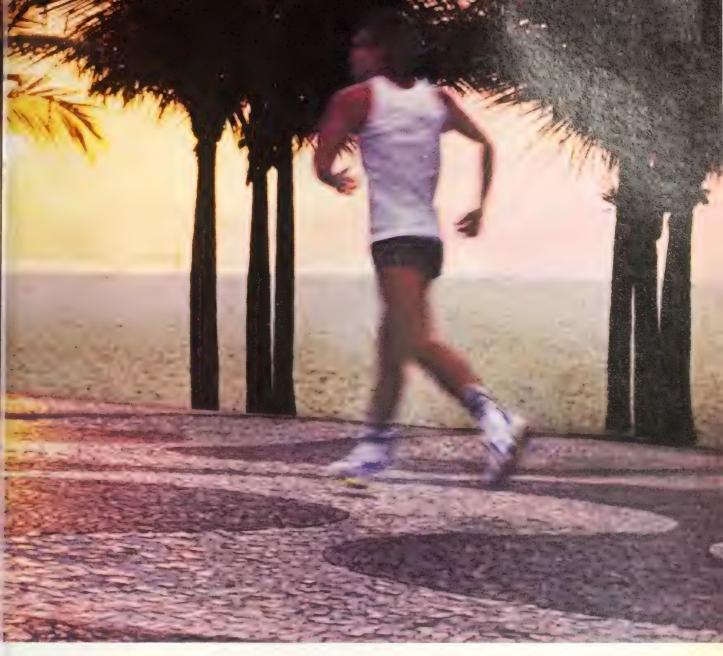
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## LETTERS

## The Abortion Debate: About Whose Rights?

As a participant in your forum on abortion ["Is Abortion the Issue?" Harper's Magazine, July], I understood that you might editorialize when you published it. But I question the manipulation of literary excerpts to set a frame which biases the whole discussion against abortion. To quote W. H. Auden, speaking about the Spanish Civil War, to characterize the abortion-is-murder propaganda borders on the dishonest. The use of an excerpt from Hemingway's "Hills Like White Elephants" sets out historical implications which are just plain inaccurate. In the story an irresponsible and callow man pressures a woman for whom he has little regard into having an abortion; she, having little self-esteem, agrees to "do anything" for him. Historically, abortions have been primarily women's decisions, steps toward greater self-esteem and autonomy, whether in limiting family size or in refusing to accept poverty or to give up aspirations for work and education. Plenty of women have rejected abortions for their own reasons. That Hemingway could not conceive of women as autonomous is no reason for Harper's to use that conception to trame the discussion.

Linda Gordon University of Wisconsin Madison, Wis.

As I go about America, speaking to diverse groups, I encounter many

Harper's Magazine welcomes Letters to the Editor. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.

women who manifest a smoldering hostility toward men, children, family, and even their country. They are, I believe, among the 10 million women who have had abortions. The knowledge that a moment of intimacy resulted in life and then death haunts them, in the same way that it's so hard to erase the memory of a rape.

It's time we recognize that abortion is not liberation for women, but exploitation. The sexual revolution mandated that women must participate in free sex just like men. But for women, sex isn't free. They live forever with the knowledge of the high price they paid.

The principal beneficiaries of the legal and social acceptance of abortion are the commercial profiteers of the promiscuous lifestyle. It's time for women to stop being pawns in their games and to demand that the price of sex be love and life.

Phyllis Schlafly Alton, Ill.

There is little doubt that abortion will remain a controversial issue. The participants in your forum rendered a clear picture of the inevitability of the continuing debate.

Most Americans recognize the inherently private nature of the abortion decision, and they trust women to make their own decisions about unwanted pregnancies. Some Americans, though, value fetuses over women and believe the sanctity of unborn life overshadows the needs and the rights of those already born. So absolute are they in their convictions, they would criminalize abortion once again. Never mind that reason and compassion dictate otherwise. Never mind that women would again risk hu-

miliation, mutilation, and death in back-alley crimes. Never mind that the anti-choice forces have lost their battles time and again, in the courts, in the Congress, and in the hearts and minds of the American people.

While it is not likely that these extremists will give up their fight, they can show more productive proof of their concern for life by working to help prevent the need for abortion. This is one common ground on which both sides of the debate can meet.

Preventing abortion depends on preventing unintended pregnancies, and there are reasonable means to achieve that goal—increased access to sex education and to safe and effective methods of contraception.

Abortion really isn't the issue. Respect for life is. And respect for life begins with respect for the health, the needs, and the fundamental rights of women.

Fave Wattleton New York, N.Y.

Faye Wattleton is president of the Planned Parenthood Federation of America.

The symposium on abortion provides a depressing insight into why the debate remains deadlocked. The advocates of the pro-choice position (Linda Gordon and Ellen Willis) characterize the issue as political: abortion is tied to the issue of female equality. The advocates of the pro-life position (Sidney Callahan and Ellen Wilson Fielding) see the issue as ethical. Clearly, the pro-life people and the pro-choice people are not addressing the same issue, or even talking about the same thing.

So long as there is a deadlock, everybody loses: pro-life, pro-choice, middle-of-the-road. But those who sympathize with the pro-choice view lose the most. If advocates of this position are to make any headway, they will have to do more to address the ethical issues. They will have to challenge the pro-life position on the moral status of the fetus, not just reject it. And they will have to devote some energy to articulating and defending ethical foundations that would support the sort of egalitarian, pro-choice political framework they endorse. This means delving into some of the

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"A vivid, erudite, and groundbreaking work on a subject that gnaws at the national conscience."

-Jeff Lyon, author of Playing God in the Nursery



Illustration by James Skyarch

The neonatal nurseries of modern hospitals give miraculous life to many babies who would formerly have died. But when that life will be lived tied to support systems, in constant pain, or in unconsciousness, is the gift worth

giving? Should an impersonal law decide?

This disturbing and poignant book is no mere academic discussion of ethical issues. Chronicling the daily routine of a special care nursery, Frohock presents the views of the nurses who care for severely damaged infants and the dilemmas facing doctors and parents who must make painful decisions about when and how aggressively to treat the medical problems. Frohock suggests that the concept of the Hippocratic oath-to "do no harm"-must be the starting point for crucial medical decisions.



Medical Decisions at the Beginning of Life Fred M. Frohock

The University of Chicago Press

"abstract ethical arguments" that they dismiss out of hand. The alternative is obvious: a continuation of the sort of stonewalling, stalemating "dialogue" exemplified by the symposium.

Nancy Davis Boulder, Colo.

#### The Semantics of Terrorism

Three cheers for Christopher Hitchens's article on "terrorism" ["Wanton Acts of Usage," Harper's Magazine, September]. I have long since forbidden my English students to use this word in class, because, as the FDA once said of marijuana, it has "no legitimate use." However, I believe "terrorism" started out as a synonym for "guerrilla warfare," and was originally frowned on by "respectable" nations and international organizations in the same way poaching is deplored by licensed hunters and fornication by proper married people.

For that reason, the concept of "state-sponsored terrorism" is even more vacuous than Hitchens describes. It is in fact an oxymoron, which makes the current vogue of the phrase especially interesting. A blatant example is the demolition of a Greenpeace ship in a New Zealand harbor by French agents last year. Back when political discourse was less mushy, that would have been called an "act of war" by France, against New Zealand, where the act occurred. and Portugal, where the man killed in the incident was a citizen.

However, nations like France don't commit, or get accused of, "acts of war" anymore. That would come too close to setting off the Big War. We need some other way to describe particularly outrageous international incidents, so we have invented an oxymoronic null-phrase and with it are trying to arouse the same outraged response as the real thing would have touched off in Teddy Roosevelt's day. President Reagan's revival of gunboat diplomacy in Grenada and Libya, also in the name of countering "statesponsored terrorism," is perfectly consistent with this approach. The attempt to turn back the clock to a simpler, prenuclear era is understandable, even laudable, but it is unlikely to succeed if it has to depend on such transparent linguistic absurdities.

Marian H. Neudel Chicago, Ill.

In his essay on five books about terrorism. Christopher Hitchens criticizes the authors by attacking their subject—or, more precisely, the name of their subject. He calls the word terrorism "a word with no meaning and no definition," "brainless propagan-

Of all the difficult and important issues surrounding this subject, here at last is one that can be settled and done with. The word can be defined, easily and by any reasonable amateur (I share Hitchens's impatience with the definitions offered by the professional academics he reviews). What could be wrong with the following definition?

Terrorism: The premeditated and repeated use of violence in the service of some cause, directed against people who are not aware of playing any role in that cause, and therefore have no way of expecting that they are to be under attack, and no way of planning a defense.

This is a slightly restrictive definition, but it certainly delineates most of what an ordinary, reasonable person means by terrorism. This definition took me about two and a half minutes to formulate, according to my watch. Probably, a wiser head after longer study could find a better one. The suggestion that the thing is undefinable is pedantic nonsense.

Nor is there any "conservative freight" about the word. The South African police might not qualify as terrorists under my definition (they generally direct their brutality against demonstrators and opposition leaders who should reasonably expect to be under attack, even though the attack is unjust). But the contras certainly fit my definition, as do the Chilean security forces.

The Mafia does not; neither do gang wars. In these cases, the crime obeys simple laws of cause and effect. Some rival offends your honor, so you kill him. It's beastly, but it settles a grievance of which both parties are aware. The threat does not spread to the broader community of people who

Continued on page 74

## The book on South Africa!

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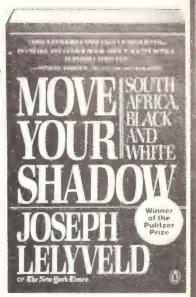
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## NOTEBOOK

### Social hygiene By Lewis H. Lapham

The world can ill spare any vice which has obtained long and large among civilized people. Such a vice must have some good along with its deformities

—Samuel Butler

s every schoolchild learns before he or she reaches the age of ten. America is always and forever innocent. Foreigners commit crimes against humanity. Americans make well-intentioned mistakes. Foreigners incite wars, embrace communism, sponsor terrorists, and smuggle cocaine into Connecticut. Americans cleanse the world of its impurities.

True, a few hundred thousand peasants might come to grief in Southeast Asia because of an American mistake. True, American corporations enhance the yields of their industry with their talent for price-fixing, theft, loan-sharking, and fraud. But their crimes, being American, can be understood as temporary breakdowns in the otherwise flawless machinery of the American soul. The fault is never one of character or motive. Americans receive their virtue from heaven, as part of their inheritance and a proof of their natural aptitude for goodness.

The illusion of grace is even more expensive to maintain than the nation's \$60-billion-a-year drug habit. Devoted to the ceaseless rituals of purification, the nation spends as much on soap and cosmetics as it does on nuclear weapons, the object of both expenditures being the protection of the American self against con amination by foreign substances.

Even the meanest of American politicians has no choice but to be come a social hygienist. President and

Mrs. Reagan, of course, set the standard of virtuoso performance, and on September 14 they appeared in concert on television to announce "a national crusade" against the use of drugs. The President said, "Let us not forget who we are. Drug abuse is a repudiation of everything America is." Mrs. Reagan, with whom the President was holding hands, said, "There is no moral middle ground.'

If their concern hadn't been so unctuous, and their voices not quite so sweet, their announcement might have seemed less like the scattering of incense and the tinkling of tiny bells.

The worry about drugs provides a ceremonial entertainment for politicians anxious to distract attention from their habitual cowardice and incompetence, and during the summer and early autumn all the instruments of the media resounded with the noise of pious incantation. Congress hurriedly took up a bill meant to add another \$1.5 billion to the \$2 billion already assigned to the labor of purification. In New York Mayor Koch asked for troops to defend the city's perimeters. Elsewhere in the country the voices of civic sanitation, heeding Mrs. Reagan's call to "create an outspoken intolerance for drug use," recommended shooting suspected drug dealers on sight. An eleven-year-old girl in Los Angeles reported her parents to the police when she found a marijuana plant in her own garden. A prominent editor in the headquarters tent of the New York Times was heard to remark that it might not be a bad idea if somebody's Christian air force bombed the coca plantations in Colombia.

In the midst of the singing of

psalms, nobody had the bad manners to ask why it is that Americans have become so fond of drugs. Nor did anybody embarrass the choir by pointing out that (a) the attempt to suppress the use of drugs is as futile as the wish to teach cooking to an ape, and that (b) the government—whether municipal, state, or federal—has little intention of reducing the crime implicit in the drug traffic.

The simplest arithmetic demonstrates the lack of honest intent. New York City currently assigns eight judges to hear 20,000 narcotics cases a year (which means roughly 19,200 cases become matters for plea bargain), and the average length of time spent in jail as a result of a drug arrest amounts to seven days. The city obviously hasn't got the money to hire enough judges, deploy enough police spies, build enough jails. The same arithmetic pertains everywhere else in the country. If Congress or the Reagans mean what they say, they would be obliged to amass a defense fund on the order of \$50 to \$70 billion a year; almost all of it directed toward education. But they don't mean what they say, and almost everybody familiar with the catalogue of human desire knows they don't mean what they say. Every district attorney understands that the laws cannot be enforced; so does every judge, detective, addict, literary agent, and brothel-keeper. Marijuana is now one of America's principal cash crops, comparable to corn or wheat or soybeans. (Pursued to its logical end, the Realpolitik suggested by the gentleman at the New York Times would entail the bombing of California.) The number of people addicted to drugs of all descriptions

possibly reflects the prevalence of fear and unhappiness at all ranks of American society, but the statistics testify just as eloquently to the common pleasures of the senses. The making of vindictive laws merely inflates the price of drugs and increases the profit margins in the smuggling trades.

The faith in the miracle of aimless force bears comparison to the American policy in Vietnam. The commanders of our air force knew as early as 1966 that their program of heavy bombing had failed to transform the North Vietnamese into submissive and enthusiastic subscribers to *Time*. Rather than admit their failure, the commanders ordered more and heavier bombing. Similarly, the managers of the President's crusade against drugs, well aware that they'll never reach Jerusalem, doggedly order more laws, more urine tests, more arrests.

The art of social hygiene accounts for most of what passes for American literature and education, but the obsessiveness of the scrubbing procedure makes itself most visible in the arenas of big-time sports. The American public chooses to look upon its games as religious festivals, and the rituals of purification that attend any athlete's fall from heaven surpass in their pomp and solemnity the comparable acts of contrition imposed on lapsed financiers or politicians.

Unlike any other business in the United States, sports must preserve an illusion of perfect innocence. The mounting of this illusion defines the purpose and accounts for the immense wealth of American sports. It is the ceremony of innocence that the fans pay to see—not the game or the match but the ritual portrayal of a world in which time stops, in which everybody present can recover the blameless expectations of a child, where the best man always wins, and the forces of light always triumph over the powers of darkness.

The playing field is the holiest of American places, more sacred than the stock exchange, more blessed than the Lincoln Memorial or the vaults at Fort Knox. The diamond and the gridiron—and, to a lesser degree, the court, the rink, and the track—embody the American dream of Eden.

On the other side of the left-field

wall the agents of death and time go about the dismal work of the world's corruption. Wars come and go; the family business fails and somebody's boyfriend wrecks the car; widows and orphans fall prey to lying insurance salesmen; banks foreclose on farm mortgages; children die of bone cancer. But inside the park the world is as it was at the beginning. The grass is as green as it was in everybody's lost childhood; nobody grows old, and if only the game could last another three innings, or maybe forever, nobody would ever die.

If either the government or the society were serious in the desire to reduce the crime and human suffering supported by the drug trades, Congress could transform narcotics into substances as legal as alcohol, pornography, or tobacco. Deprived of its romance as well as of its profit, the drug business might follow the automobile business into bankruptcy.

But the Reagan Administration, like the vast majority of the American people, prefers the purity of its illusions. The society chooses to believe that the world's evil doesn't reside in men but exists, like the air, in the space between them. The Pentagon has so refined the use of euphemism that it now defines war as "violence processing." After the American defeat in Vietnam, Arthur M. Schlesinger, obligingly washing the sheets of the American conscience, pronounced the war "a tragedy without villains."

To the extent that drug addiction can be defined as a foreign conspiracy—a consequence not of the ancient human predicament but of new export strategies in Bolivia—Americans can take comfort in their righteousness. Like the late Howard Hughes hiding under gauze on the roof of a Las Vegas hotel from the armies of invading bacteria (a.k.a. Bolivians, communists, cigarette smoke, the AIDS virus, etc.), the innocent nation invariably discovers itself betravedby events, by its doctors or servants, by radioactive clouds or a collision of oil tankers off the coast of Peru, by terrorists and travel agents and the unseen trolls manipulating the levers of

Together with his most ardent ad-

mirers, President Reagan has no wish to see, much less govern, an America that doesn't conform to the pictures on the postcards. The failure of his imagination corresponds to the public wish to know as little as possible about the infinite variety of human expression and desire. Nor does the public wish to be reminded of an America in which illiterate children commit murder for the price of a secondhand radio; in which, contrary to the publicity appearing in Fortune and Vanity Fair, most business ventures end in debt or failure: in which hospitals resemble prisons and the prisons have become as crowded as resort hotels—a nation inhabited not by the smiling faces seen on the postcards but by people so frightened or intimidated that they have no choice but to sell, in a falling market, what little remains to them of their self-respect, and who, to their sorrow, all too easily find a buyer in a police official, a corporation, or a pimp. It is their grief and dejection of spirit that changes them into statistics or commodities, not their country of origin, the books they read, or their failure to take regular baths.

Beginning with the current issue, Harper's Magazine will publish a series of essays in praise of contemporary writing. So many books appear during any given year (upwards of 50,000, by the last reliable count) that the critics regularly employed to take notice of their arrival cannot keep up with the traffic in words. All too often they have no choice but to review books for extraneous reasons—because the subject is topical or the author famous or the editor seized with the fever of a political theory.

On the assumption that quite a few very good books get lost in transit, Harper's Magazine has asked critics of various kinds and descriptions to write, at some length and after due reflection, about one or more books published during the last two or three years in which they found particular merit. Their essays will appear from time to time under the rubric "Review" (see page 69), and with any luck they will rescue a fair number of authors and texts from the shelves of oblivion.

- F114 - 4



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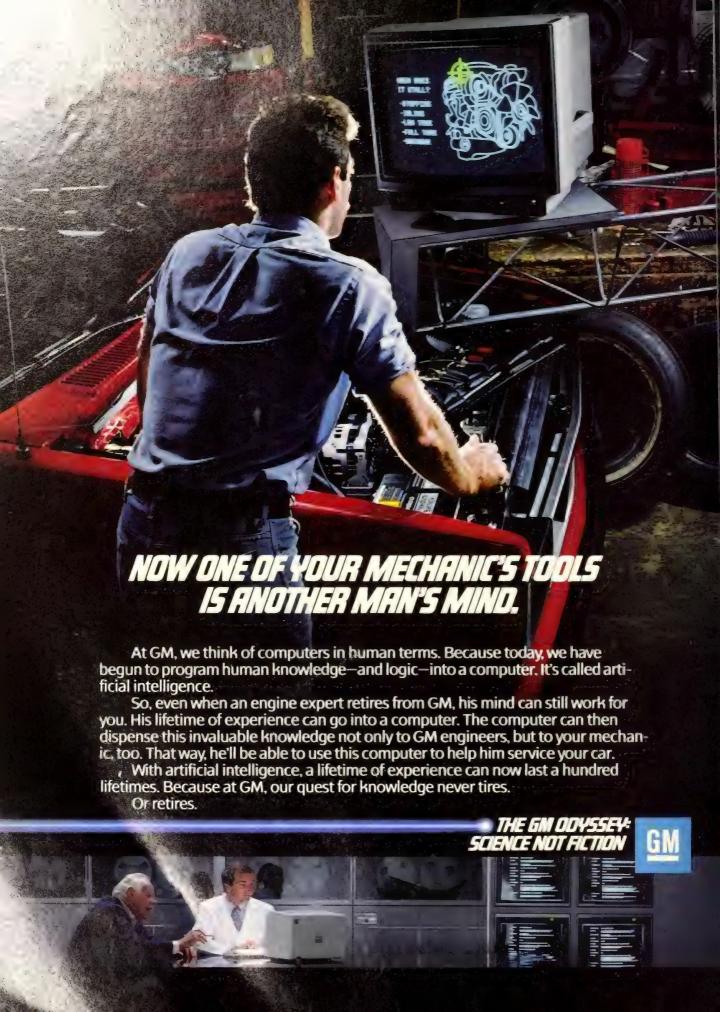
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> Figures cited are the latest available as of September 1986. Sources are listed on page ... "Harper's Index" is a registered trademark.

Percentage of Americans who say the wheel is the greatest invention of all time : 11 Percentage who say the automobile is : 10



## READINGS

## [Speech] THE MILITARY: A LOOSE CANNON?

From "The Military Power: Tension as a Servant; Arms Control as an Illusion," a speech delivered by John Kenneth Galbraith earlier this year at a convention of the International Physicians for the Prevention of Nuclear War, in Cologne, West Germany.

here comes a time in the troubled course of human affairs when we must step back and examine the fundamental concepts by which our public attitudes and policies are guided. This, I am persuaded, is now needed as regards the weapons race. In particular, and urgently, we must recognize that military power has become an independent force on both sides of the superpower relationship.

There is now a dynamic that serves the interests of the military in each of the two great powers—each takes actions that produce responding actions in the other. One country's military must do something because it is what the other's military is doing, or intends to do. Thus each military power builds on the other. And so on to the eventual catastrophe.

In the United States, the first source of the military's power is the belief that all government instruments are subject to the democratic process. This belief is strong in our rhetoric; it is what our children are still taught in school. But it is, in fact, something that no fully informed citizen can believe. The modern military establishment extensively controls the democratic process. In the organization it possesses, the money it deploys, the captive politicians it commands, the scientific community it subsidizes, the military has become a force in its own right. It employs 4.5 million people and last year generated over \$146 billion in business for private enterprise. The military now has in its embrace

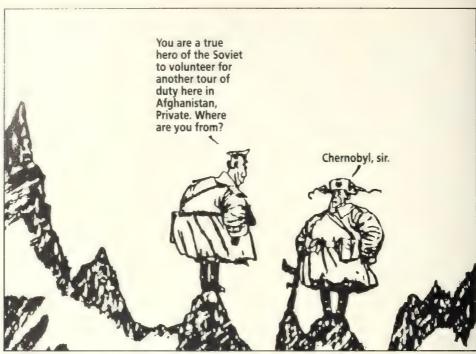
the civilian authority to which legally and constitutionally it is presumed to be subject.

I do not speak with equal authority of the military power in the Soviet Union. There it will be said with no slight emphasis—just as we say it in the United States—that the military is fully subject to the larger authority of the state. Alas, no great organization is ever without power; it is not in the nature of a bureaucracy to submit passively to external control or fail to assert its claims on society.

The rise and awesome triumph of this military power have profoundly altered our society. The most significant effect arises from the need of any military power for an enemy—a plausible enemy. In the absence of such, a military's influence and, more pertinently, its financial support are gravely at risk.

The United States in the last century and again in the years between the world wars had no plausible military adversary. As a result, the American military establishment had negligible power and resources—our army in that period was on a par with that of Portugal. This condition has been remedied. In recent years enemies have been manifestly more available—or have been made so. China, until it was promoted to its current role as an honorary bastion of free enterprise, for a time so served: the atomic yellow peril. North Vietnam, Cuba, and Nicaragua have functioned as enemies. We also have Colonel Qaddafi. But overwhelmingly and durably, the plausible enemy has been the Soviet Union.

The Soviet Union is indispensable to the military power in the United States. Tension in our relations with the Russians directly and overtly serves that power, and any relaxation of tension would diminish the resources it commands. Military appropriations were once made in response to external threat. But let us not now be in doubt: action and response have been reversed. External threat is now in the service of military appropriations and weapons development.



From the June-July issue of Voices of Solidarity, a digest of articles from Poland, published in London.

A second circumstance, one we must note, derives from the military's need to contend with the main threat to its power in our time: the deep, even urgent, public fear that modern nuclear weaponry, by its nature, arouses. In all countries, and not least in the United States, there is strong resistance to the idea of nuclear euthanasia. So just as the military power must have a plausible enemy, so also it must have a plausible design for countering the public threat. This is what arms-control negotiations principally accomplish. Rather than limit or even reduce the chance of nuclear destruction, negotiations serve to contain and quiet the public fear of nuclear destruction.

Once again, I do not identify these grim developments peculiarly with the United States. The charge that the United States poses a grave imperialist threat to the world comes regularly from the Soviet Union. There is recurrent mention of sinister capitalist intentions. In both countries, tension and hostility serve military purpose and power.

They serve, let us note, in a world where the presumption that underlies the very word "superpower" is now strongly in question. That presumption is of a relentless extension of power by both the Soviet Union and the United States—in the Soviet view, of America's unfulfilled imperialist ambition; in the accepted American view, of a move to world socialist domination by the Soviet Union. The highly evident reality, in

contrast, is the powerful desire on the part of all countries of the world, without exception, to assert and preserve their independence, to be free of superpower influence and control.

This, over the last twenty-five years, has been the Soviet experience in China, Egypt, Algeria, and Ghana. Also in Indonesia and, in visible measure, Eastern Europe. And Afghanistan, Ethiopia, Mozambique, and South Yemen are not masterpieces of socialist achievement; Marx would be appalled at the thought of socialism at their stage of development—of socialism before there is capitalism.

Similarly, the thrust for independence is or has been the experience of the United States in Central and South America, in Iran, elsewhere in the Middle East, and, notably and sadly, in Vietnam.

Nonetheless, Soviet spokesmen still speak of America's imperialist design, and we of the Soviet quest for world domination. The purpose I cannot think in doubt. The imagery of socialist and imperialist expansion serves the military power in both countries. The hard fact of retreat must be kept quiet.

To summarize, our present situation is not military need in response to tension and hostility; it is tension and hostility in the service of military need.

As I earlier noted, international tranquillity is not the only threat to military power; in the age of nuclear alarm and terror there is also a strong public concern for continued existence. This has made itself evident in the United States in the freeze movement, which has alarmingly invaded the preserve of the arms-control theologians.

I have been sufficiently in the Soviet Union to know that the same sensitivity to the threat of nuclear war exists strongly in the Russian mind. Twice in this century the Soviet Union has been the victim of war. We have not. Russians see themselves as victims; we think of ourselves as the people who escape.

Contemplating death, all people resort to psychological denial. This they do where nuclear war is concerned. This the arms negotiations have allowed them to do. In consequence, the nuclear theologians have maintained their monopoly of the arms-control issue. In the United States this monopoly is an extraordinary thing. We do not readily delegate power over taxes; we are rather relieved to delegate it over death. This delegation we must now withdraw.

The United States and the Soviet Union have lived together peacefully, if not always amicably, for almost seventy years. We can conclude that capitalism and socialism can coexist. But they cannot and will not coexist if they yield to the military power. In the premeditated or unpremeditated nuclear collision that the present condition assures, neither capitalism nor socialism will survive. And no one, not even the most talented ideologue, will be able to tell the ashes of capitalism from the ashes of socialism.

## [Press Release] IN CASE OF CRASH

From "Fail-Safe: The Government's Secret Plan to Save the Banking Industry," by Michael Binstein, in the September issue of Regardies, a Washington, D.C., monthly. Binstein reports that the Reagan Administration has developed contingency plans to nationalize temporarily any of the top ten U.S. banks that fail. Below is a press release the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation has prepared to deal with such an event.

the Federal Reserve Board, and the Honorable NAME , judge of the U.S. District Court for

Before deciding to create the Federal Deposit National Bank, the corporation's board of directors... explored the possibility of effecting [traditional means] relating to but found it impossible to proceed with such an arrangement without significant time delays, which would have seriously disrupted financial services not only in \_\_\_\_\_\_\_ but throughout the United States....

Commenting on the transaction, FDIC chairman \_\_\_\_\_\_ said, "We consider this to be a sound interim solution to the largest bank failure yet experienced in the United States...."

## [Scripts] SCAM LINES

These scripts were filed in federal court by the Securities and Exchange Commission in support of its request for a temporary restraining order against three companies that were selling partnership interests in oil and gas wells. (The order was granted in May.) In its request, the SEC alleged that the companies—Pennington & Scott Enterprises, the Heritage Company, and Frontier Enterprises—were fraudulently selling interests in wells by misrepresenting, among other things, the potential profits and risks. Salesmen from the companies would "cold call" potential investors and use scripts such as the ones below to sell the investments. In these examples, the lines in italics indicate a prospect's possible objections.

don't know anything about drilling for oil. Have you ever wondered why they call crude oil black gold? Do you think it might have something to do with making so many people rich? One of the craziest things I have ever heard in my life is for a man to say that he doesn't know anything about the oil business. Let me tell you something. We buy stock in automobile companies, yet we don't know how to build an automobile. We buy stock in medicine companies, we call them pharmaceutical companies, but we don't know how to make medicine. We buy stock in computer companies, but we don't know how to build computers. To top that off, we call them blue-chip stocks, the cream of the crop! And did you know that you can also buy stock in oil companies and they call that bluechip stock? Why buy stock in a company when you can own part of the company?

What is my risk? We could hit a dry hole. We are drilling through fifteen payzones. To

### 'YOU'LL SEE I'M RIGHT ABOUT SAYING NO'

Below are the lyrics to "Cuando Estamos Juntos" ("When We're Together"), recorded by Tatiana and Johnny, a Latin American pop duet. The song is part of an Agency for International Development (AID) program to use popular culture to "teach sexual self-restraint" in Latin America. The song was developed at the Johns Hopkins School of Public Health, under a contract from AID. It was the number-one single in Mexico last spring.

#### Johnny:

When we cross the park
Walking hand in hand
When we daydream
Hoping one day soon not to be apart
You always tell me to wait
That it's not time yet to give
ourselves everything.
I know that you're right
When you say no
It's that my heart
Is telling me to.

#### Tatiana:

When the time for us comes
We can love each other without limits
Then we'll discover
The beautiful things of life.
I don't want us to be sorry
For having lived an adventure.
You'll see that I'm right
About saying no
Even though my heart
Is burning.

#### Johnny:

Whenever I'm by your side I forget everything, I don't understand reasons. But when I kiss your lips I feel you tremble in my arms And you tell me to wait That it's not time to give ourselves everything.

#### Tatiana:

You will see that I'm right When I say no Even though my heart Is burning.

give you an analogy, let's say your wife went into the kitchen and whipped you up a fifteen-layer cake with chocolate icing between each layer. Then you took your index finger and stuck it from top to bottom. How many layers could you go through without getting icing on your finger? The same thing applies here. You're not going to drill through fifteen payzones and not hit oil and gas. We're offsetting known production 360 degrees around us!

As far as hitting a dry hole goes, the drilling operator has twenty-one wells in this area, and they have not hit a dry hole yet. And I attribute this to the fifteen payzones that we call "the insurance of the hole." In this particular case, the drilling operator goes back through the field for a second time, and the wells that are coming in are better than the first ones they drilled—they simply have more geological information to work with.

To be very frank with you, we're not going to pay \$100,000 for the rights to hit a dry hole. We could have purchased leases for much less money but we wanted the best they have. My people tell me that realistically we're looking at a 95 percent factor. You'd have that much risk putting your money in the bank.

Any conservative investor should be willing to accept a 5 percent risk factor. Don't you agree?

I need to talk to my broker.

dealership and asking them what they think of a Ford! What do you think his answer will be?

Your broker is competing for your investment dollars also. Obviously, you don't want to put all your eggs in one basket. I'd be the first to tell you to diversify your portfolio. All I'm working for is a percentage of your investment dollars to show you what I can do. I'm very confident that in six months you will be calling me to come in with us on additional wells. But let's take it one step at a time... and let's make some serious money together. Now. Can we do some business?

I need to talk to my accountant.

Well, I certainly hope you're not going to ask your accountant whether or not you should make this investment. That's not a fair position to put him in, because he knows nothing about the program.

Let me ask you this. Do you have the funds readily available to lock up a share? Where do you stand from a financial standpoint?

If No—[Suggest borrowing funds.]

If Yes—Well, let's get the ball rolling for you. This well is just about sold out. If we procrastinate in taking advantage of this opportunity,



From Punch.

there won't be any shares left! Let your accountant worry about saving you tax dollars, which is his business. Let me worry about making money for you, which is my business—fair enough?

I'll have to borrow the money.

You know, bankers are the most conservative people in the world. If you go to your banker and tell him you want to borrow the money to get involved in a drilling venture—since he knows nothing about the program—he'll probably say it's too speculative. But on the other side of the coin, it's kind of funny how many an oil man owns a bank! Ya know what I mean?

He's earning interest on your money and investing it to make a profit for the bank. And at the same time telling you not to invest.

The best way to handle it is to get a signature loan for a ninety-day note. I'm not saying your first royalty check will be enough to pay off the loan, but certainly there will be enough to pay off the interest and make a big dent in the principal, and it's all downhill after that. You see, we will have created an asset where none existed before. You can borrow against that.

#### **CLOSING PLOYS**

1. I think you can see why we're so excited. I

hope you appreciate what I'm doing for you. This is the opportunity of a lifetime. I don't want you to miss it, so make sure you get your reservation checks in here now. \_\_\_\_\_\_, are we doing business???

- 2. So I think you can see why we are all so excited about it. Am I right? O.K. Great! So here is what I want you to do. Get your check in here right away. That's \$14,000. The name of the package is "The Comanche 4-5 General Partnership," for the memo section of your check. And, as usual, your check is fully refundable up to and until the partnership meeting, which is on December 7. Now I've got your share tied. You're a good client, but we cannot hold it forever. Can you get your check in here right away???
- 3. Now, what I am saying to you, if you want to get rich, if you want to make a lot of money, go get your checkbook. I am going to get you started today. I am not asking you to buy an entire well, I just want you to come in on part of the well, and six months down the road I will bring you in on an entire well, just from the money you make on this well. Get your checkbook and let's get started. Are we going to do business, \_\_\_\_\_?

### PERCEIVING SOVIET CHANGE

From a speech delivered by Stephen F. Cohen in May to the Research Group on Socialism and Demorney, at the Graduate Center of the City University of New York. Cohen teaches at Princeton University and writes a column on Soviet affairs for the Nation. An expanded, paperback edition of his recent book, Sovieticus: American Perceptions and Soviet Realities, will be published next month by W. W. Norton.

Why do most Americans view the Soviet Union as unchanged, unchanging, and unchangeable? The prevailing assumption, even among American journalists and scholars, has been that change for the better is not possible in the Soviet Union. Even during Khrushchev's rule, which was clearly a time of significant reform, many American observers insisted that the Soviet system was immutable. We hear this assertion again today in commentary on the reform-minded leadership of Gorbachev. I want to identify some of the factors that have shaped, and continue to shape, this widespread American misperception.

- 1. The first factor is, oddly enough, the only one rooted in the Soviet system itself. In many countries, public discussion and debate alert foreign observers to political struggle over change; but in the Soviet Union, government censorship usually forces most issues to be debated obliquely, often in obscure journals. Most Americans are not even aware that this fractious discourse exists, or that conflict over change has been the most important and constant political issue in the Soviet establishment since Stalin.
- 2. There is a deep-rooted American view that in authoritarian systems, nothing short of democratization qualifies as meaningful change. Either an undemocratic country becomes democratic, or the change doesn't matter. But even though the end of Stalinist mass terror didn't lead to democracy, it literally meant the difference between life and death for millions of Soviet citizens, who were freed from concentration camps and reunited with their families. To deny that this change was "meaningful," as many American commentators still do, is a profound failure of both analysis and compassion.
- 3. Another factor that shapes American misperceptions about the Soviet Union derives from our relative isolation from socialist and communist movements. Unlike Europeans, most Americans have never met a communist,

and so tend to believe that communism is monolithic, and that all communists are alike. As a result, Americans fail to understand that sharp political conflicts among different strains of communist thinking have generated change in the Soviet Union.

- 4. Americans' perceptions of internal Soviet realities are skewed by a preoccupation with Soviet behavior abroad-in the Middle East, Afghanistan, Central America. It is this behavior that predominates in U.S. media coverage. I would be the last one to deemphasize the link between a country's foreign and domestic policies, but the relentless American fixation on the Soviet "threat" to our national security obscures any hopeful developments inside the Soviet Union. Indeed, most Americans seem to believe that there can be no significant internal Soviet reforms until that country relinquishes its role as our rival in world affairs.
- 5. Preserving this popular image of an unchangeable Soviet Union is of great importance to the American military-industrial complex, the legions of professional cold warriors, certain Jewish lobbies, and other influential groups. Any acknowledged improvements in the Soviet system threaten their political, ideological, and economic well-being, and for decades they have zealously denied the existence of any positive changes. Such groups exercise substantial influence on U.S. public opinion and politics, and there are virtually no lobbies powerful enough to offset this influence.
- 6. Finally, Americans have usually found in the Soviet Union what they look for. Consequently, their opinions often reveal more about the United States than about the Soviet Union. Consider the Sputnik launch in 1957. American opinion makers went crazy, expressing great alarm that Soviet economic and technological capabilities had far exceeded our own. Today, they assert that the Soviet economic and technological system is in deep crisis. "It's a basket case," to quote President Reagan. Has the Soviet system really changed that much? Or do both evaluations tell us more about swings in the U.S. national mood than about Soviet realities?

In one form or another, most of the political, social, economic, and ideological conflicts that we associate with the process of change exist in the Soviet establishment. Even though the dynamics of change have become more apparent since Gorbachev took office, they remain unknown to most Americans. And yet, America's fate is tied to that of the Soviet Union by the lethal cord of nuclear weapons. If we are to survive together, we must understand that fateful conflicts over change are under way in that country no less than in our own.



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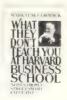
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### NO! TO THE CIVIL PATROL

From Civil Patrols in Guatemala, a report by Jean-Marie Simon. Published by Americas Watch. In 1982, the Guatemalan army began to organize the men living in the country's highlands into civil patrols. Today, nearly every town and village in the region, populated largely by Indians, has a patrol, and most adult males have been enlisted-approximately 1 million. The patrols are ostensibly voluntary organizations, designed to help the Indians protect themselves from leftist guerrillas based in the highlands, but those who refuse to join are accused of subversion, and many have been murdered. According to Simon, the primary purpose of the patrols (few of which are actually armed with guns) is to "control the local population, preventing any form of inde-pendent political organization." Cantel, a town of about 30,000, is one of the few communities that succeeded in resisting the army's attempts to form a patrol. The following account is based on Simon's interview with a community organizer in Cantel.

I found out that the army was going to organize a civil patrol in Cantel only four days beforehand. The army had told the town crier to announce that all males between eighteen and sixty should, on orders of the colonel, present themselves in the town square. This was a blow, especially for the young men, and we began to organize. We put signs on the roads saying Everyone United in Saying No! to the Civil Patrol. And we told people not to say anything at the assembly that would compromise any individual or organization. We told them simply to say "no."

The day itself was very interesting. The army had asked the local military commissioners to handle the preparations, including arranging for loudspeakers and microphones; the army seemed to think that music would be a distraction. But it didn't turn out that way, because we had told people not to arrive alone or in small groups and not to get to the square until five minutes before the appointed hour. So there the commissioners sat, waiting to entertain the people with music. But no one came. Then the first group of people, 1,500 men, arrived, followed by a second group of 400, then another group of 800, and so on.

In the end, there were 40,000 people—men and women of all ages—in the square. The army officers and commissioners were surprised to see so many people; they felt wonderful until they heard thousands of people all at once shouting "no." The commissioners looked frightened, and said that if the people didn't organize to defend themselves, "the guerrillas will come to kill your children and rape your women." People in the crowd shouted, "If that's the case, they won't kill just our children, but yours as well, and not just our women, but yours too."

Then the colonel said, "So, you are not in favor of the army but in favor of the guerrillas." And the people responded, "We are perfectly well organized to defend ourselves from the right and the left." The colonel was furious. When he saw that it was useless to keep arguing, he said, "I am going to inform General [then President] Rios Montt that you do not want the civil patrol." And the people shouted back, "Go tell him and get out of here."

The army's second attempt to organize a civil patrol took place over a month-long period. The army sent 150 soldiers and a dozen intelligence agents to Cantel. At four o'clock every afternoon, the soldiers would go into the streets and try to talk to people, especially women and children. But when we saw what was going on, we advised people not to talk to them. The soldiers became angry and began to create disturbances. They beat up drunks and sent them to the military base instead of the local jail. Seven of them raped the wife of a municipal policeman.

The army had other tactics. Intelligence agents met separately with evangelicals, Catholics, union leaders, and other groups. Those agents who knew about theology spoke to the Catholics and the evangelicals; those who knew something about union issues spoke with the unionists; those who knew about economics spoke with members of cooperatives. But everyone resisted their approaches. For example, when the agents talked about the Bible, the pastors replied that the Bible could not be interpreted in the terms they were suggesting.

At all these meetings there was some obvious attempt to organize a patrol. The agents would say, "You aren't men; you don't defend your country against international communism." They would also say that the only thing we were good for was having kids. But we would say, "Our people have perfect organizations: we have religious organizations, cooperatives, economic organizations, and so on." After a month of this, the second attempt was abandoned.

The third time it was more difficult for us to resist. For one thing, people thought the idea of a civil patrol had already been defeated, so they were less vigilant. Also, the army held its meetings during the harvest, thinking that the fewer people who attended, the easier it would be. And this time the army sent "preachers"—men with strong voices and a talent for speaking. These men talked a lot about Cuba, Chile, and Russia, where "communism enslaves people who have no rights to anything, and where



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there is atheism and killings."

At the first meeting, the "preacher" spoke for so long that everyone went home. At the second meeting, the speaker was even worse, and the people yelled, "These guys are from the army!" A lot of people came to the third meeting, and when the speaker started to talk about Cuba, they shouted, "We are not Cubans! We're not interested in how other countries live." The colonel, who was present, replied, "Well, we're talking to you about this because the communists are going to kill you if you don't organize to defend yourselves." Then, one young man got up and said, "I know that the assassins around here are the military; I was in the army during Lucas [General Romeo Lucas García ruled Guatemala from 1978 to 1982]. Lucas sent us out to kill peasants and burn their houses." Everyone at the meeting supported the young man, saying that "the assassins are you, the army." When the colonel heard this, he looked as if he were going to cry. He smelled of liquor, and the people realized that he was just about drunk. He said to his soldiers, "Let's go," and they retreated.

After this third attempt, the army prepared a campaign to wear down Cantel. We heard about it in the barbershop at the military base. The army planned to remove the leading individuals of the town in order to see if the people would get angry and understand the "necessity" of a civil patrol. First, the army kidnapped Silverio Gonzalez. His body was found three days later; he had been tortured. Then, they killed the Morales family. The army waited exactly a year to see if the assassinations would divide the townspeople. But when there were no signs of strife and violence, the killing resumed.

## [How-To] IDEAS AGAINST TORTURE

From Of Prisons and Ideas, by Milovan Djilas, published this month by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. Djilas, the Yugoslav writer and dissident, was imprisoned in the early 1930s and again after World War II, by Tito. Translated from the Serbo-Croation by Michael Boro Petrovich.

fighting man possessed of faith in an idea need not fear, and has no reason to fear, prison, torture, or even death. He will survive. He will live on in the lives of his comrades, in the life of the idea. Nevertheless, he will be all the more confident and able to bear torture all the more easily if he is familiar with certain "weak points" innate to the act itself and those who practice it.

First, no torture has ever been devised that a victim dedicated to an idea and ready to die for it cannot withstand. Torturers are seldom possessed of a particularly inventive imagination in devising their terrors. Most frequently they find it easiest to follow long-trodden paths and make use of those tried and true methods handed down from the past. They rely on ready-made instruments: whips, truncheons, sandbags, needles, castor oil, electric currents, and the like. It is common, of course, especially where torture is not standard procedure, for the police to use whatever instruments may be at hand—pencils (for jabbing between fingers), drawers (for crushing hands), chairs (for jamming bodies against walls), and, most frequently, to be sure, the most direct, handiest instrument of all, their fists.

Second, the victim will often be more terrified by his imagination of the event than by the event itself. This being so, he should exert every effort not to think about torture or any of its particular methods. Such efforts, alas, are all too frequently less powerful than the imagination, which, since it secretly nurtures the will to live, cannot be completely suppressed. If the victim is lucky enough to be put in a cell with other prisoners, he will have a chance to talk, to swap stories, to while away the time in idle games and so keep his wilder flights of fancy under control. But if he is alone in a cell, he must fill his time as best he can—by cleaning the cell, by taking care of his personal hygiene, and the like. For it is time that is the intractable sworn enemy of the prisoner. And though time in a single cell even without books, without pen and paper, without anything of one's own—passes faster than it does in a common jail pen, it is more deadly because of its killing monotony.

In the period before torture, as well as between bouts, it is the very uneventfulness of time that fires the imagination and intensifies torment into seemingly unbearable pain. Consequently, one must learn to stifle the imagination from the start, to trick it and to master it. As soon as one's feelings give signs of taking over, one must force oneself to think of something else and to think of it constantly, persistently, all the time. Occupy your mind so that it doesn't occupy you. It will finally submit. It is not separate from the will, however limitless and unrestricted in its choice of subject it may seem to be. And even in the most difficult, most adverse circumstances, even if both hands and feet are shackled and one is exposed all night to the cries of tortured victims and the curses of guards, one must make one's mind concentrate on insignificant concrete things—spots on the

edding, say --with a steady stare, until one's surroundings and all their details utterly vanish.

Third, all individual acts of torture have their limits, just as our bodies have limits of endurance. When the infliction of pain reaches the outer limits, the body and spirit protect themselves by lapsing into unconsciousness. In those moments of unconsciousness even torments become sweet, turning into the most subtle, spiritual joys imaginable. This is the beginning of the victory over torturers and tortures alike.

Fourth, one should never be afraid of dying while being tortured. In any case, there would be no point to it. Most torturers employed by the police are careful and experienced. The sadists are much rarer than rebels against authority and potential political criminals believe. Brutality, violence, and self-assertion are part and parcel of a policeman's profession, qualities which in time become habit, an adjunct of the personality. Such qualities do not necessarily take over the personality to such a degree that it gives in to murderous passions and mindless caprice. This restraint is particularly true of the political police, for they are controlled by political leaders as well as by their own politically disciplined organization. As a rule, political police do not kill or even torture if they are not ordered to do so and if such practices do not conform to the policy of the dictator and the oligarchy. The police—the political police in particular—are generally intelligent, experienced, and moderate, even in the practice of torture. It is virtually by sheer chance that a prisoner dies while undergoing torture, unless specific orders have been given to deal with him without regard for his life. And no one anywhere can ever be made safe from accidental death.

## [Rule] PLAYING FOR KEEPS

From the official rides of the Manhattan League, a touch football league that plays in New York's Central Park.

eapons: Any player (law-enforcement officials included) who menacingly brandishes, threatens with, or irresponsibly displays a firearm or other deadly seapon will be terminated from league play and his team may be charged with a forfeit. Furthermore, legal action may be pursued.

## [Essay] TEACHER AND PLAGIARIST

From The End of the Line, by Neil Hertz, published by Columbia University Press. Hertz is a professor of humanities at Johns Hopkins. This essay originally appeared in Yale French Studies, No. 63.

For many years students entering Cornell pamphlet, prepared by the have been handed a pamphlet, prepared by the English department, entitled "A Writer's Responsibilities." The plural is slightly misleading: the pamphlet addresses itself to only one "responsibility," the student's "responsibility always to demonstrate the extent to which he is master of what he is learning." He must make clear "what is his and what is someone else's." The pamphlet, in other words, is about plagiarism, and it contains the usual mixture of sensible advice (about paraphrasing, quoting, footnoting, etc.) and ill-assured moral exhortation. For our purposes its interest lies in its illassurance, in a rhetoric that wavers in its address to student-readers in a predictable and symptomatic fashion. Here, for example, are the pamphlet's opening words:

Education at its best, whether conducted in seminar, laboratory, or lecture hall, is essentially a dialogue between teacher and pupil.... From the time of Socrates and his disciples to that of the nightly discussion in the corridor, this dialogue has been the mark and delight of the intellectual life.

The allusion to Socrates may not be obligatory, but it is characteristic of this earnest moment in teachers' imaginings of themselves, their students, and what passes between them. Equally characteristic of the complementary cynical moment is the note of tight-lipped institutional fussiness struck on the pamphlet's last page:

For the first instance of plagiarism or of any other kind of academic dishonesty or irresponsibility, the student will immediately receive a failing grade in the course and be reported to the appropriate department....

The lineaments of an American Scene of Instruction are sketched in these passages. The student might be Alcibiades, but then again he might be Al Capone; his teacher is either a master of instructive dialogue or a disciplinarian; and the whole operation can feel like "the intellectual life" one moment, like a low budget copsand-robbers routine the next. Or so it would appear from language of this sort: I don't think

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But more important, a series like this one sends a message of its own. That our television stations are committed to honest examination of where we stand as a nation.

And there's nothing more American than that.



a describing higher education in America so

The pamphlet "A Writer's Responsibilities" is not wholly the work of the Cornell English department. About half of it is excerpted (with appropriate acknowledgment) from what was, in the 1960s, a popular freshman textbook, Harold C. Martin's *The Logic and Rhetoric of Exposition*. In the section entitled "A Definition of Plagiarism," Martin leads his readers through the variety of forms of what he calls, in ironic quotation marks, "borrowing," then ends his discussion with these untypically intense sentences:

What a penalized student suffers can never really be known by anyone but himself; what the student who plagiarizes and "gets away with it" suffers is less public and probably less acute, but the corruptness of his act, the disloyalty and baseness it entails, must inevitably leave an ineradicable mark upon him as well as on the institution of which he is privileged to be a member.

A strange passage, urgent in its wish to stigmatize the crime it knows it can't be sure won't be committed, can't be sure won't go undetected, no matter what one says. Hence the rising rhythms of the last sentence ("the corruptness of his act, the disloyalty and baseness it entails"), the echoing absolutes ("inevitably," "ineradicable"), the huff and puff of its concluding phrase.

More intriguing are the passage's speculations about the consequences of plagiarism, not its explicit consequences but its ideal or imagined ones, some odd combination of interior suffering and an ineradicable mark which, if not literally exterior, must at least be conceived as somehow legible, if only to the eye of God. For this is pure fantasy. The inevitable, ineradicable mark is a lineal descendant of the mark of Cain. It is "inevitable" in this brief fiction because it is anything but inevitable in fact: plagiarists do, we all know, get away with it. And they get away with it because it is always possible to take advantage of the distance between legitimate authors and the sheets of paper on which their words are registered and distributed. The fantasy, then, is constructed so as to produce the sense of satisfaction that comes with contemplating a punishment so aptly fitted to its crime: the "author" of this mark, at least, will be inseparable from it; here, for once—so the wish would have it mark, paper, and author will be fused. For this is, among other things, a fantasy of integration.

We may still wonder why the passage dwells on the student's "suffering"; is it because a soup-con of sadism clings to all such dreams of punishment? Perhaps; but notice that this is at once a dream of punishment and a dream of interpretation: what is at issue is not just suffering but the

extent to which it can be known, and by whom. The passage moves from the apparent unknowability of the penalized student's suffering to the wished-for legibility of the ineradicable mark.

Here again we can see the teacher's fantasy blending the student and his paper, or rather substituting the student for his paper as an object of interpretation. And, of course, that is what usually goes on in "cases" of plagiarism. There is, first, the moment of suspicion, reading along in a student's paper; then the verification of the hunch, the tracking down of the theft, most exhilarating when it involves a search through the library stacks; then the moment of "confrontation" when the accusation is made and it is no longer the student's paper but his face which is read for signs of guilt.

The most telling account of such a moment comes from George Orwell's recollection of school days in England:

Another boy, Beacham, whom I have mentioned already, was similarly overwhelmed with shame by the accusation that he "had black rings round his eyes."

"Have you looked in the glass lately, Beacham?" said Bingo. "Aren't you ashamed to go about with a face like that? Do you think everyone doesn't know what it means when a boy has black rings round his eyes?"

Once again the load of guilt and fear seemed to settle down upon me. Had *I* got black rings round my eyes? A couple of years later I realized that these were supposed to be a symptom by which masturbators could be detected. But already, without knowing this, I accepted the black rings as a sure sign of depravity. And many times, even before I grasped the supposed meaning, I have gazed anxiously into the glass, looking for the first hint of that dreaded stigma, the confession which the secret sinner writes upon his own face.

Which is more dismaying to the secret sinner, to have sinned or to have written out his confession on his own face? Which is more rewarding to his judge, to have saved a boy from masturbation or to have accurately read the signs of his depravity? These are not rhetorical questions, since neither sinner nor judge can be sure of the answers to them. Indeed, the aim of such fantasies of moral legibility, whether they are elaborated by sinners or judges, is precisely that exciting confusion of ethical and hermeneutical motifs: for fantasies seek to have things both ways. Our text about plagiarism offers just such a compromise: the ineradicable mark is there to satisfy the interpreter's wish to read stable and undeceptive signs, while the unknowable suffering is there to satisfy the teacher's wish to be something other than a reader—it serves as an acknowledgment of an interiority opaque enough to baffle his hermeneutical skills, a residual je ne sais quoi that is there to remind him



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his humanity.

a the terms of the fantasy. What of its motivation? We might attribute it to justifiable moral indignation, the righteous contempt of the honest for the dishonest, but that wouldn't guite account either for the intensity of this rhetoric or for the strong fascination that student plagiarism generally seems to hold for academics. Here again the passage from Orwell may be of some help: just as the masturbation of children can serve to focus the anxieties of their elders about sexuality in general, so the plagiarizing of students can focus their teachers' anxieties about writing in general, more particularly about the kind of "writing" involved in teaching—the inscription of a culture's heritage on the minds of its young. A teacher's uncertainty about "whose words he is reading or listening to" begins, in the classroom, with his own words-and this would be true not merely for those colleagues we complacently think of as less original than ourselves. The recurrent touting of originality—in letters of recommendation, reports of promotion committees, etc.—is no doubt a sign of the same uneasiness that produces the ritual condemnation of student plagiarists when they are unlucky enough to be caught. The pamphlet is an imagined version of such a scapegoating. Its structure is that of projection. An interior difference—the sense of self-division implicit in all linguistic activity—is exteriorized as the difference between the offended institution and its delinquent member. And in one of those nicely economical turns that characterize powerful fantasies, the delinquent member is himself made to unwillingly represent an emblem of integrity, of the binding of the self and its signs.

## [Essay] IN BOXING'S DEFENSE

From "Reading the Fights: Making Sense of Professional Boxing," by Ronald Levao, in the Spring issue of Raritan, a quarterly published at Rutgers University. Levao, who teaches English at Queens College, is the author of Renaissance Minds and Their Fictions: Cusanus, Sidney, Shakespeare.

If there is any center to the mystery of boxing's appeal, it lies in that ancient paradox of serious play. Huizinga may have made the element of play in human culture a subject for academic scrutiny, but there are no activities in popular culture that make so agonizingly apparent as does boxing the unstable boundary between games and cold earnestness. Boxing, for this rea-

son, assumes a special status among athletic events. Abolitionists routinely denigrate it as a "so-called sport," and they are in some ways right. We may just as properly call it a metasport, because it exposes to the critical eye the deeper structure and motivation of all athletics. Other sports "degenerate" into fights when rules and discipline break down—the swinging of hockey sticks, the emptying of benches after a bean ball: events that usually provoke indignation, videotape replays on the evening news, and amused commentary on how few good blows were landed.

Boxing orders and preserves the energies released at such moments, and it is for that reason that it is both the most primitive of contests and a match for any in the complexity of its strategies, counterstrategies, rituals, and traditions. Its strategies are relentlessly pragmatic, yet one is often surprised by the preponderance of means over ends. A great fighter takes pride in those means. After defeating Guilio Rinaldi at Madison Square Garden, Archie Moore complained of his foe: "His lack of finesse appalled me." The energies embodied by a fight may be pictured, to borrow an old figure, as surging within intersecting pyramids or gyres—variously nameable as skill and violence, play and earnestness, art and abomination—because we become aware that the blend is never stable, not from fight to fight, nor from round to round, nor even from minute to minute. The figure itself is unstable: where does one picture a skillfully executed foul, or a gracefully delivered knockout blow? It is, nonetheless, serviceable: as one side assumes prominence over the other, the fight takes shape as what the morning papers will call a "chess match" or a "pier-six brawl." There is, despite what Hollywood melodramas show us, a longstanding contingent that enjoys the former. Among the astounding tales fight buffs enjoy telling, dramatic knockouts rank no higher than Willie Pep's winning a round without tossing a single punch. Of course, even the most balletic fighter (unless he is throwing the fight) must eventually start throwing punches, yet the potential swing to brutality coexists not merely with athletic skill, but with a still further extreme—a joyous exhibitionism, a reveling in ornament. Though the "Ali shuffle" and the "bolo punch" were defended by their practitioners as having strategic value, they more truly show that the world of broken noses knows its own forms of the baroque, and that seedy gyms foster their own rococo.

But no great fight is unmixed. It is the area of intersection that is crucial, and in the most perfect fights—Louis-Conn I and Ali-Frazier I come immediately to mind—the pyramids of darkness and light, of violent struggle and the

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victuoso's finesse, are most intimately joined. These are the forces played out on the physical stage—the raised white canvas is a blank and basic platea—which make it possible to see great fighters as great artists, however terrible their symbolic systems. It may be, and perhaps should be, difficult to accept the notion that a prizefighter's work merits the same kind of attention we lavish on an artist's, but once we begin attending to what he does in the ring, it becomes increasingly difficult to refuse the expenditure. The fighter creates a style in a world of risk and opportunity. His disciplined body assumes the essential postures of the mind: aggressive and defensive, elusively graceful with its shifts of direction or struggling with all its stylistic resources against a resistant but, until the very end, alterable reality. A great fighter redefines the possible.

Despite the melancholy image Muhammad Ali presents today, one cannot review his career without marveling at it. He forced us to reimagine the ways an athlete moves through time and space; even in his waning years, he waged a battle against stylistic norms. As a youth he held his hands too low and yanked his head straight back from blows (an amateurish move, the traditionalists grumbled), yet he so accelerated the pace of heavyweight fighting that scarcely anyone could keep up with him. With extraordinary self-consciousness, Ali relished the difficulty his dancing created not only for his opponent but also for ringside cameramen trying to keep him in the frame. As he aged, he sought the opposite extreme in posture and pacing: immobile along the ropes, head down and hands held high, he slowed the pace of fights to an excruciating point, exhausting his foes not by forcing them to keep up with him but (consider this) by luring them into trying to force him to keep up with them. Ali was always the expert parodist, whether through his (and Bundini Brown's) cartoonlike nicknames for his opponents' styles ("The Rabbit," "The Octopus," "The Washerwoman"), or through his exaggerated mirrorings of his foe-his deliberately awkward rumbling around the ring, elbows swinging, against Bonavena, his out-daring Jerry Quarry in a game of chicken (who could drop his hands longer?). These moves gave Ali the illusion of omnipotence, even when he had to struggle, as he did against Bonavena, even when desperately hurt, as in the eleventh round against Frazier, when, severely shaker by a hook, he did a campy, drunken dance, a comic's version of the staggering fighter. As he aged, he forced his opponents to parody themselves as eager young challengers working over the old man. If his aesthetic proved to be more dangerous than Ali at first imagined—his satiric impression of a punchdrunk fighter at a press conference for the first Frazier fight is horribly ironic today—he still insists it was worth it. Many would no doubt feel more comfortable if they could convince him that it wasn't.

Ali's loyalty to the profession that broke his jaw, slurred his speech, and possibly did worse, still hidden, damage is based in part on what he calls "my millions" and on his vision of future opportunities for the black man. But it also represents a performer's devotion to the medium through which he expressed genius, genius that might otherwise have remained unexpressed, perhaps inexpressible. He understands, too, that to ban the probable cause of his distress would be to render trivial the world's continued fascination with him. He became Ali by creating the Ali style. It is a style for which there are antecedents in Jimmy Slattery, Gene Tunney, Kid Gavilan, and others, but one which he fashioned into so distinct a form that one might say of the way he turned his head or countered over a jab what Coleridge said after reading the verses of a friend: "Had I met these lines running wild in the desert of Arabia, I should have instantly screamed out 'Wordsworth!'" Ali's nuances and eccentricities provoked a world of observers to thunderous chants of recognition: "Ah-lee! Ah-lee!"

# TV'S IRONIC AGE

From "Deride and Conquer," by Mark Crispin Miller, in Watching Television, a collection of essays edited by Todd Gitlin, which Pantheon will publish in January. Miller teaches writing at Johns Hopkins University.

o matter how bad TV gets, it cannot easily be deplored or criticized as long as it manifests its own unseriousness. That is why those who work in TV frequently exonerate themselves by claiming irony. "This is basically a comedy," says George Peppard of The A-Team. "We're doing send-up." According to Glen A. Larson, executive producer of Knight Rider, the show is "tongue-in-cheek," and works only because David Hasselhoff, the show's star, "has that mischievous look in his eye that tells you, 'Of course you're not going to believe this, but lean back and enjoy it anyway."

The worst thing about TV is not its badness. As long as we can still point out that something on TV is "bad," we continue to invoke traditional aesthetic standards. Such criteria are not



From Veruschka: Trans-figurations, by Vera Lehndorff (Veruschka) and Holger Trülzsch. A New York Graphic Society Book, published by Little Brown. These photographs appear in a show this month at the Bette Stoler Gallery in New York.

relevant to TV today, which is less recognizable as "bad" as it becomes increasingly self-referential and televisual. For all its promises of "choice," TV is nearly perfect in its emptiness, all but exhausted by the very irony that it uses to protect itself from hostile scrutiny.

This explains in part why the early TV genres are now vanishing. Today the phrase "TV genre" seems oxymoronic, for the TV spectacle has long since broken down or overwhelmed the old dramatic forms it once comprised. At first, TV was as diverse as either of its parent media, radio and film. Shows like I Love Lucy and The Honeymooners preserved something of the mood and structure of the stage farce, and the spirit of vaudeville persisted in the live routines of Jack Benny, Milton Berle, Sid Caesar, Red Skelton. TV's many Westerns derived from the Westerns of John Ford and others, and its detective stories related, through Hollywood, to the novels of Dashiell Hammett and Raymond Chandler. TV's forays into the uncanny were similarly inspired by literary/cinematic antecedents: The Twilight Zone derived in part from science fiction, One Step Beyond and Thriller from the ghost story, and the shows produced (and sometimes directed) by Alfred Hitchcock were clearly reminiscent of his films.

Of course, the fact that an early TV show referred to some prior body of novels, plays, or films need not mean that the show was any good. "The Golden Age of Television" was hardly as luminous as its eulogists tend to suggest. But TV back then was still not as oppressive and monotonous as it is today, because its range of generic categories sustained the memory of a pretelevisual moment. TV alluded to the act of reading, and to the act of joining others in an auditorium. The live pratfall, the somber Paladin, the haunted mansion, the lawyers fencing in a packed courtroom, the gray drama of a labor strike, Ralph Kramden mistakenly convinced that he's about to die, were among the images that pointed back and away from the very medium that was presenting them

TV now points largely to itself, and so genre has been all but superannuated. Throughout any broadcast day, TV offers us TV and TV only, representing no action that does not somehow refer to, and reinforce, the relationship, or

an 10th between the bored, fixated viewer and Lis set. Whereas genre demands that both the viewers and the performers abide by its particufar conventions for the story's sake, TV today automatically adapts whatever it appropriates to its own reflective project—not to mold a narrative but only to signal and appeal to the collective knowingness of both viewers and performers. The spectacle is an endless advertisement for the posture of inert modernity. Genre, therefore, is nothing but a source of campy touches or the material for outright parody, the object of that relentless putting-down whereby TV subverts our pleasure in all prior forms of spectacle. Whatever was a source of pleasure in the past is now derided by and for the knowing, whether it's the Busby Berkeley musical affectionately mimicked in some "special," or the silent movies derisively excerpted in the ads for Hershey or Toshiba, or the cowboy pictures lampooned by Philip Morris or Rich Little, or The Towering Inferno as parodied on Saturday Night Live, or Dragnet as parodied to sell the Yellow Pages, or Mr. Ed as excerpted to sell tortilla chips, or the Mona Lisa as ridiculed to sell Peter Pan peanut butter. Through such compulsive trashing, the spectacle makes eye contact with the spectator, offering, in exchange for the enjoyment that TV cannot permit, a flattering wink of shared superiority.

Increasingly, TV is nothing but a series of assurances that it can never put one over on us. Those on TV collaborate with those who sit before it, in order to reconfirm our collective immunity to TV as it used to be, back when its stars and viewers were not as cool as all of us are now. Pat Sajak, the M.C. on Wheel of Fortune, distinguishes himself from the sort of overheated game-show host who was once common on TV: "'You've just won ten thousand dollars!'" Sajak jabbers in unctuous parody, then adds, in his own, more laid-back manner, "I just can't do that." Ruben Blades, schmoozing with Johnny Carson after a hot salsa number, complains of the stereotypes that TV has imposed on Hispanics: "Lootsie! I'm home!" he shouts, in mimicry of Desi Arnaz, then pleads suavely, "Hey, gimme a break!" And the audience laughs, breaking into applause. And Susan Saint James, hosting Friday Night Videos with the two girls who star with her on Kate & Allie, has them giggling at her imitation of the heavy-handed acting she used to do on The Name of the Game.

Such knowingness sustains the widespread illusion that we have all somehow recovered from a bout of vast and paralyzing gullibility; and yet we cannot be confirmed in this illusion unless we keep on watching, or half-watching. Thus, the most derisive viewer is also the most dependent: "Students do not take General Hospital se-

riously," writes Mark Harris in TV Guide. "They know it's not life; they say it's a 'soporific'; they feel superior to it. But General Hospital is also necessary, indispensable." In short, our jeering hurts TV's commercial project not at all. Everybody knows that TV is mostly false and stupid, that almost no one pays that much attention to it—and yet it's on for over seven hours a day in the average household, and it sells innumerable products. In other words, TV manages to do its job even as it only yammers in the background, despised by those who keep it going. TV begins by offering us a beautiful hallucination of diversity, but it is finally like a drug whose high is only the conviction that its user is too cool to be addicted.

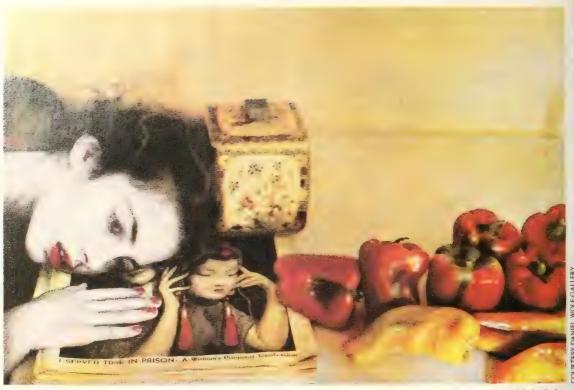
# [Fiction] BLUE GROUND

From Golden Days, a novel by Carolyn See, published by McGraw-Hill. See is also the author of Rhine Maidens.

t the age of thirty-eight, I came back to L.A., I came back. I would live a gentle mimicry of my mother's story, alone with my two girls. I planned to earn my own money, and never to cry, and never to lay about with the cruel weapons of spite. I would take accounting courses. I would become a person who knew about riches, so that when people heard my name (when I became famous), they wouldn't hear "Edith Langley," who made two bad marriages and had to make her own way (or even, isn't she the *clumsy* one who made the house shake when she came home from school?), but Edith Langley, whose name meant money, and money

meant power. bought an answering machine and a ream of business stationery. And in a few weeksafter we'd settled in—I took another long L.A. drive. What I noticed—as they used to say on this coast—what I noticed, was that there were very few regular, what you'd call businesses. No raincoat makers. No soup manufacturers. Yes, there were sweatshops in downtown L.A., and I remember a ceramics factory out in Glendale, but they soon went out of business. What was really out here was the intangible. When you drove you saw buildings, often windowless. They were either television stations or movie studios (or ingenious, semi-successful combinations of the two), or death factories where they made missiles, or think tanks where they

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Bega, Still Life With Peppets, by Sheila Metzner. From Objects of Desire, a collection of her photographs published this month by Clarkson N. Potter. There is a show of Metzner's photographs this month at the Daniel Wolf Gallery in New York.

thought them up, or ingenious combinations of those two. Who was I to give any of the people behind those walls financial advice? I, who was thirty-eight years old and divorced (twice!)? I ended up doing something, it seems to me now, everyone in Los Angeles did then: I made myself up half-hour by hour. I rented myself out to silicon chip places. I got myself a weekly financial column at the city's "second" paper, which got me to parties, which got me to cute guys, which got me to some financial meetings of small businesses, and little by little I was able to build a fairly decent portfolio.

I changed my hairstyle, wore it straight to my shoulders, frosted blond. I bought a new silk shirt a week. I knew gray flannel was for New York only, but wouldn't raw silk pass as the flannel of the desert? I began to buy, once every month or so, another \$500 suit—boxy tailored jacket, soft skirt. I switched from pumps to expensive sandals. Some spring days I'd wear one bright hibiscus in my hair.

But mostly, when I'd go out with some man who owned yachts in the marina, or a cute ARCO executive, or that lowest of the low out here, an "independent producer," he thinking he'd get a little free help with his wine futures, I'd say, right up front, "Hey! You want advice? Don't think your dick is going to pay me for it!

I'll take semi-precious stones. Or gold would be better!" Usually they were good sports about it. I got some nice amethysts I still wear (and I mean now), and pearls, of course, and finally those one-carat don't-fuck-me-over flawless diamonds that I stuck in my ears and never took out—you'll notice, I still wear them. My girls each

kept one of that flawed but brave first pair.

n the late seventies there was still a lot of personal chaos around. I don't mean "love," I don't mean drugs. I mean, when you got up in the morning it was hard to know what style of underwear to put on, what style of breakfast to eat. (Really!) Should it be "nutritious" the way Adele Davis used to say? If so, why did she die so early and why did it hurt so much? Should it be quesadillas? (A recent study had said coffee and cheese caused cancer.) Should it be fruit? (What about insecticide?)

When you went out with men in those days, young or old, married, single, or divorced, there was a terrible helplessness in them: What *next*? was in their every gesture, their every remark. Do we get married, or see a movie, or just have sex, or do errands? Are we supposed to be friends, or what is this *intimate* stuff everyone is talking about? Am I supposed to be cool? Do you

want some cocaine? Do you like hockey? Do you want to meet my kids?

So you can see that boxy jackets with loose skirts, like the lady in the *Story of O*, and a forthright request for jewelry were a definite godsend for some of them.

I began to take my own advice. I diversified my investments. I took a couple more courses at the great universities, and I began to see that since the country itself was running at such a huge deficit, a single woman might easily make her mark in the world by staying out of debt and building up a pound or so of rubies, or a small safe-deposit box of those sweet little gold ounceingots from Macao, stamped with the sign of the

bat—bad luck over here, but over there it meant long life and prosperity.

ealth! To me it began to seem like the only constant. Husbands and lovers came and went, and God love them! And sure, Aurora and Denise were my real wealth, but on the great conveyor belt of life, my children were sliding past me and away. Once I pushed rocks in my ears they were there forever. No one offered courses with that belief system at UCLA: no stand firm, keep the house in case of a divorce, avoid credit cards like the plague, hold that money close to your vest, and buy stones. Finally, after about six months out here in this fairyland, my hometown, I took what seemed to me the quintessential L.A. step, and began offering my own seminars. I took my jeweler's glass, or "diamond loupe," my briefcase, and two dozen good stones to an extension class, offered each week in a private home—under the auspices of UCLA, of course—and spoke to a group of affluent matrons. Ah, I loved it. I had a twentieth, thirtieth, a fiftieth of what their husbands owned, my flimsy house in the Canyon was at the whim of any hot breeze or carelessly struck match. They lived in brick and stucco palaces cheek by jowl in the overwatered lawns above Sunset. Their marigolds were worth more than my poor rubies! But I could hold my wealth in my hand, or in the tasteful burgundy briefcase under my arm. When I drove up in my ten-yearold Porsche, the ton of metal was in my name and my name alone.

Picture this, then: Ms. Langley drives up, stamps up the brick pathway, eleven-thirty A.M., to a Beverly Hills mansion. Knocks on the door, smiles, waits, is ushered by a servant into the "den." Folds her hands in her lap, talks to the lady of the house. In an extension course, if the class doesn't fill on the first morning, it's goodbye Charlie and come back next semester. But usually a dozen ladies show, between the ages of twenty-seven and sixty. They've taken absolutely every other course: the American and

British contemporary novel; interior decorating to avoid allergies, and interior decorating if you don't have allergies; conversational French and Spanish and even "The History of Ideas." Let's be straight about it: they all, each and every manicured matron, have a hundred times better education than I. But they have nothing to do, so they show for the class "because a woman is teaching it," they say.

We sit and chat, and after a few preliminary remarks about American fiscal policy in general, how it is in AT&T's interest to make you believe those pieces of paper they call stock are valuable—all the while they're looking at me pityingly, because I have to work for a living and they don't—after, as I say, the first twenty minutes, I take a tiny yellow envelope from my decent black purse and shake a half-dozen stones out on the table.

Consternation and more pity. Poor working woman with her pitiable red and green and yellow rocks! (Because, remember, this is Beverly Hills, and these ladies, even on a Wednesday morning, are apt to be decked out—as my sainted mother used to say—like Astor's pet horse.)

But then I screw my loupe in my eye and talk about each stone: the opals the Australian surfer gave me, and how opals exist on art and personal taste alone—in the same category as those

#### [Poem] HYMN

"Hymn to These Newly Abbreviated States, Including the Virgin Islands, the District of Columbia, and Puerto Rico," by John Updike. From the September 28 issue of the Reading (Pa.) Eagle.

aMERICA, you caTNip bIN, OR DEn of iNJury, iNVest your HINDMOst FLimfLAMS in PAID fARes to ALbaNY.

aCT COcKY, bUT beWAIL the trIAls of crAZed, uNHappy MAn. diSDain arMTwisting; tricKS and WIles uNMAKe a GAMIng plan.

OH, shoWY land of SChemes uNBorn (huMDinger uNCle, be adVlsed), i very VAguely want to hyMN your harDCore, PRessurized, loWValue rows of OK corn from TX to VT.

believe were money, while they kept the money. More glances from the ladies. Don't their husbands have successful investments? And don't they have husbands?

Then I would pick up a great square-cut garnet and talk about polishing, and depth of color, and begin a little rap about what it must have meant to the first caveman when he came upon a stone that glistened, and how, no matter what happened, that stone would always glisten. And how that must have been the beginning of "love" as we know it—whatever a woman did to get that first great oaf to give her the stone, and then to get him to take pride in having given it to her! And the women, one or two of them, might blush, or cover a gold bracelet set with diamonds with a deeply tanned hand.

Then, of course, the loupe went around the room, and I always had a couple of extra ones. I saved two loose diamonds for last—talking that first day of class about color; how, generally speaking, people said that white, bright white, the excruciatingly lovely absence of color (which was, of course, the beginning of color), was "best," but that "cut," of course, mattered too. If you loved the stone, it mattered, and flaws mattered. I reminded them that diamonds come from the most unprepossessing and ordinary of materials—that below the surface of the earth there was to be found, every once in a while, a very thick layer of bluish-green rock, blue ground. Under great pressure, under great heat, and God knew what else, diamonds were formed from this. And the prettier of the two diamonds I passed around had some love attached to it—don't ask me how, it was that way when it came to me—and it had flaws in it. The other diamond, the one you'd probably pick up second, just lay there poker-faced. It was flawless. Then I'd show them my earrings. They were truly something, and that meant a lot of getting up and going back and forth, because of course I wouldn't take them out, and by that time we'd all be laughing. And I'd tell them that usually the best stones were used for engagement rings and the flawed stones for the ears. Because men had a vested interest.

And someone would ask, or say, helpfully, "You should have some of these other stones set, they're so beautiful!" Because by that time they'd be really looking. And I'd say, "No! I use these to buy and sell and trade. They're not ornaments they're wealth!"

And I'a and smile, to see if they'd get it. But they we in't, yet. There'd almost always be somebody and say, "But wouldn't your husband let..."

"Ah," I'd say, "lose stones are mine." And then I'd change the bleet quickly so as not to

hurt their feelings, because they were almost always good women. I'd talk about buying fine stones for their girl children—how they might start with marcasite and coral, real things for them to value and keep but not so valuable that the kids would get scared and lose them, and as I'd talk, or during the break, I'd see, out of the corner of my eye, a sweet lady take my loupe and sneak a look at her engagement ring, her bracelet, any of her ordinary daytime jewelry. The matrons around her would look into the middle distance, and a "girlfriend," because no one ever came to these things alone, would nudge her and ask for a look, and they'd gaze at each other and shrug, and exchange disbelieving smiles. "That...why that, well, he must not have known." Or sometimes, "That bastard!" and even laugh about it.

And we'd spend that first day checking out the jewelry of the very wealthy women. Often the flashier it was the more flawed the stones, the more carelessly cut; dirty chips put together in a coruscating mélange that kept you from knowing anything about the piece. And always there'd be a woman with one really good stone, and she'd try not to be awful about it. And that would be when I'd reach over into my briefcase and pull out my ten-power microscope, which folded up like a spyglass, and say, very respectfully, "Do you mind if I take a look at it with this? I'm extremely interested in its density."

I'd fix the stone in the microscope, and give her the first look. Sometimes it was what it appeared to be, but other times that sucker would be as full of holes as a bad Swiss cheese.

"You can't always know," I'd say. "And the people who buy them for you can't always know either."

And there was, of course, the truly gorgeous day when a lady's emerald necklace proved to be pure paste, just as in the television show it was based on. Watching the divorce proceedings which unfolded on the six o'clock news over a period of six months on *that* one, I had the unaccustomed but altogether pleasant sense of having been an active participant in our popular culture.

Mostly, though, the class was for getting those women to pay attention. At the end of twelve weeks, we would have talked of credit and clothes and houses and joint ownership of things, and what things made you rich. If I'd made them think, I was happy. If when I left the class at the end, eight out of twelve of those ladies had their own safe-deposit boxes, and were stacking up, out of pin money, those magic little ingots from Macao; if they had bought their daughters second and third strings of freshwater pearls, I had fairly earned the money they paid me.

# Changing Times, Changing Jobs

Technology is rapidly changing basic assumptions about work. People used to prepare for a particular occupation with the expectation of remaining in it throughout their careers. That's changing. Rapidly evolving technology is creating untold new career opportunities—and will replace them with even newer opportunities.

In the course of a lifetime, many people will find themselves working in several different occupations, even within the same company. In the years to come, many of today's students will work in new fields that don't exist today. Even those who continue to work in current occupations will perform their tasks in totally new ways.

It's difficult to prepare for a constantly changing future, with the prospect of jobs appearing and disappearing. To ensure their professional futures, young people must cultivate an entirely new outlook.

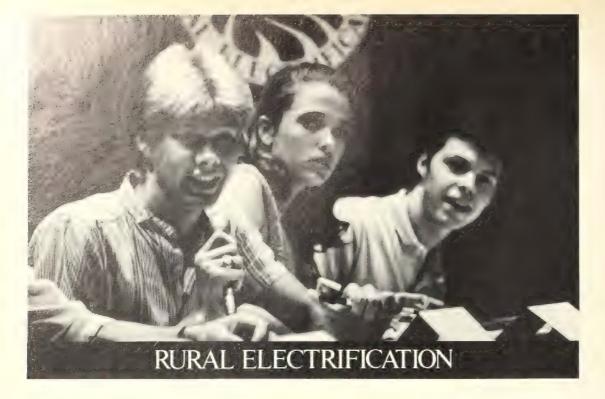
The economy of the future will require flexibility—a capacity to size up new situations, determine what skills are required, and adapt accordingly. Broad vision will be essential. Preparing solely for a specific job could result in no job. On the other hand, an education that develops skills with broad applications will make it possible to capitalize on as yet unforeseen opportunities.

In a rapidly changing economy, the specialist with a narrow view will inevitably be headed for obsolescence. In contrast, there will always be a demand for someone who can adapt as new fields emerge. This doesn't mean the stereotypical, shallow person who learns less and less about more and more until he knows nothing about everything. It means someone who can delve deeply into one area of specialization after another.

Education that nurtures the ability to master a subject through study, research, and practice will continue to be relevant in a fast-changing, technologically oriented economy. Someone who understands the discipline of learning—who knows the pride that comes from mastering a subject or skill—will always be valuable in an economy driven by expanding knowledge and advancing technology.

Young people shouldn't fear the impact of technology tomorrow if they get a good education today. Good mental preparation—learning skills, thinking skills, communication skills, technological skills—will enable them to take advantage of future opportunities. Those who are ready will have the chance to do work that's as highly challenging and rewarding as ever. And they'll have an array of career options broader than ever.





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# NOTES IN AN INTERPLANETARY BOTTLE

n August 20, 1977, NASA launched Voyager 2, a spacecraft which sent back photos of Jupiter and Saturn before leaving the solar system. Voyager 2 carried a message for any extraterrestrials who might someday salvage it: a gold-plated phonograph record containing, among other things, 118 electronically encoded photographs of life on our planet and ninety minutes of music ranging from a Brandenburg Concerto to "Johnny B. Goode."

The Voyager Interstellar Record, according to Carl Sagan, its executive producer, was designed to convey "a hopeful rather than a despairing view of humanity and its possible future." It therefore contains no baleful images of death and destruction. But what if some hostile alien, having received so benign and welcoming a message, subsequently decides to pay us an unfriendly call? *Harper's Magazine* invited a diverse group of cultural observers to help frame a new message aimed at forestalling any extraterrestrial attempt at conquest or tourism: one suggesting that the earth, for all its manifold beauties, is nonetheless a terrible place to visit.

AGAN is the Paul Duncan ist memy and Sine New York and director of the Laboratory for Planetary Studies at Cornell University. His books include Broca's me Pragons of Lach. See Sine and Contact. He was chairman of the NASA Voyager Record Committee and executive producer of the Voyager Interstellar Record.

I believe the premise of your question is flawed. When our NASA committee designed the Voyager Interstellar Record, we tried to convey a truthful view of our planet and ourselves, although we probably erred in downplaying human failures in favor of human triumphs. But the way to discourage hostile extraterrestrials from visiting Earth is not to describe how unpleasant or dangerous our planet is, because they are unlikely to be happy about the prospect of unpleasant or dangerous beings poking around the galaxy. Tell them about nuclear weapons, Vietnam, Afghanistan, a world military expenditure of almost a trillion dollars a year, and the average state of U.S.-Soviet relations, and you increase the chance of a punitive expedition to Earth.

The best strategy to keep such extraterrestrials away, if they exist, is to broadcast credible signs of sanity and stability. Unfortunately, the entire corpus of American commercial and Soviet state television broadcasting is expanding in spherical waves away from Earth at the speed of light, and will have arrived at every other planetary system in the galaxy before any new message could be received. I suppose we might consider broadcasting a signal that reads "Disregard previous messages."

VASSILY AKSYONOV is the author of numerous stories, plays, and novels. He was exiled from the Soviet Union in 1980 following the publication in the West of his novel The Burn.

Suppose we send them a skunk and they find it the most fragrant creature ever born? Suppose we send them an episode of *The Love Boat*, complete with commercials, and they find it more mesmerizing than, say, *Much Ado About Nothing?* Nevertheless, let us assume that they are by and large like us: that is, gifted with a similar sense of squeamishness and perception of logic, but with a proclivity for the brutal colonization of other planets. We have countless things to

disgust such creatures. Send them a picture of Beirut (a place to dwell) or a sample of soil from Chernobyl (a place to sow). To bewilder their strategists we can put in our capsule a grab bag containing such mysterious earthly objects as Michael Jackson's missing glove, Raisa Gorbachev's American Express card, and a toothbrush of the Ethiopian colonel Mengistu. Not to mention a videotape of the 1986 May Day parade in Moscow, showing the gleeful faces of the marchers, paternal smiles from atop Lenin's tomb and, of course, a cloud of homemade fallout hovering in the background. But if none of these measures work, I, as something of an alien myself, have a last resort to propose: show them the lines at the offices of the Immigration and Naturalization Service.

GREGORY BENFORD 18 a scrence fiction novelist and a professor of physics at the University of California at Irvine. His books include

University of California at Irvine. His books include Artifact, Against Infinity, and If the Stars Are Gods. His 1980 novel Timescape won the Nebula Award and the British Science Fiction Award.

he Gospel of Interstellar Goodness holds that only peaceful aliens ever travel or communicate across space, because the nasty, aggressive ones will have nuked themselves into oblivion. Don't bet on it. We can't expect aliens either to confirm or to deny humanistic hosannas about peace and brotherhoodwhich, after all, don't even work on us. And even if they were intergalactic librarians, intent only on gathering philosophical enlightenment, they could quickly drain us and then cast us aside like sucked oranges. Nor can we assume that only Socially Darwinian aliens reign. Aliens are alien. We can't anticipate their morals or strategies. We shouldn't even want to. (Who would relish aliens who always come on like Hubert Humphrey?)

Best, then, to send a motley collection of oddments we find off-putting, hoping that some might click. A preliminary list:

One pair of *Latrodectus mactans*: black widow spiders. After mating, the female often devours the male. To show how affairs work a bit farther up the food chain, accompany the spiders with typical alimony-settlement documents.

One Hollywood agent, dressed for success.

A compendium of holier-than-thou calls for world peace, spattered with dried bloodstains.

An entire Shriners' convention, seized from a hotel at 1 A.M.

A Godzilla movie in which Godzilla clearly wins, but blows it in the cease-fire negotiations.

Portraits of any three presidents-for-life from Third World people's states.

Two Jerry Lewis movies, including *The Nutty Professor*. (If the aliens speak French, substitute two John Waynes.)

An ingredient label from any package of frozen food.

A mint copy of Lasth The 11 min behind this movie should be language-independent and intelligible to all: Scientists = Liberals; Alien Thing = Communism; U.S. Air Force = U.S. Air Force. Optional extra, space

#### What to Do When the Martians Come

From The Invasion from Mars: A Study in the Psychology of Panic, by Hadley Cantril, published in 1940 by Princeton University Press. Cantril collected and analyzed reactions to "The War of the Worlds," a radio adaptation of H. G. Wells's 1898 novel which was broadcast by CBS on October 30, 1938. The first half of the program, directed by Orson Welles, "reported" a poison gas attack by Martians in typical radio-billetin style. In a post-broadcast survey conducted by CBS, 38 percent of listeners said they thought at the time that they were hearing an actual news program.

Ly husband tried to calm me and said, "If this were really so, it would be on all stations," and he turned to one of the other stations and there was music. I retorted, "Nero fiddled while Rome burned."

My sister, her husband, my mother- and father-in-law were listening at home. I immediately called up the Maplewood police and asked if there was anything wrong. They answered, "We know as much as you do. Keep your radio tuned in and follow the announcer's advice. There is no immediate danger in Maplewood." Naturally after that I was more scared than ever. I became hysterical and felt I was choking from the gas. We all kissed one another and felt we would all die. When I heard that gas was in the streets of Newark I called my brother and his wife and told them to get in their car and come right over so we could all be together.

I didn't do anything. I just kept listening. I thought, if this is the real thing you only die once—why get excited?

The lady from the next floor rushed downstairs, yelling to turn on the radio. I heard the explosion, people from Mars, end of world. I was very scared and everybody in the room was scared stiff too. There was nothing to do, for everything would be destroyed very soon. If I had had

a little bottle of whiskey, I would have had a drink and said, "Let it go."

We had tuned in to listen to Orson Welles but when the flashes came I thought it was true. We called my brother who had gone out. He said he would be right down and drive away with us. When he came we were so excited. I felt, why can the children not be with us, if we are going to die. Then I called in to my husband: "Dan, why don't you get dressed? You don't want to die in your working clothes."

My mother took my word for it because after all I was a college graduate and she wasn't.

The announcer said a meteor had fallen from Mars and I was sure he thought that, but in the back of my head I had the idea that the meteor was just a camouflage. It was really an airplane like a Zeppelin that looked like a meteor and the Germans were attacking us with gas bombs. The airplane was built to look like a meteor just to fool people.

My only thought involving myself as a person in connection with it was a delight that if it spread to Stelton I would not have to pay the butcher's bill.

I looked in the icebox and saw some chicken left from Sunday dinner that I was saving for Monday night dinner. I said to my nephew, "We may as well eat this chicken—we won't be here in the morning."

The broadcast had us all worried but I knew it would at least scare ten years' life out of my mother-in-law.

I was swept along with it until something started to sound familiar. It was Orson Welles, of course! I felt awfully foolish, especially when I thought back and saw how fantastic even the little I did believe was.

n and the Viernes go to Alpha Cen-

The citation for the Nobel Prize in Physics given for the discovery of pulsars. The actual discoverer, Jocelyn Bell, was not cited.

Sylvester Stallone.

A doctoral thesis in literary criticism. One based on any current French fad theory will do nicely.

A collection of time-travel stories. These show that even our more rational and idealistic groups (i.e., scientists) will, for purposes of philosophical hairsplitting, immediately use a time machine in order to go back in time and kill their grandfathers.

Minutes of a University of California Academic Senate meeting. This will prove to any aliens that a horrible demise awaits them if they meet the intelligentsia: death by boredom.

Chicken McNuggets.

This issue of Harper's, with no excuses.

## A Message from Earth: I

This interstellar message was transmitted over a 1,000-foot radio telescope at the Arecibo Observatory in Puerto Rico in 1974. Reading from top



to bottom, the message contains the numbers 1 through 10 in binary code: the atomic numbers of hydrogen, carbon, nitrogen, oxygen, and phosphorus; the chemical formula for DNA; a sketch of a DNA molecule: a sketch of a human being, flanked by binary numbers indicating the number of humans on earth as well as the height of the average human; a sketch of the solar system; and a sketch of the Arecibo radio telescope, with its size given in binary numbers. The message will reach the constellation Hercules in approximately 25,000 years.

#### WILLIAM BURROUGHS is

the author of eleven novels, including Naked Lunch and The Soft Machine.

To we should put up a sign to warn off hostile aliens, like the signs that tramps leave for their brothers? "Good for a sandwich and coffee".... "Careful of the dog"..." Old nut with a gun"... But consider that hostile aliens means aliens who need something—energy, usually. They have run out of energy and hope to charge up here. Well, aliens, if that's what you need, this is the last place to land. Not much here but the walking dead; besides which, the whole shithouse could go up at any second. Is it food you need? The natives aren't very nutritious; many of them live on junk food, and they're rotten with nicotine and alcohol and cocaine and pills. People of such great stupidity and such barbarous manners...they will immediately kill any creatures different from themselves. So if you do land, you must be prepared to kill as many of them as possible. The survivors will the k you are God, and you can do whatever you like with them. Unless you have the means for a demonstration of wholesale extermination, better stay away. The natives understand and respect nothing else.

# EDWARD I. KOCH is the mayor of New York City. His books include Mayor and Politics.

love New York, but it does have its share of urban problems, as do other large cities around the world. I think sending a rat, a roach, and a photograph of the entrance to the Queens-Midtown Tunnel at rush hour would give anyone pause, even an alien. I'd also send a graffiti artist to spray paint all over the aliens' ship and a fleet of bicycle messengers with instructions to ride around inside the ship at top speed and knock the aliens down as they cross the control room.

I would also send a copy of the New York State election law and some petition forms—with instructions that all aliens must accurately complete them before landing. The frustration of having their forms repeatedly invalidated by the courts should drive the aliens to such distraction that they'd want to go home. And I would ask the editors of the *New York Post* and *Daily News* to publish editions with tough-sounding headlines to scare the aliens ("E.I.K. TO E.T.: BLAST OFF").

Other people and items I would send include:

the Ayatollah Khomeini, Muammar Qaddafi, Louis Farrakhan, and Lyndon LaRouche, who all act as if they are from a different planet and should, therefore, be sent to one; copies of the Internal Revenue Code and *Mein Kampf*; and a couple of reels of child pornography, which would, I hope, make any living creature wary of our social manners and mores, as would a movie like *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*.

Picture and newspaper accounts of the homeless, the American farmer, children across the world suffering from malnutrition and disease, the Chernobyl disaster, and the war in Afghanistan would amply illustrate some of the many problems our civilization faces. Confronted by this mélange and provided with nothing to counterbalance it, I hope our brothers from another planet would take their exploration in a different direction.

One thing I definitely would *not* send: a pastrami on rye with mustard from the Carnegie Deli. People have been known to go great distances for this sandwich. After one taste, a trip through the solar system for more wouldn't surprise me in the least.

ROBERT NISBET is an adjunct scholar at the American Enterprise Institute. His books include Twilight of Authority, History of the Idea of Progress, The Quest for Community, and Conservatism: Dream and Reality.

hy not turn your space capsule into a space hearse? At one stroke, by inserting various unacceptable types into the capsule and ejecting them from the solar system, you could frighten off hostile aliens and improve the quality of life on earth. To this end, I offer the following candidates for immediate removal:

(1) The bones, at least, of the T. Boone Pickens types, who allow themselves to be set up as financial-industrial giants. Had John D. Rockefeller been the Pickens type, he would have cornered the kerosene market instead of creating the modern oil industry. And Henry Ford would have merged buggy whips, buggies, and horse manure instead of wasting time on the Model T.

(2) Woody Allen. He has transformed the once heroic schlemiel—early Chaplin, Buster Keaton, Harry Langdon—into a breathless, sniveling, shrinking wimp. I recently made two field trips to movie houses where Allen was on the screen and discovered that most of the audience sat stonefaced, with the remainder divided between those whose strangled sounds suggested

desperate money's-worth laughter and those with death's-head rictuses across their faces. While we're at it, let's throw in a movie critic or two: the kind that declares each new Woody Allen the long-awaited perfect Woody Allen, only to junk it with sneers when the next new Woody Allen comes along.

JOHN SIMON is theater critic for New York magazine and film critic for National Review. His books include Reverse Angle and Something to Declare.

he earth, dear alien contemplating to visit it, is a place whose beauty is hurtling at terrifying speed into ugliness. Ugliness, in fact, is becoming its god. Consider only the fate of what

## A Message from Earth: II



Two copies of the Voyager Interstellar Record were sent into space by NASA in 1977. Voyager 1 and Voyager 2 (shown below) both traveled to Jupiter and Saturn but left the solar system

on different flight paths. The records, pressed in gold-plated copper, were mounted on the sides of the spacecrafts and encased in gold-plated aluminum shields to reduce micrometeorite damage. Rough estimates suggest that it will take at least 60,000 years for either Voyager to enter another planetary system.





The Westinghouse Time Capsule, an ancestor of the Voyager Interstellar Record, is buried in Flushing Meadows, New York, and is scheduled for disinterment in 6939 AD (The term "time capsule" was apparently invented by Westinghouse.) This ad ran in the May 15, 1939, issue of Life.

In the theater and cinema, however, beauty has become rare, if not undesirable. The great democratic attraction is the average look, something the masses can easily emulate rather than ardently aspire to. Matters are even worse with those idols of youth, the rock musicians, who create such styles as punk, in which the ideal of ugliness is within easy reach of anyone wishing to sink to it.

This leaves art. Poetry has successfully shed rhyme, meter, and minimal lucidity, and is now, except typographically, indistinguishable from prose, which, to be sure, still produces occasional works of note. Notes in music, however, have become almost aleatorily interchangeable, electronically obsolete, or simply cacophonous, though still intermittently haunted by the ghost of some dead composer's melody. Paint-

ing, dealt a murderous blow by photography, either tries to escape from its foe into futility or disastrously attempts to outdo the enemy at his own dubious game. (There are exceptions among both composers and painters, but they are few, very few.) Sculpture is in equally parlous shape, producing three-dimensional doodles and public monuments that serve chiefly to impede pedestrian traffic. One sculptor specializes in wrapping parts of the environment, though what he should be doing is wrapping—and carting off—the works of most of his colleagues.

Most obnoxious of all is contemporary architecture, whose costly and monstrous mistakes are all but permanent, and which, under the meaningless name of postmodernism, produces an array of bad jokes. On a much larger scale, it is like the party bore who follows one around

used to be our great threefold source of beauty: nature, the human form, and the arts.

The natural environment is hardly an environment any more. It no longer surrounds us, but is itself surrounded and beleaguered, dwindling away amid our industry, housing, detritus, and devastation. Fauna and flora are disappearing apace, beset by a plague of developers and exploiters worse than any locusts. In many places where greenery and animal life were plentiful, now only man proliferates: a sorry beast, bedizened with the pelts and plumes of his near-extinct victims.

As for the human form, there are still lovely women and handsome men around, and where they can be put to commercial uses—in modeling, television, advertising—they may thrive, provided they accept transmogrification to suit the latest contortions and distortions of fashion.

and cannot be shaken off. Once called frozen music, it is now music to freeze the blood—by Penderecki, say, or Stockhausen. In a famous poem, W.H. Auden petitioned God to "look shining at new styles of architecture." If he still cares to look, and isn't dead yet, he can die laughing at Philip Johnson or Michael Graves.

So, dear alien, unless you look like a creature from a horror film (one genre that is doing better than ever, alas), and are blind and deaf and communicate by some internalized radar, the earth is no place for you—any more than it is for

AUBERON WAUGH is editor of

the Literary Review 11:5 mest recent books are The Diaries of Auberon Waugh: A Turbulent Decade, 1976–1985 and Brideshead Benighted.

The subtlest and probably most effective way to repel aliens would be to pretend to welcome them to life's feast on earth, extending a cordial invitation to join the party. Under this reasoning, I would include in my capsule a television set with an aerial capable of receiving 120 terrestrial stations, programmed ineluctably to

## A Really Splendid War

LAURENT: Why are you here? KRETON: Curiosity. Pleasure.

LAURENT: You are a tourist, then, in this time and place?

KRETON (nods): Yes. Very well put.

LAURENT: We have been informed that you have extraordinary powers.

KRETON: By your standards, yes, they must seem extraordinary.

LAURENT: We have also been informed that it is your intention to... to take charge of this world.

KRETON: That is correct.... What a remarkable mind you have! I have difficulty looking inside it.

LAURENT (laughs): Practice. I've attended so many conferences... May I say that your conquest of our world puts your status of tourist in a rather curious light?

KRETON: Oh, I said nothing about conquest.

LAURENT: Then how else do you intend to govern? The people won't allow you to direct their lives without a struggle.

KRETON: But I'm sure they will if I ask them to. LAURENT: You believe you can do all this without, well, without violence?...

KRETON: Why, your deepest pleasure is violence. How can you deny that? It is the whole point to you, the whole point to my hobby... and you are my hobby, all mine.

LAURENT: But our lives are devoted to *controlling* violence, not creating it.

KRETON: Now, don't take me for an utter fool. After all, I can see into your minds. I can feel your emotions as though they were my own and your emotions are incredibly violent. My dear fellow, don't you *know* what you are?

LAURENT: No, what are we?

KRETON: You are savages. I have returned to the

dark ages of an insignificant planet simply because I want the glorious excitement of being among you and reveling in your savagery! There is murder in all your hearts and I love it! It intoxicates me!

LAURENT (slowly): You hardly flatter us.

KRETON: I didn't mean to be rude, but you did ask me why I came here and I've told you.... Now, Your Excellency, I shall stay in this house until you have laid the groundwork for my first project.

LAURENT: And what is that to be?

KRETON: A war! I want one of your really splendid wars, with all the trimmings, all the noise and the fire...

LAURENT: A war! You're joking. Why, at this moment we are working as hard as we know how *not* to have a war.

KRETON: But secretly you want one. After all, it's the one thing your little race does well. You'd hardly want me to deprive you of your simple pleasures, now would you?

LAURENT: I think you must be mad.

KRETON: Not mad, simply a philanthropist. Of course I myself shall get a great deal of pleasure out of a war (the vibrations must be incredible) but I'm doing it mostly for you. . . . I'm sure you want a war as much as the rest of them do and that's what you're going to get: the biggest war you've ever had!

LAURENT (stunned): Heaven help us!

KRETON (exuberant): Heaven won't. Oh, what fun it will be! I can hardly wait!

He strikes the globe of the world a happy blow as we fade out.

-from Visit to a Small Planet,

caver the warmest part of the capsule with greasy fried onions to produce the characteristic smell of junk food. The walls of the capsule would be decorated with pornographic pictures, of the sort in which the models, both heterosexual and homosexual, seem to be trying to turn themselves inside out in their anxiety to please. Strobe lights would flash and some nondescript rock music, perhaps Pink Floyd, would blare out.

But the aliens might be as degenerate as we are. Perhaps, having missed out on the sixties, they would be thrilled to bits by these exciting symbols. The real horrors of our urban civilization—the loneliness, the indifference, the cruelty—cannot be conveyed by a few objects in a capsule. Its main discomforts, however, might be illustrated, to the extent that they divide between disagreeable sensations of sound and of smell.

On this approach, I should scatter the capsule with a judicious collection of dog turds, one of the great hazards of city life. I would include a few dead rats, to give a flavor of open dustbins, and some bad fish, to re-create the smell that greets people who leave our Western civilization to find peace in Africa or Asia. As a sound track I would use the noise of a pneumatic drill interspersed with the peculiarly horrible noise of the new police and fire service sirens in Margaret Thatcher's London. Finally, I would fill the capsule with horseflies. These may not be a common nuisance in modern life, but I have always thought them even more eloquent than mankind in representing the malevolent aspect of creation.

DAVID BYRNE is a member of the rock group Talking Heads. True Stories, a movie written and directed by Byrne, opened in October. The screenplay is published by Penguin Books.

If I were to persuade some extraterrestrial not to come here. I'd try, in a subtle way, to give him evidence that he could not physically survive: a photograph of a smoggy day in L.A., a sample of slightly polluted water, some contaminated meat, some candy, a pack of cigarettes, a leaky microwave oven, photographs of people with their pets, some newspaper articles about recent advances in disease prevention (making sure not to leave out the AIDS epidemic), some Kleenex, some decongest, hts, and a video game that consists of rockets shooting down invading aliens.

# LEWIS H. LAPHAM is the editor of Harper's Magazine.

The resort to what Caspar Weinberger undoubtedly would classify as "disinformation" begs a preliminary question as to the nature of the aliens likely to come across the wandering evidence. Barbarians, certainly, and hostile, but what kind of barbarians, and in what way hostile? I can imagine sophisticated barbarians so highly evolved as to be indistinguishable from dental apparatus, but I can also imagine primitives clinging as tenaciously as Sylvester Stallone to the stuffed animals of the id.

Of the sophisticates I would expect the sort of political and cultural opinions advertised in the Sunday New York Times. I assume that they would prefer the anemic styles of feeling characteristic of museum curators, distrusting the clumsier genres of sexual desire, replacing the waywardness of imaginative thought with the bureaucratic sequences of a computer program, seeking whenever possible to translate the tragedy of the human predicament into the fictions of property. And if the sophisticates could be counted upon to admire the technology of Auschwitz, the primitives—polymorphous instead of asexual, astounded by fireworks and the revelations of gossip columnists, delighting in the toys and shows of violence—just as surely could be expected to applaud Hitler's speeches.

But what anthology of texts would prove equally abhorrent to both the upper and the lower houses of barbarism? The question is more difficult than it seems. Show the sophisticates the tracts of the militant feminists, or a scale model of one of Philip Johnson's buildings, or an organizational map of the federal government, and they might think the earth sufficiently advanced to be worth the effort of conquest. Allow the primitives to read the novels of Judith Krantz, watch MTV rock videos, and dote upon the photographs in *Hustler* and *Architectural Digest*, and they might think the capsule had brought them a realtor's prospectus of paradise.

As a means of dulling both the delicate and the rapacious appetite, I think it would be safe to send any text expressing the nobility of the human spirit: Shakespeare's plays or Montaigne's essays, Rembrandt's portraits or Beethoven's late quartets. The primitives would fall asleep on their couches of fur, perhaps after butchering the messengers stupid enough to have brought them such paltry relics. The sophisticates would laugh—the thin, tinkling laughter of the New York literary crowd—and make terribly clever remarks about the vulgarity of people still childish enough to assign meaning to something so small as a human life.

# A NEW LANGUAGE FOR THE LEFT

Translating the conservative discourse By Benjamin Barber

or better or for worse, Americans expect from their political leaders not only policies and programs but an ennobling vision that places issues and interests in a greater scheme of things, and binds together the lives of individual citizens. President Reagan has kindled a vision of this kind, and no amount of carping over the substantive defects of his programs or the logic by which he supports them is likely to diminish the public's trust in him. The very features of his public presence that are ridiculed—his simplicity; his anecdotal approach to complex problems such as hunger and debt; his naive faith in panaceas; his boundless, his imperturbable, his outrageous optimism—these are perceived by many Americans as the blessedness of his vision.

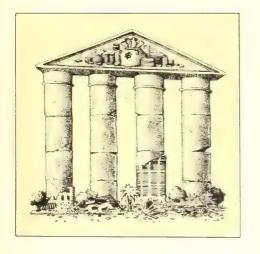
At present, the left (I mean this term to refer to the generic left—progressives, liberals, populists, Democrats—all who seek equality, participation, social justice, and the public good) is doing little to offer an alternative prospectus of the great, good American place. Instead, it meekly embraces the unattractive options that remain after conservatives have defined the terms and numbered the choices.

The restoration of a progressive vision is a national priority, of importance to all Americans. This restoration must begin with a challenge to the language in which the right casts the mold of politics. The left must examine the right's facile binary oppositions: big government versus the free market; public power versus private liberty; the courts versus the community. The terms that map the right's City on a Hill—"prosperity," "individual," "private," "liberty"—must be reevaluated, for they have come to determine our political discourse and dictate the kinds of policy choices that

Benjamin Barber is a visiting professor of politics at Princeton University. His most recent book is Strong Democracy: Participatory Politics for a New Age.

a w progressive begin with the idea that liberty is not the government institutions

vision might well enemy but rather a product of



appear to be available to the citizenry in the 1980s.

The right rests its dream of paradise on five dubious constructs: PRIVATE LIBERTY (government is big and enslaving, the market is small and free); COMMUNAL PAROCHIALISM (community is local and circumscribed, justice is universal, and the two are utterly incompatible); ECONOMIC REDUCTION-ISM (political questions are really economic questions—with economic answers); VISIONARY MATERIALISM (national happiness and national security can be bought); and CIVIC PASSIVITY (democracy is the governing of clients by elected elites).

In the absence of a language of its own, the left has little choice but to accept these formulations and forge policies and programs within their boundaries. The notes that follow suggest a few lines of alternative expression.

ne: For political liberty, against private liberty.

It is the right's claim that freedom is a private, individual matter, and that tyranny is public, a consequence of "big government." As framed by the right, the choice is between a benevolent free market, whose invisible hand nourishes both liberty and prosperity, and an ever larger, more bureaucratized public sphere, dominated by a federal government that systematically coerces the private sector. Forced by the right's discourse to choose between big government and the free market—and perhaps wishing to remain true to their New Deal dreams—Democrats have opted for big government, thus casting themselves in the Reagan era as enemies of liberty and allies of all the maladies of modern bureaucratic gargantuism.

Yet the choice between big government and free enterprise—between a coercive public sector and an egalitarian free market—expresses neither the reality of modern capitalism nor the variations and possibilities of government organization. The market cannot be rightly understood as a place where free and equal individuals and groups gather to trade and bargain fairly; much more often it is an arena in which elephantine monopolies overpower smaller firms, and sprawling multinationals dominate the lives of individuals.

Nor is government always big and bureaucratic. Tocqueville observed long ago that the spirit of liberty in America was local, and our institutions still support the observation. It is through city and county institutions that government achieves many of its most innovative and satisfying solutions; it is local civic organizations that often provide the staunchest defense against monopolies—public or private. To feel compelled to choose between big government and free enterprise is to forget that government is not necessarily big and enterprise is not necessarily free.

A new progressive vision might well begin with the idea that liberty is not the enemy but rather a product of government institutions. The problem is not how to deregulate society but how to regulate public institutions so that they are responsive and accountable; not how to put more power in private hands but how to get more power into the hands of local public officials. The left can stand for public justice and the common good without making a centralized bureaucracy its only instrument. Were the left to advance a vision of local civic organizations using power for public ends, neoliberals and conservatives alike would be put in the uncomfortable position of having to denounce such organizations in order to maintain their support for the private market—which would then be revealed for the home of oligarchy and monopoly that it is.

Where the right shouts, "Get government off the private sector's back," the left must respond, "Get government back into the hands of the citizenry." There are many tasks, such as maintaining an army and navy, that can be accomplished only by the federal government, but those tasks for which it is unfit are more likely to be accomplished by municipal government and engaged citizens than by a private sector beholden to monopolistic interests.

To take but one example: if the federal government is deemed an overly bureaucratized, inefficient, or otherwise inappropriate manager of public lands, the solution is not to turn those lands over to the private

sector, whose interest historically has been commercial development and exploitation. Rather, these lands should be turned over to counties and municipalities.

wo: For community justice, against community parochialism.

The conservative argument makes justice—as it is defined by Great Society programs and recent Supreme Court rulings—the enemy of small-town America. The federal government, conservatives maintain, is able to mold national norms of justice only at terrible costs to the rights of local communities. By failing to challenge this argument, the left has become the villain in a set piece in which the courts and Congress are seen as coercing local communities to accept school busing, pornography, and Main Street abortion clinics. The right portrays justice as available only to the extent that local communities destroy their own autonomy.

To escape this rhetorical trap, the left must seek a greater understanding of the local political ramifications of justice. Liberals have on the whole been wary of localism, and unbending in their devotion to universals. These are admirable traits, and they have made possible extraordinary victories in the struggle to achieve universal suffrage and civil rights. But today, these very traits often inhibit the struggle for justice by failing to secure

for the rule of law the substance of solid community support.

There must be a reconciliation of justice and community, which would at once devolve power to the community and enlarge the membership of communities. First Amendment protection for pornography is little protection at all if it is achieved at the cost of alienating neighborhoods and towns, or making citizens feel like impotent spectators to political decisions they neither authored nor debated. By the same token, communities based on provincial exclusivity, unbending resistance to change, and the denial of justice to newcomers—ethnic, racial, religious, or political—ultimately undermine their own freedom. Communities that do not grow and evolve become brittle and frail—become something other than communities. To be genuinely free, a community must be just; to be sustainable, justice must be embedded in community.

In this spirit, the left should encourage some local involvement in constitutional matters traditionally settled by the courts—pornography, for example. Giving localities authority to regulate pornography does not inevitably curtail freedom of expression. A statewide referendum on pornography in Maine last spring aroused deep fears among civil libertarians, but the citizenry defeated the proposed clampdown by a margin of more than two to one. Although historically conservative, the citizens of Maine apparently reasoned that the suppression by the state of unsavory published materials would put too great a burden on the First Amendment. Citizens must be given the opportunity to learn about laws and rights through participation in the legislative process. In the long run, the First Amendment cannot be preserved by the paternalistic will of a distant judicial bureaucracy that treats the citizenry as an ignorant and even dangerous population.

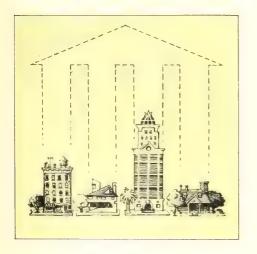
By rejecting the idea that justice and community are necessarily opposed to each other, the left would make it much more difficult for conservatives to dismiss justice in the name of their devotion to community.

hree: For the autonomy of politics, against economic reductionism.

To the right, politics is a function of economics, without autonomy or sovereignty. As a consequence, important political issues are often decided on the basis of whether one outcome or another will promote the free-market capitalist economy or take us down the road toward a planned protosocialist economy. This economic reductionism presents particular

First Amendment protection for pornography is little protection at all if it is achieved at the cost of alienating neighborhoods and towns

Under the sway of the materialist paradigm, liberals are left to argue about the means by which prosperity may be achieved and spread around



problems for the left, possibly because the origins of reductionism are to be found more in liberal and socialist economics than in conservatism; and supporters of both liberal capitalism and liberal socialism acknowledge the primacy of economics with a zeal that tends to undermine faith in the power of politics to improve society. Progressives traditionally have favored a more regulated and redistributive economy and a certain degree of national economic planning. The left has thus permitted itself to be defined as the proto-socialist corrupter of the free market.

The alternative to economic reductionism is a revitalization of the autonomy of politics, and of the sovereignty of the political over other domains of our collective existence. The tradition that yielded the American Constitution saw civic equality as the crucial equality. According to this tradition, politics can remake the world, and political access, political equality, and political justice are the means to economic and social equality. The left's best weapons remain the American Constitution and the

democratic political tradition it has fostered.

To move the nation toward progressive policies rooted in political sovereignty, the left must replace the language of class and sectional interests with the rhetoric of civic and public good. For example, rather than implore private business, whose primary (and quite appropriate) goal is profit, to offer job training for the unskilled, the left might advocate a national service program for all citizens. Such a program could offer training and employment while simultaneously kindling a sense of civic obligation in the young. Full employment is not a private-sector *economic* objective (the modern economy can run quite well with 8 or 9 percent unemployment); but full employment is a public good, and thus a *political* objective of a people committed to justice.

In the last presidential election we witnessed the strange spectacle of those who support equal rights for women, environmentalism, and other such public causes permitting themselves to be categorized as special-interest groups. In large part this happened because they characterized them-

selves in economic and social rather than political language. To revive its progressive agenda, the left must reformulate that agenda as an explicitly political and public program.

our: For the primacy of spirit, against visionary materialism

The right is often accused of appealing to simple greed. But in truth, President Reagan and his associates have issued to the American people not a call to crass materialism but a call to visionary materialism. Visionary materialism asserts that hardworking individuals and profit-making corporations are but the lesser and greater engines of a prosperity in which all Americans share, and that happiness and security are finally a function of profits. Under the sway of the materialist paradigm, liberals are left to argue about the means by which prosperity may be achieved and spread around, taking for granted that money is its only measure.

It is difficult to imagine an alternative to visionary materialism, though it is here that an alternative is most desperately called for. Try to imagine a politician on television squeezing between commercials to tell an impatient audience that it is being corrupted by the goods purveyed on the screen (himself included!), and that the quest for material security is corrosive to

both body and soul.

Nowhere is the ubiquity of what Marx called the cash nexus more evident than in America, where there is seemingly nothing that cannot be bought and sold. To take the measure of defense, justice, social welfare, art, even salvation is to reckon what they cost or what they earn. Thus does our society, rich in material goods but increasingly impoverished in spirit, find itself worrying about tax breaks rather than community breakdown. Such national purposes as we have in 1986, left and right seem to agree, are governed by the impulse to maximize wealth—private and public.

Yet, in the end, America's strength does not rest on prosperity, or even

on productivity. Our greatest asset is our spirit: the spirit of political liberty and civic activism evident in the towns Tocqueville toured on his journey across America in the early 1830s; the spirit of adventure that once opened up the West; the spirit of giving by which Americans have always shown themselves prepared to help their neighbors and participate in voluntary associations without calculating the return on their altruism; the spirit of tolerance that permitted the victims of a hundred worldly persecutions to find sanctuary here, and that made America a nation that saw equality as a function of will rather than birth; the spirit of patriotism that inspired the young to serve their country without the promise of a free ticket to college; the spirit of democracy that made liberty not merely a private matter but a matter of respect for the dignity of others.

It will not be an easy task to loosen the hold of self-interested materialism on the American imagination. But progressives can point the way to the road leading from *Homo economicus* toward *Homo civitas* by emphasizing policies that nourish the spirit. Education and the arts would be a good place to start. American education has suffered in recent years, not simply from neglect but from an emphasis on vocational payoff, as if it were but another piston in the great engine of productivity. A program to make education a vital national priority and a primary public responsibility—a pro-

gram to give education and the arts the resources they require—would be a powerful way to rekindle the commitment to the human spirit on which the greatness of our nation depends.

live: For civic activism, against the client/service state.

A number of years ago, the great political economist Joseph Schumpeter suggested that democracy was little more than the name of a system in which elites competed via the ballot for the support of an otherwise docile electorate, whose sole exercise of liberty was the occasional filling out of a ballot. Both political parties have embraced this definition. They nurture bureaucrats and "experts" to carry out the everyday functions of government and seek charismatic leaders to act as media figureheads. The "amateur" public is thus spared the pains of real civic responsibility. Far from being offered civic education and an opportunity to cultivate competence in self-government, this public is encouraged to remain politically passive, and to deploy its considerable energies in the pursuit of private wealth. In America, the good citizen, like the good customer, is a consumer of and spectator to the political process, not a participant in it. Conventions and elections, like Superbowls, are popular spectacles rather than popular civic activities, something to watch rather than something to do.

To offer a more vital model of democracy to the American people, a model that would encourage and even demand their participation, the left might begin by insisting that voting is only the first and in many ways the least significant act of the free citizen. Democracy requires the strengthening not of the vertical ties between voters and their leaders but of the neglected lateral ties between citizen and citizen. That is, it calls for cooperation among neighbors rather than deference to experts, for mutual participation rather than passive compliance, for, in other words, a vigorous participatory politics in which the public and its representatives collaborate in making self-government a genuinely shared responsibility.

It would be a striking moment in the reclamation of a progressive language as well as a balm to the American spirit to see the Democratic Party do homage to its name and truly become the party of democracy. To do this, however, it will have to learn to trust the public, something few politicians and fewer bureaucrats seem capable of doing. And to trust it when it errs as well as when it acts wisely. For without mistakes, there is no political education; without political education, no civic competence; without competence, no real democracy.

In fact, the left has been as distrustful of the public as the right in recent years, opposing the resolution of issues by referendums and making a fetish The left must insist that voting is only the first and in many ways the least significant act of the free citizen The spirit of progressivism should look for ways to make the public sector accessible, rather than seek ways to privatize public choices

of strong leadership. Democrats continue to idolize John F. Kennedy and Franklin D. Roosevelt, forgetting that what democracy requires is replaceable leadership, not peerless leadership. To the critic who said, "Pity the country that has no heroes," Bertolt Brecht responded, "Unhappy the land that needs heroes." Powerful leadership is the mark of a successful dictatorship; a powerful citizenry is the mark of a successful democracy. When America can boast that it no longer needs great leaders, the left will have succeeded in restoring the potency of the American public and will have reentrusted the polity to its participants.

When democracy is construed as a relationship among citizens rather than as a relationship between leaders and followers, the relationship of citizens to the state appears in a new light. The emphasis on individualism in the Reagan era has created an adversarial civic climate, the effects of which are evident in multiplying lawsuits, spiraling liability-insurance costs, and the absence of civility in our public lives. Lost is the notion that the individual's relationship to the nation is one of responsibilities as well as rights, duties as well as privileges, service as well as consumption, giving as well as taking. The state has been transformed into a corporate leviathan, while citizens have evolved into supplicants and brooding clients. The obligations that attended citizenship at the time of the Founding Fathers have atrophied, and the rights that were once merely citizenship's safeguards have become its entire substance.

Both political parties have acquiesced in the odd mixture of watchful deference and resentful expectancy that defines contemporary citizenship. The modern civic posture suits a department store rather than a civil community: it requires that we pay (taxes) for such goods and services as we need and attempt to keep the store's clerks honest, but otherwise leave all policy decisions to the proprietors, who are expected to know what we want as well as what is good for us. In this style of politics, the crucial question is: "What can government do for you?"

To restore a sense of engaged citizenship and to reestablish the proper relationship between rights and duties are one and the same project: the project of creating a stronger and more participatory democracy. There are a number of proposals that progressives should back which would constitute a program for the revival of active citizenship. These include a national service corps, in which all young men and women would serve for a year or two; a national initiative and referendum mechanism, which would engage all citizens in federal lawmaking; the election by lottery to some local and state offices, which would make office-holding a potential responsibility for every citizen, much like jury duty; and a nationwide system of local assemblies for the deliberation of local and national issues. The object of these proposals should be clear: to assure that democracy will be lived and not merely watched, and that people will take responsibility

for their civic destiny by engaging in the politics by which

that destiny is forged.

he left in America is not at a loss for programs and policies. What is lacking is a consistent vision of the future, within which those programs can take on public significance. As portrayed here, the spirit of progressivism would encourage policies and institutions supportive of cultural and civic education; it would certainly not shut down public libraries or reduce already minuscule public school and arts budgets. It would foster county and municipal institutions, particularly those open to citizen involvement, such as sweat-equity projects, neighborhood and block boards, and citizen service programs. It would not threaten state and local budgets with the same knife wielded to pare the federal budget. It would, in short, look for ways to make the public sector accessible, rather than seek ways to privatize public choices; to nurture public spirit rather than cultivate private prosperity; to free Americans not from but for government, by putting government back into the hands of the citizens.

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# FAINT LIGH

Roy Cohn, AIDS, and the quantity

Roy Cohn died August 2 at the Warren Grant Magnuson Clinical Center of the National Institutes of Health, in Bethesda, Maryland. The primary cause of death was listed as "cardio-pulmonary arrest"; the death certificate named "dementia" and "underlying HTLV-3 infections" as secondary causes. The mention of HTLV-3 implied what many suspected: Roy Cohn had AIDS. Cohn's NIH records—leaked to me last summer and published here, in part, for the first timeconfirm he knew as early as last November that he had AIDS. But like other public figures who have contracted the disease, Cohn never admitted to having it. Not all of the problems and complications associated with AIDS are medical; journalists are having a difficult time writing about it, drawing a plausible distinction between private and public information. Their dilemma raises questions about what society wants, or doesn't want, to know about itself.

Cohn was admitted last November 4 to an AIDS treatment program at the NIH center. It is a publicly funded program, and one not easy to gain admission to. Sources at NIH told me that Cohn used his political influence in Washington—he counted the Reagans among his friends—to get into the program. Reporting on political favors is a staple of American newspapers, but when such reporting has to do with AIDS, there arises a problem of judgment. What matters most: publishing (making public) or privacy? And should privacy be respected if the individual whose privacy is at issue is getting favored treatment with public money?

"Companion Peter Fraisure" is Peter Frazier. He has been described in the press during the past year as the office manager in Cohn's law firm, and as one of Cohn's travel companions. Lois Romano, writing in the *Washington Post* last December, described Frazier as "the one who brings the evening to an end when he sees Cohn drooping." Frazier often accompanied Cohn when he went to the center for his treatments.

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OBSV -- ALERT. NOT AWARE WILL GO IT SHUFFLE. HAND PROBLEMS THIS PM. During an interview with Mike Wallace aired last March on 60 Minutes, Cohn categorically denied that he had AIDS. "We were told [that your] name was on the NIH computer for AIDS," Wallace said. "Well, I shouldn't be," Cohn said. "I'll get that taken care of very fast." Cohn said he had cancer, and in a sense he did. He had Kaposi's sarcoma, the cancer to which AIDS victims, with profoundly impaired immune systems, are extremely vulnerable. Wallace did not press the matter, as he often does. Newsmen find it hard enough simply to raise the question.

Rumors that Roy Cohn was a homosexual first appeared in the 1950s, when he was the communist-hunting chief counsel to Senator Joseph McCarthy. Cohn, another young McCarthy investigator, G. David Schine, and McCarthy were all bachelors, and very devoted to one another—Lillian Hellman called them "Bonnie, Bonnie, and Clyde." Cohn always denied to reporters that he was "ever gay-inclined," and went out of his way to convey an impression of heterosexual orthodoxy. He would talk of having discussed marriage with Barbara Walters. And he was a lawyer for the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of New York, which vociferously opposed New York City's gay-civil-rights legislation.

In the descriptions of Cohn in her *Post* story, Romano noted that his right hand and shoulder would often shake, that he moved "as if in slow-motion." These symptoms can be associated with AIDS, but not with liver cancer, the disease from which Cohn claimed to be suffering. Romano was apparently doing the best she could—legally and, by today's standards, ethically—to tell her readers that Cohn was lying.

Dale Van Atta, with he keys the stationally syndicated column "Washington Merry-Go-Round."

According to NIH medical personnel I have spoken with—and as noted in the medical report here—Cohn was "somewhat reluctant to become celibate." AIDS is a lethal disease, and certain sexual acts-in particular, anal intercourse—apparently facilitate transmission of the virus. Did members of the public, especially someone who might have become a sex partner of Cohn's, have a right to know that he had AIDS? If Cohn was reluctant to become celibate and reluctant to tell the truth, did journalists have a right (an obligation) to publish the truth?

Cohn was not above using his illness, however misleading his testimony, when it could help him muster sympathy. His lawyers in his disbarment case—he was disbarred from the practice of law in New York State six weeks before his death—pleaded for leniency on the grounds that he was too ill to continue in his profession. No medical certificate was ever presented describing his ailment. The press never made an issue of it.

> Azidothymidine (AZT) is one of the brightest hopes for AIDS patients; the drug has been shown in some cases to hold the virus at bay. Only a limited number of AIDS patients in governmentapproved testing programs received the drug. Of the more than 10,000 people thought to be dying of AIDS last spring, only twenty-eight had access to AZT through NIH programs. Cohn was one of the fortunate. Did he use his Washington connections to obtain the drug? A private matter, or a public one?

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Cohn had many friends in the press who chose to defend or simply leave unchallenged his lies and evasions. William Safire, in the New York Times, denounced the July 25 column Jack Anderson and I wrote about Cohn's AZT treatment: "Doctors with some sense of medical ethics and journalists with some regard for a core of human privacy are shamed by [this] investigative excess." The New York Post usually carries the column, but didn't publish that one.

> Only after Cohn's death, in his obituaries, was it widely reported that he had AIDS. Even that was something of a show of nerve—readers of the New York Times and other big-city papers learn of young men dying of "pneumonia" or after a "long illness," but not of an AIDS-related illness. The Times's in-house publication, Winners and Sinners, noted recently with regard to the paper's obituaries that "some suspect us of shrinking from our duty to report on an epidemic." There are a few bold patients dying of AIDS who have sought to expose their illness to public discussion. Obituaries of makeup artist Way Bandy noted that he had requested mention be made that he died of AIDS. Most remarkable was an editorial published in the Honolulu Star-Bulletin on September 1. The paper's managing editor, Bill Cox, announced he was going on disability leave because he had AIDS. He wrote that "as a journalist I have spent my career trying to shed light in dark corners. AIDS is surely one of our darkest corners. It can use some light."

# TEACHER

The making of a good one By John Barth

n the featureless, lowrise, glass-and-aluminum box in which, back in the early 1960s, I taught Humanities 1 (Truth, Goodness, and Beauty) at Pennsylvania State University, her hand was always up—usually first among those of the thirty undergraduates enrolled in my section. Many were seniors from the colleges of education, home economics, engineering, even agriculture, fulfilling their "non-tech elec"; Hum 1 was not a course particularly designed for liberal-arts majors, who would presumably pick up enough T G & B in their regular curriculum. But Miss Rosenberg of the bright brown eyes and high voltage smile and upraised hand, very much a major in the liberal arts, was there (1) because it was her policy to study with as many members as possible of that university's huge faculty—almost regardless of their subject—who she had reason to believe were of particular interest or effectiveness; (2) because other of her English professors had given me O.K. notices; and (3) because the rest of my teaching load in those days was freshman composition (a requirement from which she'd easily been absolved) and the writing of fiction (an art for which she felt no vocation).

Hum 1, then:

What is Aristotle's distinction between involuntary and *non*-voluntary acts, and what are the moral implications of that distinction? Miss Rosen erg?

What does David Hume mean by the remark

John Barth is section of The Sot-Weed Factor and other notels. He section of three notelless. Chimeta, won the National Book Award in 1975.

that the rules of art come not from reason but from experience? Anybody? Miss Rosenberg.

What are all those *bridges* for in *Crime and Punishment*? Let's hear from somebody besides Miss Rosenberg this time. (No hands.) Think of it this way: What are the three main things a novelist can do with a character on a bridge? (No hands. Sigh.) Miss Rosenberg?

Her responses were sound, thoughtful, based unfailingly upon thorough preparation of the assigned material; and she was always ready. If she was not the most brilliant student I'd ever taught—I was already by then a dozen years into the profession, with more than a thousand students behind me-she was the best. Which is not to say that Miss R. (the sixties weren't yet in high gear; in central Pennsylvania, at least, most of us still lectured in jackets, white shirts, and neckties and called our students Miss and Mr., as they called us Professor) was docile: if she didn't understand a passage of Lucretius or Machiavelli or Turgeney, she interrogated it and me until either she understood it or I understood that I didn't understand it either. Her combination of academic and moral seriousness, her industry, energy, and animation—solid A, back when A meant A.

The young woman was physically attractive, too: her skirt-and-sweatered body trim and fit (from basketball, softball, soccer, tennis, fencing), her brown hair neatly brushed, her aforecited eyes and smile. Ten years out of my all-male alma pater, I still found it mildly exciting—diverting, anyhow—to have girls, as we yet thought of them, in my classroom. But never

mind that: as a student, for better or worse, I was never personally close to my teachers; as a teacher, I've never been personally close to my students. And on the matter of *physical* intimacies between teacher and taught, I've always agreed with Bernard Shaw's Henry Higgins: "What! That thing! Sacred, I assure you.... Teaching would be impossible unless pupils were sacred."

Now: What is the first rung on Plato's "ladder of love"? Nobody remembers? Miss Rosenberg.

All the same, it interested me to hear, from a friend and senior colleague who knew her better, that my (and his) star student was not immune to "crushes" on her favorite teachers, who were to her as were the Beatles to many of her classmates: crushes more or less innocent, I presumed, depending upon their object. This same distinguished colleague I understood to be currently one such object. She frequented his office between classes; would bicycle across the town to drop in at his suburban house. I idly wondered... but did not ask him, much less her. Sacred, and none of my business.

I did however learn a few things further. That

our Miss R. was from Philadelphia, strictly brought up, an overachiever (silly pejorative; let's say superachiever) who might well graduate first in her 4,000-member class. That she was by temperament and/or upbringing thirsty for attention and praise, easily bruised, traumatically strung out by the term papers and examinations on which she scored so triumphantly. That her emotional budget was high on both sides of the ledger: she expended her feelings munificently; she demanded—at least expected, anyhow hoped for-reciprocal munificence from her friends and, presumably, from her crushees.

Mm hm. And the second rung, anybody? (No hands, except of course ...) Miss Rosenberg.

En route to her A in Hum 1 we had a couple of office conferences, but when she completed her baccalaureate (with, in fact, the highest academic average in Penn State's hundred-year history, for which superachievement she was officially designated the university's 100,000th graduate at its centennial commencement exercises), I was still Mr. Barth; she was still Miss Rosenberg. She would have prospered at the best colleges in our republic; circumstances, I was told, had constrained her to her state university. What circumstances? I didn't ask. Now (so my by-this-time-ex-crushee colleague reported) she had several graduate fellowships to choose from; he believed she was inclining to the University of Chicago.

I too, as it happened, was in the process of changing universities. I neither saw, nor heard from or about, nor to my recollection thought of excellent Miss Rosenberg for the next

four years.

here is chalk dust on the sleeve of my soul. In the half-century since my kindergarten days, I have never been away from classrooms for longer than a few months. I am as at home among blackboards, desks, lecterns, and semi-

nar tables as among the furniture of my writing room; both are the furniture of my head. I believe I know my strengths and limitations as a teacher the way I know them as a writer: doubtful of my accomplishments in both métiers, I am not doubtful at all that they are my métiers, for good or ill.

Having learned by undergraduate trial and error that I was going to devote my adult life to writing fiction, I entered the teaching profession through a side door: by impassioned default, out of heartfelt lack of alternatives. I'd had everything to learn; the university had taught me some of it, and I guessed that teaching might teach me more. I needed time to clear my literary throat, but I was already a family man; college teaching (I scarcely cared where or what; I would improvise, invent if necessary) might pay



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landlord and grocer, if barely, and leave my faculties less abused and exhausted than would manual labor or routine office work, of both of which I'd had a taste. Teaching assistantships in graduate school at Johns Hopkins had taught me that while I was not a "natural" teacher, I was not an unnatural one, either. Some of my undergraduate students knew more about literature, even about the rules of grammar, syntax, and punctuation, than I did. I pushed to catch up. I accepted gratefully a \$3,000-a-year instructorship in English composition at Penn State, where I taught four sections of freshman comp—six teaching-days a week, twenty-five students per section, one composition per student per week, all papers to be corrected and graded by a rigorous system of symbols, rules, standards. That's 3,000 freshman compositions a year, at a dollar per. It drove one of my predecessors, the poet Theodore Roethke, to drink. But there were occasional half-days free, some evenings, the long academic holidays and summers. I staved on there a dozen years, moving duly through the ranks and up the modest salary scale; got novels written and children raised; learned a great deal about English usage and abusage. And I had a number of quite good students among all those hundreds in my rollbook . . . even a few superb ones.

My academic job changes happened to coincide with and correspond to major changes in society. As America moved into the High Sixties, I moved from Penn State's bucolic sprawl-still very 1950ish in 1965, with its bigtime football, its pom-pommed cheerleaders, its more than half a hundred social fraternities, its fewer than that number of long-haired, potsmoking counterculturals among the 15,000plus undergraduates, its vast experimental farms and tidy livestock barns, through which I used to stroll with my three small children when not writing sentences or professing Truth, Goodness, and Beauty-moved to the State University of New York's edgy-urban new operation in Buffalo. The Berkeley of the East, its disruptivist students proudly called the place. The Ellis Island of Academe, we new-immigrant faculty called it, also with some pride; so many of us were intellectual heretics, refugees from constrained professional or domestic circumstances, academic fortune-hunters in Governor Nelson Rockefeller's promising land.

Those next four years were eventful, in U.S. history and mine. Jetting once a month to guest-lecture a other universities, I literally saw the smoke rise from America's burning urban ghettos. More than once I returned from some teargassed campus to find my own "trashed," on strike, or cordoned off by gas-masked National Guardsmen. It was a jim-dandy place, SUNY/

Buffalo, to work out the decade. My marriage came unglued; I finished *Giles Goat-Boy*, experimented with hashish and adultery, wrote *Lost in the Funhouse* and "The Literature of Exhaustion," began *Chimera*. Education, said Alfred North Whitehead, is the process of catching up with one's generation. The tuition can be considerable.

One afternoon in the sixties' final winter I took off from Buffalo in a snowstorm for my monthly off-campus lecture, this one at Boston College. The flight was late in arriving. My Jesuit host, who was to have taken me to a pre-lecture dinner, had his hands full just getting us across the snowed-in city to the B.C. campus, where most of my audience was kindly waiting. Promising dinner later, he hustled me onstage to do my number and then off to the obligatory reception (invited guests only) in a room above the auditorium. Since we were running late, we skipped the usual post-lecture question period. Even so, as happens, people came forward to say hello, get their books signed, ask things.

Such as (her head cocked slightly, bright eyes, bright smile, nifty orange wool miniskirted dress, beige boots—but my host was virtually tugging at my sleeve; we'd agreed to cut short this ritual and get upstairs to that reception as quickly as courtesy allowed): "Re-

member me?" or a superachiever in the U.S.A., publicschool teaching is a curious choice of profession. Salaries are low. The criteria for employment in most districts are not notably high; neither is the schoolteacher's prestige in the community, especially in urban neighborhoods and among members of the other professions. The workload, on the other hand, is heavy, in particular for conscientious English teachers who demand a fair amount of writing as well as reading from the hundred or more students they meet five days a week. In most other professions, superior ability and dedication are rewarded with the five P's: promotion, power, prestige, perks, and pay. Assistant professors become associate professors, full professors, endowed-chair professors, emeritus professors. Junior law partners become senior law partners; middle managers become executives in chief; doctors get rich and are held in exalted regard by our society. Even able and ambitious priests may become monsignors, bishops, cardinals. But the best schoolteacher in the land, if she has no administrative ambitions (that is, no ambition to get out of the classroom), enters the profession with the rank of teacher and retires from it decades later with the rank of teacher, not remarkably better paid and perked than when she met her maiden class. Fine orchestral players and repertory actors may

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English. A
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is what she'd
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he union-scaled and virtually anonymous, but at least they get, as a group, public applause. Painters, sculptors, poets may labor in poverty and obscurity, but, as Milton acknowledged, "Fame is the spur." The condition of the true artisan, perhaps, is most nearly akin to the gifted schoolteacher's: an all but anonymous calling that allows for mastery, even for a sort of genius, but rarely for fame, applause, or wealth; whose chief reward must be the mere superlative doing of the thing. The maker of stained glass or fine jewelry, however, works only with platinum, gemstones, gold, not with young minds and spirits.

Sure, I remembered her, that snowy night: Penn State, Hum 1, hand raised. After a moment I even recalled her name, a feat I'm poor at in company. My sleeve was being tugged: the reception. So what was she doing there? She'd seen notice of my reading in the newspaper and hauled through the snow from Brookline to catch her old teacher's act. No. I meant in Boston: Ph.D. work, I supposed, somewhere along the River Chuck, that cerebral cortex of America. Or maybe she'd finished her doctorate-I couldn't remember her specialty—and was already assistant professoring in the neighborhood? No: it was a long story, Ms. R. allowed, and there were others standing about, and my sleeve was being tugged. Well, then: Obliging of you to trek through the drifts to say hello to your old teach. Too bad we can't chat a bit more, catch up; but there's this reception I have to go to now, upstairs. You're looking fine indeed.

She was: not a coed now, but a city-looking smart young woman. Where was it she'd been going to go after Penn State? What interesting things had her ex-crushees among my ex-colleagues told me about her? Couldn't remember: only the hand invariably raised (sometimes before I'd reached my question mark) in Truth, Goodness, and Beauty, the lit-up smile, and maybe one serious office conference in her senior year. Was there a wedding ring on that hand now? Before I could think to look, I was Jesuited off to an elevator already filled with the invited.

As its doors closed, she caught them, caused them to reopen, and lightly asked, "May I come along?" Surprised, delighted, I answered for my host: former star student, haven't seen her in years, we did her out of her Q & A, of course she may come along.

No wedding ring. But at the reception, too, I was rightly preempted by the Boston Collegians whose guest I was. Ms. Rosenberg and I (but it was Shelly now, and please call me Jack) had time only to register a few former mutual acquaintances and the circumstance of my being in Buffalo these days (she'd read that) and of her having left Chicago (a long story, Jack) to

teach in Boston. Aha. At Boston U.? Tufts?

The incandescent smile. Nope: in the public schools. First at Quincy Junior High, then at Weston Junior High, currently at Wayland High. She was a public-school teacher, of English. A schoolteacher is what she'd wanted to be from the beginning.

We supposed I ought to mingle with the invited. But as she'd already taken two initiatives—the first merely cordial, the second a touch audacious—I took the next four. My host, the kindly priest, meant to dine me informally after the reception, at some restaurant convenient to my motel, into which I'd not yet been checked. I urged her to join us, so that we could finish our catching up off company time. She agreed, the priest likewise. As she had her car with her and the weather was deep, they conferred upon likeliest roads and restaurants (one with oysters and champagne, the guest of honor suggested) and decided upon Tollino's on Route 9, not far from the Charterhouse Motel, where I was billeted. She'd meet us there.

My duty by the invited done, she did. Tollino's came through with half-shell Blue Points and bubbly; the priest had eaten, but he encouraged us to take our time (though the hour was late now) and to help ourselves. He even shared a glass with us. We tried politely to keep the conversation three-way; it was clear to all hands, however, that our patient host was ready to end his evening. Initiative Two: The Charterhouse was just a few doors down the road; Ms. Rosenberg had her car. If she was agreeable...

Quite. The good father was excused; he would fetch me to the airport in the morning. Another round of oysters then, another glass of champagne to toast our reacquaintance. Here's to Penn State, to old mutual friends and excrushees, to Truth, to Goodness, to Beauty. Here's to lively Boston, bumptious Buffalo, and—where was it? Chicago, right. A long sto-

ry, you said. On with it: long stories are my long suit.

schoolteacher is what she'd wanted to be from the beginning. Though she'd used to weep at her difficulties with higher math, and was unnerved even back then by the prospect of examinations and term papers, she'd loved her Philadelphia public-school days. At the Pennypacker Elementary School and especially at the fast-track Philadelphia High School for Girls, Penn State's future academic superstar had regarded herself as no more than a well-above-average performer. But she'd relished each new school day; had spent the long summer breaks enthusiastically camp-counseling, the next-best thing to school.

Her resolution to "teach school" never wavered. At the urging of her professors at Penn State she'd gone on to graduate study in literature and art history in the University of Chicago's Division of the Humanities; she'd done excellent work there with Edward Wasiolek, Elder Olson, Edward Rosenheim. She'd even charmed her way into one of Saul Bellow's courses, to check that famous fellow out. But she had no ambition for a doctorate: her objective was schoolteaching! (she said it always with exclamation mark and megawatt smile), and she wanted to get to it as soon as possible. On the other hand, she'd had no truck with "education" courses: Mickey Mouse stuff, in her opinion, except for the history and philosophy of education, which she'd found engrossing. Her baccalaureate was in English, her M.A. was to have been in the humanities. Neither had she been a teaching assistant; hers was a no-strings

I pricked up my ears. Was to have been?

Yes: she'd left Chicago abruptly after a year and a half, for non-academic reasons, without completing the degree. This irregularity, together with the absence of education courses on her transcripts, had made it necessary for her first employer, in Quincy, to diddle benignly with her credentials for certification to teach in the Commonwealth's public schools, especially as she'd come to Boston in mid-academic year. She was hired, and was being paid as "M.A. equivalent," which she certainly was.

Abruptly, you said? For non-academic reasons?

Yup. A love trauma, only recently recovered from. Long story, Jack.

Tollino's was closing. Initiative Three: I supposed there was a bar of some sort in or near my motel, where we could have a nightcap and go on with our stories (I too had one to tell). Should we go check me into the Charterhouse and have a look?

Sure. We made the short change of mise-enscènes down the snowplowed highway in her silver-blue Impala convertible, behind the wheel whereof my grown-up and, it would seem, now seasoned former student looked quite terrific in those beige boots and that orange miniskirted dress under that winter coat. And in the motel's all-but-empty lounge I was told at last the long story and some shorter ones, and I told mine and

some shorter ones, and presently I took Initiative Four.

lato has Socrates teach in *The Symposium* that the apprehension of Very Beauty, as distinct from any beautiful thing or class of things, is arrived at by commencing with the love of, even the lust for, some particular beautiful ob-

iect or person. Thence one may proceed to loving beautiful objects and persons in general, the shared quality that transcends their individual differences—may learn even to admire that shared quality without lusting after it: "Platonic love." Thereby one may learn to love the beauty of non-material things as well: beautiful actions, beautiful ideas (a philosopher colleague back at Penn State, remarking to me that he could not read without tears the beautiful scene near the end of Turgenev's Fathers and Children where Bazarov's old parents visit their nihilist son's grave, added, "But I weep at the Pythagorean theorem, too"). Whence the initiate, the elect, the platonically invited, may take the ultimate elevator to Beauty Bare: the quality abstracted even from beautiful abstractions. This is the celebrated "ladder of love," as I understood and taught it in Humanities 1 at Penn State, Miss Rosenberg's hand raised at every rung. Our relationship began at the top of that ladder, with those lofty abstractions: Truth, Goodness, Beauty. Now my (former) student taught her (former) teacher that that process is reversible. anyhow coaxial; that ladder a two-way street; that ultimate elevator—May I come along?—a not-bad place to begin.

She was (and is) the natural teacher I've never been. Distraught by the termination of her first adult love affair, she'd abruptly left Chicago and her almost completed graduate degree and found asylum in Boston with a Girls' High classmate, now a Harvard doctoral candidate. In the midst of this turmoil—and in midvear—she entered the profession she'd known since first grade to be her calling; and with no prior training or direct experience, from Day One on the chair side of the teacher's desk she was as entirely in her element as she'd known she would be. M.A. or no M.A., she was a master of the art; personal crisis or no personal crisis, she improvised for the Quincy Junior High fast-trackers, later for the whiz kids at Weston and Wayland, a course in literature and art history as highpowered and high-spirited as its teacher. She flourished under the staggering workload of a brand-new full-time superconscientious publicschool English teacher. She throve in the life of her new city: new friends, apartment-mates, parties, sports, explorations, dates, liaisons-all worked in between the long hours of preparing lesson plans and study questions, assembling films and organizing projector slides, critiquing papers, grading quizzes and exams, and teaching, teaching, teaching her enthusiastic students, who knew a winner when they learned from one.

In subsequent Boston visits (No need to fetch me to the airport this morning, Father; I have a ride, thanks) I would meet various of her colThe d had no truck with 'education' course Mickey Mouse stuff, in her opinon

ther professional attention is directed at her charges' characters and values as well as at their thought processes

leagues—most of them likewise energetic, dedicated, and attractive young men and women—and a few of her students, bound for advanced placement in the Ivy League. I would come to see just how good "good" public schooling can be, how mediocre mine was, how barely better had been my children's. Alas, I was unable to witness my former student's teacherly performances as she'd witnessed a semester's worth of mine. Public schools are not open to the public; anyhow, my presence would have been intrusive. By all accounts they were superlative, virtuoso. From what I knew of her as a student, I could not imagine otherwise.

Yet she came truly into her professional own when, after our marriage, we moved to Buffalo—returned to Buffalo in my case, from a honeymoon year as a visiting professor at Boston University—and, beginning to feel the burden of full-time public-school teaching, she took with misgivings a half-time job in a private girls' high school, the old Buffalo Seminary. Its noncoed aspect gave her no trouble; much as she'd enjoyed her male students in Boston, she'd enjoyed even more the atmosphere of the Philadelphia High School for Girls. But the notion of private schools—"independent schools," they call themselves-ran counter to her liberaldemocratic principles. Buff Sem's exclusiveness was not academic, as had been that of Girls' High and the Wayland fast track; she feared it would be social, perhaps racist: a finishing school for the daughters of well-to-do Buffalonians who didn't want their kids in the racially and economically integrated city system.

Her apprehensions were not foundationless. Despite generous scholarship programs and sincere attempts at "balance," good U.S. private schools are far more homogeneous—racially, economically, socially, academically—than our public schools are, especially our urban public schools. But her misgivings evaporated within a week in the sunny company of her new charges. The girls as a group were no brighter than those at Quincy, Weston, Wayland; less bright, as a group, than her fast-trackers in those public schools or her own high-school classmates back in Philadelphia. But they were entirely likable, not at all snobbish, and wondrously educable. There are next to no disciplinary problems in a good private girls' school, at least not in the classroom. And with only twelve or so students per class, and with only two classes, and without the powerfully distracting sexual voltage of coeducation at the high-school level-what teaching could get done!

We stayed for only one academic year. But more than a dozen years later she is still remembered with respect and affection by her Seminary headmaster and by her students from that Wunderjahr. She had become Mrs. Barth in two respects: it pleased her to append her husband's last name to her own (to be called "Mrs. John Barth," however, rightly rankles her; she is herself, not Mrs. Me), and she had become the pedagogical phenomenon her students refer to among themselves as "Barth." One does not speak of taking "Mrs. Barth's course" in myth and fantasy, or in the short story, or in the nineteenth-century Russian novel, or in the literature of alienation; one speaks of "taking Barth." For along with large infusions of the curricular subject matter, what one gets from "taking Barth" is a massive (but always high-spirited, high-energy) education in moral-intellectual responsibility: responsibility to the text, to the author, to the language, to the muses of Truth, Goodness, and Beauty...and, along the way, responsibility to the school, to one's teachers and classmates, to oneself.

Very little of this came via her husband. I don't doubt that "Barth" learned a few things from her undergraduate professor about the texts in Hum 1—texts on which, however, I was no authority. No doubt too her daily life with a working novelist and writing coach sharpened her understanding of how fiction is put together, how it manages its effects. But she is a closer reader than I, both of literary texts and of student essays, and a vastly more painstaking critic of the latter, upon which she frequently spends more time than their authors. The Barth who writes this sentence involves himself not at all with the extracurricular lives and extraliterary values of the apprentice writers in his charge. My concern is with their dramaturgy, not with the drama of their personal lives, and seriously as I take my academic commitments, they unquestionably rank second to my commitments to the muse. The Barth "taken" by the girls at the Buffalo Seminary, and thereafter (since 1973, when we moved from Buffalo to Baltimore) at St. Timothy's School, gives them 100 percent of her professional attention: an attention that drives her to work time and a half at her "halftime" job, and that is directed at her charges' characters and values as well as at their thought processes, their written articulateness, and their literary perceptivity. I'm at my best with the best of my students, the ones en route to joining our next literary generation, and am at my weakest with the weakest. She works her wonders broadcast; the testimonial letters—I should get such reviews!—pile in from her C and D students as well as from the high achievers, and from their parents. Often those letters come from college (wimpy, the girls complain, compared to taking Barth; we thought college would be serious!); sometimes they come years later, from the strong young urban professionals many

of those students have become: You opened my eyes. You changed my life.

This she has done for more than a dozen years now at St. Tim's, a fairly aristocratic, Episcopalflavored boarding school in the horse-and-mansion country north of Baltimore. It has proved a virtually ideal place for the exercise of her gifts. She has her complaints about it (as do I about my dear once-deadly-serious Johns Hopkins). She worries about grade inflation; about the risk of softening performance standards; about the unquestioning conservatism of many of her students. She freely admires, however, the general fineness of the girls themselves, who wear their privileges lightly and who strive so, once their eyes have been opened, to measure up to her elevated standards, to deserve her praise. (I have met numbers of the best of these girls and am every time reminded of Anton Chekhov's remark to his brother: "What the aristocrats take for granted, we paid for with our youth." Encircled by a garland of them at a party at our house, Donald Barthelme once asked my wife: "Can't I take a few of them home in my briefcase?")

She hopes to go on with this wonder-working . . . oh, for a while yet. She doubts she has the metabolism for a full-length career, sometimes wonders whether she has it for a full-length life. As her habits of relentless self-criticism and superpreparation have required a half-time situation on which to expend more than full-time energy, so-like some poets and fictionistsshe will accomplish, perhaps must accomplish, a full professional life in fewer than the usual number of years. We feel similarly, with the same mix of emotions, about our late-started marriage, consoling ourselves with the reflection that, as two teachers who do most of our work at home, we are together more in one year than most working couples are in two. At the front end of her forties, unlike some other highenergy schoolteachers, she has no interest in "moving up" or moving on to some other aspect of education. For her there is only the crucible of the classroom—those astonishing fifty-minute bursts for which, like a human satellite transmitter, she spends hours and hours preparing—and the long, patient, hugely therapeutic individual conferences with her girls, and the hours and hours more of annotating their essays: word by word, sentence by sentence, idea by idea, value by value, with a professional attention that puts to shame any doctor's or lawyer's I've known. How I wish my children had had such a high-school teacher. How I wish I had!

So: for a while yet. A few years from now, if all goes well, I myself mean to retire from teaching, which I'll have been at for four decades, and—not without some trepidation—we'll see.

An unfortunate side effect of the single-mindedness behind my best former student's teaching is that, like many another inspired workaholic, she's short on extraprofessional interests and satisfactions. And both of us are socially impaired persons, so enwrapped in our work and each other that our life is a kind of solipsism à deux. We'll see.

My university's loss will easily be made up. Talented apprentice writers doubtless learn things from the sympathetic and knowledgeable coach in a well-run writing program; I surely did. But they acquire their art mainly as writers always have done: from reading, from practice, from aesthetic argument with their impassioned peers, from experience of the world and of themselves. Where the talent in the room is abundant, it scarcely matters who sits at the head of the seminar table, though it matters some. The Johns Hopkins Writing Seminarians will readily find another coach.

But if when I go she goes too—from schooling her girls in art and life, nudging them through the stage of romance, as Whitehead calls it, toward the stage of precision—there's a loss can nowise be made good. Writers publish; scholars, critics publish. In a few cases, what they publish outlives them, by much or little. But a first-rate teacher's immortality is neither more nor less than the words (spoken even decades later by her former students to their own students, spouses, children, friends): "Mrs. Barth used to tell us..."

I like to imagine one of hers meeting one of mine, some sufficient distance down the road. He has become (as I'd long predicted) one of the established writers of his generation; she is a hotshot young whatever, who's nevertheless still much interested in literature, so exciting did her old high-school English teacher make that subject. They're in an elevator somewhere, upward bound to a reception for the invited, and they're quickly discovering, indeed busily seeking, additional common ground. Somehow the city of Baltimore gets mentioned: Hey, they both went to school there! Later, over oysters and champagne, they circle back to that subject. She'd been in high school, he in graduate school: St. Timothy's, Johns Hopkins, Hopkins, did he say, in the mid-eighties? She supposes then (knowledgeably, indeed, for a young international banker) that he must have worked with her old English teacher's husband, the novelist...

Sure, we all had Barth.

What a smile she smiles! You think you had Barth, she declares (it's late; the place is closing; they bet there's a night-cappery somewhere near his motel): Never mind that one: Out at St. Timothy's, we had Barth! Talk about teachers! Let's.

For her there is only the crucible of the classroom, those astonishing fifty-minute bursts

# DREAMS OF DISTANT LIVES

By Lee K. Abbott

he other victim the summer my wife left me was my dream life, which, like a mirage, dried up completely as we came to the absolute end of us. In the fourteen years we were married I was a ferocious dreamer, drawing all I knew or feared or loved about the waking world into my sleep life. If I saw a neighbor's animal—Les Fletcher's horse, say, or Newt Grider's collie dog—I would see dozens of them in my dreams that night, beasts whose language I understood and respected, animals whose stories I heard and wept over just as one day I would weep over my own misfortune.

In the early morning hours after our first son was born, I watched a flock of pigeons from my wife's hospital room. There were hundreds, mindless as only those swivel-eved birds can be, flapping and swirling in a hurly-burly over the air conditioners, their bird chatter an unhappy, loud whirring as constant as party talk. It was a noise I heard distinctly hours later, when I fell asleep at home. They were yammering, those dream birds; and what they said to each other, and would say to others yet to arrive, seemed so sensible to me in my sleep that I awoke smiling. as if I had heard secrets vital enough to live by. I had been where they had been: north and south, in good weather and bad, into trees and onto ledges, on rooftops and in parks. I was, in the few hours I dozed, a pigeon.

Another time, on a vacation to Disneyland, I became the folks we met on the road: those who pumped our gas, or cooked burgers for us, or stood behind the desks at the Holiday Inns we stayed in. I was the boy who bused our table in Phoenix, the blond woman outside the entrance

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of the San Diego zoo whose child was colicky or too well fed; I was the motorists we passed at sixty miles an hour, and I was the citizens whose communities we circled in the atlas: Santa Barbara, Laguna Beach, San Mateo. I paid their utility bills, shopped and ate and hollered for them. At the end of our four weeks, driving south from San Francisco to our home in Las Cruces, I was even the pilots overhead, whose babble was as remarkable and private as that of birds.

But when Karen left, my dreams stopped. Not abruptly, as if the tape that was my inner life had finally run out, but gradually, as if the world inside me were subject to erosion by the common elements of wind and water, and by the uncommon elements of lovelessness and despair. My first night alone I was a general, a George Armstrong Custer. I had blond heroic hair and heavy gold braid on the tight broadcloth tunic that flattened the lazy man's belly I have. My dream voice was stern, my vocabulary as fancy and important as one in any schoolbook. In that dream I issued orders which were happily and swiftly obeyed, and had my name called so often that when my alarm rang, I woke saying, "Yes, how may I help?" I remember standing—at attention, I suppose—at my bedside, alert as a sentinel, wondering what personal emergency had fetched me into daylight again. "Karen?" I said. "What is it?" Though I was awake, the part of me Karen had left behind when she went to her sister's in El Paso believed that she was still here, if not in the bathroom next door then in the

Searching for her, I opened Danny's door, and then Mark's. Their bedrooms seemed empty, not abandoned. Beds were made, closets organized, toys put away. Still, hearing her name

over and over in my memory, I looked for her. Her plants were here (the Boston fern, the overwatered rhododendron), as were her books and most of her clothes, but she was not. It was only when I opened the patio door and stood in the backyard, studying the rosebushes she'd planted the year before, that I snapped to. I had been slugged, I felt. I was actually staggered, thrown backward by a force like horror. "Karen?" I said again, but by then I did not mean it. Her name was only a word given to an object that wasn't here anymore. It was a word that stood for an absence, like darkness itself, that had made way for the waking life.

n the weeks that followed, my dreams still came quickly, but with parts missing or poorly joined. They had no beginnings, and their endings seemed less like conclusions than interruptions. They were like slide exhibits, flashing picture shows thrown together by the weary, unthinking heart of me. The family came and went: my boys were born, grew, and swept into adulthood in minutes. My father, dead many years, now appeared, dressed for golf, in the checkerboard plus fours he favored, and in his snappy Panama hat. He did not speak, nor did I see him, as I often had, camped in front of the TV, his banker's expression fixed and baleful. Instead, he was swinging his Walter Hagen driver, in slide after slide, his stroke an enviable display of mind and muscle. I saw my mother, too. In every frame that rose out of the night, she sat at the shallow end of the country club pool, her bathing suit an unflattering one-piece affair whose wide shoulder straps hung down her arms and whose skirt seemed more appropriate to a child. She was fluttering her feet in the water. again and again, and pointing, in obvious joy, to a soaked figure in the baby pool, a skinny, clumsily diapered toddler. One night I saw the few friends I had as a youngster-Mike Runyan, John Risner, Jimmy Bullard; and I saw the first house we lived in, 111 West Gallagher, behind which was a cotton field where we raced our Schwinn bicycles and, later, a rusted twodoor Ford. I saw the Texas college I could not graduate from, the cramped dorm room I lived in, the Lake Dallas oil man's house I was violently drunk in once—all of which became too sad and perplexing to sleep through.

Often, too often to be unimportant, I saw faces and events placed side by side, as if between them I were to make comparisons; as if between, on the left, my wife at home in her nightwear, and, on the right, me in the caddy room at the country club, I were somehow to see a connection. I saw nothing. No meaning, no significance. I was uninvolved, as distant from what was being shown to me asleep as from what

I had once seen awake. I would climb into bed after KTFM's ten o'clock news and, before setting the alarm and switching off the bedstand light, ask myself what silliness, what oddball's concoction of delight and misery, I would dream. Nothing of my job as a ninth-grade math teacher came to me, nor did I recognize anyone from the present—not Herb Swetman, my principal and best pal; not Emily Probert, his secretary; not any of the youngsters I coach on the soccer team. I began to conceive of my unconscious, the thing we are told our dreams spill from, as a fishing net whose weave was too wide for the current world.

By September, my dreams had put me to work. Night after night, I picked up leaves from trees I don't have, one by one, and stacked them in piles as high as my ears. I wrote my name, with one hand and then the other, in ink and in pencil, on ruled and on unlined paper. One time, after a phone call from Karen, whose last words were so impersonal they could have been uttered by a Martian, I sleepwalked. My dream concerned thirst, and when the alarm went off, on my nightstand I found not one but five glasses of water; and I report to you now that I drank each of them, slowly and seriously, as if I dared not, as if the penalty for neglecting what our dreams bid us do is not less than death itself. Yes, I drank them; and after each, in the icv silence between the putting down of one and the taking up of another, I had a vision of myself as I was when Karen and I married—a wise

guy ignorant of what time can do to love.

he last of my dreams was almost a year later, after our divorce was final and I knew I had to go forward again. This was several years ago, when I regularly played stud poker in the men's locker at the country club. There were five of us, all married but me, and the most you could lose in our quarter-limit game was twenty dollars. We would drink and order roast beef sandwiches from the second-floor snack bar and, if we expected to be late, we could shower or dive into the pool or go out to the driving range to be crazy. On the night of this dream, I was the last to leave. The sight of my winnings, folding money and change, didn't impress me. There was no place to go. Ed had driven home to Bonnie, Max to Jean, the rest to their own wives; and I was there, in a chair, a drink at my elbow, listening to the dripping showers and the satisfying whoosh-whoosh the outdoor sprinklers made. I went to the pool and tumbled in, clothes and lace-up shoes and all, and, as I had as a kid, I pulled straight for the deep end, down fifteen feet to the drain, where the pressure and heavy silence of the water overhead had once

seemed is reassuring as ground. Some of this is plunged diwn suspending miss. Le ula betura crawling up to this little and L rida a alre an illived elseanere sinsiste in elle not be too much damaged by what had hapnemed, and a right was time enjoyed to the rule of portant. I had the night formyse the sole will stars whole nations could wish upon, and clouds that say rain is on the way, and breezes that bring with them the smells of what we plant hereabouts in the Mesilla Valley. I think I sang: and now I hear that singing again, as if I am out on the course at night and saving to myself, as a stranger, that there is a man singing over vonder, in a scratchy voice with some liquor and cigarettes in it, and that man is happy.

I folded my soggy clothes over the chain-link tence and considered the place. I studied the



buildings-the pro shop, the ballroom, the women's locker a floor above our own-and, beyond them, the third of my town that wasn't asleep or had no work to do. I could see Hiebert's Drive-in, the Rocket Theater, and the curve of North Main Street that swept by the Loretto Shopping Center. I could hear cars, faint and steady, and I wondered who was out there. I imagined moving the one hill in front of me and being able to point out the house I own as well as those I pass every day on my way to Alameda Middle School. I was putting together my world as my dreams had once put me together, and everywhere I looked I spotted something—a willow tree, someone's Lincoln Continental a garage—that might look better over there. Or there. Or there. Naked, common sense stripped away by the Jack Daniel's I like, I saw the world I could construct for the sixty thousand souls I share it with. A house became a with problem for my class. I put X with Y with B, and by the time, an hour later, I shown in a ratty chaise by the pool, this large than IN has Ana County had become as quantand patchwork as those we yearn for from older times that never were. Joy—and mirth and bli and virtue—had many faces that night; for I put packets of hearts of minds whatever ow time had been stolen or broken.

We are told, I believe, too many truism about our inner lives. In books and magazine and on TV we hear too much about the selve we are. We are good, we hear, or we are bac like dogs, or not; like angels, or not; flawed o perfected. Our swamis tell us—preachers and

teachers, politicians and doctors, all the tattling experts running loose among us. But it is in dreams—of pigeons, of the past, of people long gone—that we attend to the inner life itself, hear it in its own words and at its own pitch.

My last dream featured the desert we have around Las Cruces, the thousands of square miles of sand and rock and scrawny brush that doomsayers tell us will one day be your home too. It was a flat world, infertile as a skillet, with lightning flashing at the rim. It was a world of red and yellow and green skies, all the colors poets love, a place whose light was liquid and melting all around. I was in it, I dreamed, at an unmarked crossroads, the age I am now, thirty-nine, and in good health. I could go left, or right, or straight, but to the man I was then the choice made

no real difference. I was to see something, I knew, and soon enough it appeared in the shimmering, collapsed distance. I was seeing myself out there, black against white, absurdly tall in a diminished land. "All right," I said. "All right." My inner life, the world constructed from what I'd been and done, was speaking to me, patiently and calmly. I would hear what it had to say, and I would understand. And so I came to myself, observed the man I am now walk forward to the man I was then and take him, as a father takes his children, into his arms. The one held the other—the future cradling the present and the one who had been left, the one whose interior hooks and hasps and snaps had come undone, gave himself up utterly. They were both there, in dreamland, under heaven and over hell, two versions of the same man, clasped in an embrace that would end when the world came up again.

# CHILDHOOD FOUND, WEIGHT LOST

Two books on the lam from genre By Stanley W. Lindberg

Mountain Blood, by Will Baker. University of Geòrgia Press, 175 pp., \$14.95.

The Philosopher's Diet: How to Lose Weight and Change the World, by Richard Watson. Atlantic Monthly Press, 153 pp., \$12.95; \$7.95 paper.

he best writing, at least some of us believe, is that which engages us both intellectually and aesthetically even as it disturbs our customary way of perceiving the world. It invites and sustains subsequent readings. And, of course, it seldom makes the best-seller list. Often, indeed, the books that prove to be the most enduring make their way without fanfare, being discovered by new readers not because of huge advertising campaigns, celebrity endorsements, or author appearances on television but because they have been recommended so enthusiastically by one reader to another.

Such a pattern of reader referral appears to be quietly building the reputations of two especially fine works of nonfiction published recently: Will Baker's Mountain Blood and Richard Watson's The Philosopher's Diet. Neither one fits easily into the single-genre pigeonholing that simplifies life for booksellers, librarians, reviewers, and readers who know exactly what kind of book they want. Neither one is likely to achieve major popular success. But each has genuine character, integrity, and lasting merit, making it a strong candidate for the most-recommended-by-word-of-mouth list.

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Will Baker's Mountain Blood captures the independent spirit and sensibility of the American West in which it is set, bringing together seven strong pieces that resist being labeled as either stories or autobiographical essays and yet successfully employ elements of both. The entries are self-contained and intriguingly titled—"The Winged Worm," for instance, captures a sevenyear-old boy's exultation upon landing his first trout; "Letter to a Nebraska Housewife" advances almost surrealistically in probing the "moments of secret horror" that lie behind the facade of order imposed by our society; "The Beautician & the One-Legged Man" presents a moving love story (doomed by alcohol), balanced marvelously with the adolescent narrator's painful account of his own coming of age but individually and collectively such titles are of little help in fixing genres. Nor is it particularly useful to learn from the dust jacket that Mountain Blood is the first winner of the Associated Writing Programs Award for Creative Nonfiction, since the description serves only to point in a general direction.

Every label is a libel, experience teaches us, but Baker recognizes our craving for accepted categories and examines at length in his introduction the reasons why so many people are uncomfortable with writing that mixes fact and fiction. Unlike Truman Capote, Baker makes no claim for having invented a genre; the boundaries he seeks to straddle are familiar ones. Capote and Mailer have been there, of course, as have such writers as Tom Wolfe, Hunter Thompson, and those who seem to have been

These stories are told with an artistic skill that lets the larger truths emerge quietly as Baker sorts out passions, past and present

more direct influences on Baker: Loren Eiseley, Annie Dillard, Barry Lopez, John McPhee, and Norman Maclean (with whose A River Runs Through It Baker's book invites close association). Yet, as Baker says, "the telling is all," and fortunately for us he is a splendid teller. Once he leaves behind the dilemma of what to label his products (he shifts between calling them "stories" and "tales," conceding that "terms like yarn or essay or memoir or meditation would help only a little"), most readers will gladly abandon the theoretical debate and feast on the writing that follows.

Baker's strength lies in his masterly blending of many elements—including autobiography, oral legend, history, and philosophical reflection—into a lean prose of convincing vitality. For the most part his approach is so seemingly indirect that the craft involved in structuring this diverse material can be seen only when one breaks the spell and steps back in admiration. Note, for instance, Baker's one-sentence description of his father as storyteller:

The parable was colored throughout by my father's particular style, and to get the effect of it you have to imagine a narrator who advances without perceivable plan, without the slightest notion of structure or design to delineate one story from another; who interrupts the line of action to clean his fingernails with a pocket knife or his ears with a matchstick; who digresses into tirades against large companies and distant politicians or argues with his listeners over the precise date and locale of each event-whether, for example, the road from Yellow Pine (which has no purpose in this tale except to carry Grandfather to his dramatic encounter with the old miner) was built before or after the landslide at Warren which buried a man, the brother—or was it?—of a sheepherder nicknamed the Ox, whose legendary feats of strength could at this point usurp Grandfather entirely and become the featured anecdote for the evening, unless one rapt soul (the youngest, always myself) should blurt out the question and reminder—"But Dad, what about Grandpa and the old guy who almost died?"-and receive for his pains a look of mild yet monumental scorn as preface to an interminable, devious return to the original story, to Grandfather still riding with his packstring along the wagon road from Yellow Pine, hooves thudding dully in earth damp from spring runoff, riding now in shadow, for the sun is behind the ridge.

That Baker's paragraph may appear to wander as aimlessly as his father's tale will probably tax the patience of some plot pursuers, but this is not filler—and it's no authorial misstep. It's a crucial part of the context Baker creates, in which the original family tale (which eventually gets related) is subordinated to a more intriguing, more significant concern.

The passage just cited comes from "Sour-doughs, Filibusters, & a One-Eared Mule," the

concluding piece in the book and one of the most dazzling. Its central subject is gold: man's continual lusting for this "yellow stuff" and the power it holds; the worldwide misery such greed has caused; the influence gold has had in shaping America's history. More of an essay, perhaps, than any of its companions in the collection, it nevertheless builds on an authentic narrative line, uses traditional fictional devices and techniques, and fuels the reader's imagination in a manner as haunting as that present in the best "pure" fiction.

Similar techniques and power inform "The Legend of Great Uncle Jim & the Woman Behind It All," an account of Baker's attempt to unearth the truth about his great-uncle's violent death in a Nevada mining town more than seventy years earlier. Though he learns few new details about the fight and the Woman Behind It All, he does discover that there was also a Woman Left Out (and possibly a Woman Above It All), and he learns some important things about himself. All of this is told with an artistic skill that lets the larger truths emerge quietly as Baker sorts out passions, past and present. Whatever label it finally bears,

this is extraordinarily splendid writing. Jome books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested," Francis Bacon wrote almost 400 years ago. Will Baker's Mountain Blood certainly belongs in Bacon's final category, as does Richard Watson's inviting volume The Philosopher's Diet: How to Lose Weight and Change the World. This is not just another diet book, despite its title and some pages of direct advice on the ostensible subject. The real emphasis here is on the subtitle: Watson is earnestly recommending that people modify their behavioral patterns—not so much to look trimmer (although that would clearly follow from adherence to the program he outlines) as simply to prove to themselves "the fierce satisfaction in taking control of a small part of your own life."

It is, appropriately, a slender book—only 153 pages, divided into seven chapters ("Fat," "Food," "Roughage," "Running," "Sex," "How to Live," and "How to Die")—but the range of Watson's concerns is impressive, and his energetic style serves admirably to cover an otherwise familiar subject in a new and valuable way. He admits from the start that most diet books merely "provide light reading for moderately heavy people" and that the "diet industry" is essentially part of the entertainment business. He mixes in lots of ammunition for those who want to rationalize their current weights ("Women know, for example, that size 12 bought off the rack at Penney's is considerably smaller than size

12 in expensive clothes. If you have been economical in buying your clothes but want to reduce your dress size, all you have to do is pay for it"). And he delights in forcing us to confront some of our self-deceptions:

Turn to the centerfolds in Playboy and Playgirl. Here is your exercise: calculate the weight and height of the beautiful bodies displayed front center. Now turn to the advertisements in Vogue and the New Yorker and do the same for their models. See what I mean? The nude bodies we like to look at are inevitably shorter and heavier than the clothed bodies we like to look at. Almost all the nudes exhibited in the centerfolds exceed the average American weight for their height.

All of this is to help us start thinking, of course, and Watson enlists a number of intellectual heavyweights to advance his thesis. For those unaccustomed to drawing on the wisdom of Descartes, Pascal, and Hume—to mention only those philosophers most frequently employed by Watson—he provides a leavening with other, less intimidating thinkers:

One of the greatest success stories in the diet literature is that of Fats Goldberg of New York City. By the time Goldberg was twenty-five years old, he had weighed over 300 pounds for years. For many reasons he decided to lose weight, but most of them can be summed up in one word: girls. Not to put too fine a point on it, Fats wanted to get laid. I've never met Mr. Goldberg, but I like him. He went right to the heart of the matter. . . . So Fats took it off and keeps it off.

How did he do it? For one thing, he knew what he wanted. There is nothing like the promise of paradise to get someone's attention. Anticipation is wonderfully mind-concentrating. Fats exploited anticipation to get there, and he still uses anticipation to stay there.... Fats Goldberg sticks to a severe diet for six days a week. Then one day a week, he has an orgy.... The 300-pound man he once was still haunts him, so once a week Fats leads this ghost to the trough and says, "Eat, you pig!"

Whereas the "how to" instructions of most diet books are spelled out at great length, Watson's program (he is not recommending the Fats Goldberg approach) is painfully simple: stop eating sugar and processed foods; start eating fresh fruit, vegetables, and whole grains; reduce caloric intake to 900 calories a day until you've reached your target weight (at which point you may slowly add more calories until you find your maintenance level); and—oh yes—run four miles a day for the rest of your life. It is obvious that to lose weight one must eat less, but Watson argues that the yo-yo pattern of most fad dieters can be broken only by radical changes in thinking and behaving.

Watson's program and his rationale, his entertaining anecdotes and debunkings of myths, even the single recipe he furnishes ("The Philosopher's Recipe for Bran Muffins")—all are delivered with a passion that shows. Watson is a man with a mission, his fervor at times almost evangelical. As was said of Dr. Johnson, "when his pistol misses fire, he knocks you down with the butt end of it." He actually believes we can change our lives and thus change the world and he builds a persuasive case:

What I have to say is that fat, my friends, is in my book a metaphor. Fat represents the nagging triviality, the utter banality, and the inevitability of ordinary reality that separate us from what we think we want to be. It is the fleshly part of ourselves that binds us to this earth and keeps us from eternal life. My thesis is that the myth of heavenly paradise is but a dream of attenuated earthly jovs abstracted from the trials and tribulations of daily

Render out some of that fat. Get down to the muscle. Bare yourself to the rising wind...it really does not matter to the rest of us what you do, so long as you don't hurt anyone. But if you don't do something you will be proud of later on, it will mat-

The attractiveness of books like The Philosopher's Diet and Mountain Blood derives in large part from the skill with which the authors incorporate their unique earned experiences. Richard Watson, a professor of philosophy at Washington University in St. Louis, has written extensively in his scholarly discipline. In addition, he is a published novelist, a dieter, a runner, and the co-author of The Longest Cave, an account of the twenty-year exploration (in which he participated) to establish the connecting link between Mammoth Cave and the Flint Ridge Cave System in Kentucky. Will Baker also works from a university base—he is a professor of English at the University of California at Davis—and has published both scholarly books and novels, while winning prizes for his filmmaking. The interdisciplinary range of Baker's interests is suggested by the title of another of his books: Backward: An Essay on Indians, Time, and Photography (1983).

Almost a year after publication, Watson's Philosopher's Diet is still being reviewed favorably in such unlikely places as literary quarterlies and its availability now in paperback ensures it an even larger audience. Baker's Mountain Blood is in its third printing only a few months after publication—near record time for a university press book. Clearly both books are reaching growing audiences because they are being read and talked about. That's a healthy sign, for these are works that merit the enthusiastic recommendations they are unsolicitedly receiving Each is a book worth buying, worth reading. worth sharing with friends, worth fighting to let back from those who forget to return it.

The attractiveness of books like these derives from the skill with which the authors incorporate their unique experiences

# LE BREAK DANCE? JAMAIS DE LA VIE!

Protecting the purity of French By David Zane Mairowitz

Parisian street bathed in the romantic light of street lamps. A young couple in a parked car wonder how to continue their perfect evening. The young cavalier leans over and whispers to his flame, "Un long drink dans mon living room?" The lady is outraged. She slaps the offending face and rushes from the car. That this is not a display of sexual puritanism quickly becomes evident when the young man catches up with her and rephrases his proposal in unadulterated French: "Un dernier verre au coin du feu?" His reward is a long, breathless kiss carrying the unspoken promise of more to come.

A badly dubbed Hollywood B-movie on French television? Not at all. This is a video clip produced by the Commissariat Générale de la Langue Française (General Commission of the French Language), whose duty it is to cleanse and purify the French language of foreign (read: American) influence. The commissariat, guided by the motto "The French language, it's a pleasure to hear it," has spawned "terminology commissions" in nearly every government ministry. These are made up of linguists and experts in a wide range of fields, men and women who speak passionately of the "semantic and syntactical invasion" and of the need to "reconquer our language." Their mandate: to invent French equivalents for the thousands of English words and phrases used in French industry, culture, computer technology, and so on. These mots nouveaux, sanctioned by the Académie Francaise, are published in the government's Journal Officiel and are endowed with legal status. Public institutions, school authorities, and anyone seeking a government contract are obliged to integrate the new words into all written materials

Dated Zone Marone 2 is the author of Wilhelm Reich for Beginners. He lifes in the south of France.

and to expel the Anglo-Saxon invaders. Once a French family might have piled into "le camping car" and driven onto "le car ferry" or "l'Hovercraft," to arrive in England, grab "un sandwich" at "un fast food," then continue on to the airport, leave the car in "un parking," and jump on "le jumbo jet." Now they are being asked to take "l'autocaravane" onto the "navire transbordeur" or the speedier "aéroglisseur," down "un cassecroûte" at the local "prêt-à-manger," and check in (sorry, "enregistrer") for the flight on "un gros-porteur."

Protecting the purity of la belle langue is not a new crusade. It dates back at least to Cardinal Richelieu, who created the Académie Française 350 years ago. Since then, the Académie has decreed which words would be permitted entry into the official French lexicon. Foreign words had always been frowned upon, but it was not until December 31, 1975, that they were reduced to the status of illegal immigrants. On that day a law was passed that actually forbids the use of foreign terms in all administrative texts, school manuals, and publicity for goods and services. The law has affected all sectors of the economy, empowering even a customs official to turn back an imported sweater labeled "100% acrylic" instead of "100% acrylique." Yet the banning of foreign expressions and the authorized discouragement of "franglais" have met with only limited success, so government commissions and private groups such as the General Association of French Language Users have recently pushed for a higher profile. Among the projects in hand or proposed are: a television spot (pardon, "un message publicitaire") in which a bank robber's "C'est un holdup, aboule les dollars" is met with a vacant stare by the bank teller until redelivered as "C'est une attaque à main armée"; a telephone service called SVP Language, which will provide the French equivalent for any troubling Anglo-Saxonism; and a children's television program, l'Académie des enfants, in which kids take aim at outlaw English terms and try to coin French ones in their place.

The creation of new words and their publication for the man on the street in the Dictionary of Official Neologisms is indeed a Sisyphean task. Because the majority of new words concern computer technology, no sooner are they published than they become outdated. One leading terminologist complained, "With the development of science and technology, we can never really finish our work. I have eight to ten thousand words to deal with.... We spend more than one hour on each word." Similarly, the attempt to prohibit words that have long been in common parlance is rather like trying to close the barn door after the cheval has bolted. The campaign to change "Walkman" to "baladeur" (from the French verb meaning "to stroll") met with howls of scornful laughter from lycée students. "What would my friends say if they heard me use a word like that?" was the typical response. And, bien sûr, it is folly to think that French teenagers, weaned on American pop culture, would dream of tuning in to hear "un animateur" play "les palmarès" when everyone knows that only "un disc jockey" can successfully spin "le hit parade."

he commissioner of the commissariat, Philippe de Saint Robert, defending his work against predictable charges of xenophobia, makes the valuable point that "borrowed words can play a part in the life of a language as long as the language has a genius for integrating them and not submitting to them." The majority of Americanisms used in French sentences stand out like sore thumbs and, to compound the difficulty, are pronounced with French emphasis, distorting the original into something neither English nor French. Some words, however, convey concepts that simply cannot be integrated. "Marketing," for one. American technology and commerce sweep European markets with a rapidity that leaves French industry behind in the dust, lacking—dare we say it?—savoir faire. Some French critics have argued that the fault lies not with the rampant imperialism of American advances but with the slowness of the French language to adapt. In addition, the complexity of French grammar often condemns new terms to a length unfit for competition with crisp Yankee catchwords. Who would buy "un disque audionumérique" when he could get "un compact disc," or trade "le cash flow" for "une marge brute d'autofinancement"? In the computer world, "joystick," "hardware," and "software" possess an underlying eroticism that is lost in "manche à balai," "matériel," and "logiciel"—the Ministry of Communications' linguistically correct substitutes. And what soldier would change his Mae West life jacket for a "gilet de sauvetage," as the Defense Ministry's word finders demand?

There is no denying that the spice of Americanisms in the sandwich of a French sentence is *chic.* It brings a touch of snobbery, and for teenagers it can form a secret, vengeful sub-lingo, an adjunct to local slang. The American model of fast-life and high-turnover culture is extremely compelling in France. Still, the French dismay is understandable. Just as France insists on its own nuclear capacity—*la force de frappe*—so it can demand that the terminology of nuclear command be its own.

The French word hunt would be less disturbing if it were not accompanied by a new, fervent nationalism, as evidenced by the reintroduction of the compulsory singing of "La Marseillaise" in the schools; the speeches of former education minister Jean-Pierre Chevènement decrying the "Coca-colonization" of French culture; and the emergence of a neo-fascist political party, the National Front, dedicated to eliminating all "foreign" elements from France.

The phenomenon is not entirely without historical precedent. "Our mother tongue, whose harmony, power, and flexibility we can be proud of, belongs to the noblest of values, whose preservation lies close to our hearts. Unfortunately, its purity is not always cared for as much as is desirable.... The school has in this respect important tasks to fulfill so that we can hand down the precious treasure of the German language pure and unadulterated." These remarks, made by the Nazi interior minister in 1933, inaugurated Hitler's campaign to ban all foreign words and phrases from German culture. And they give a ghostly poignancy to the philosopher T. W. Adorno's idea that "foreign words are the lews of language."

This is not to suggest that the dusty sages of the Académie Française have anything sinister in mind, their stated goal being merely to "enrich" the French language. But it cannot be denied that all languages evolve as a result of invasions—whether military, intellectual, or technological—or that this is a natural process which no amount of legislation or wordplay can hope to halt. And as long as President Mitterrand schedules his cabinet meetings so as not to miss the latest episode of Dallas (a habit reported by former minister of culture lack Lang), so French kids will continue to do "le break dance," plugged into "un Walkman," with mouths full of "le chewing gum," a term none of their parents even imagined until some GI first handed out the stuff way back when.

to prohibit words in common parlance is like trying to close the barn door after the cheval has bolted



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THE RECORD DAVID HALBERS AM

### LETTERS

Continued from page 7

are powerless to restore lost honor or change individual policies. That is how terrorism is different from other crimes: as far as its victims or potential victims can tell, it is indifferent to the logic of cause and effect. Those who live in fear of a terrorist attack (unlike those who fear mugging, for instance) know that if the attack comes they will have no right of retaliation, no practical means of self-defense, and not even any way to surrender. What defines terrorism is its intentional choice of victims who are irrelevant to the cause for which they are made to suffer.

Hitchens condemns the study of terrorism because some ideologues either misunderstand or misuse the term. Instead of trying to clarify it for them, which is evidently beyond his ability, he simply obscures it further with a fussy lecture about usage that would make William Safire proud.

Let's call the thing what it is, and then try to learn how to stop it.

Tony Proscio Brooklyn, N.Y.

Christopher Hitchens contends that the word "terrorism" is meaningless and, what is more, an instrument of propaganda "by which history is abolished." His thesis is deeply flawed and wholly unconvincing. To the victims of terrorist violence, their ranks steadily swelling, it must also seem profoundly offensive.

Consider the case of Leon Klinghoffer. If, as Hitchens would have it, there is no such thing as "terrorism," then, perforce, there are no terrorists. How then shall we describe the man who decided, upon encountering an elderly invalid aboard a cruise ship in the Mediterranean, that the action most likely to illustrate his zeal was to shoot the poor fellow in the head and toss him into the sea? If the term "terrorist" is stricken from the language, what shall we call him? "Terrorist" seems to fit, perfectly and naturally.

Terrorists, by definition, set out to murder the innocent. They are unencumbered in this regard by any stan-

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dard of political morality, however corrupt or misconceived.

Let us not lose sight of the fact that terrorism, by the lights of those who practice it, "works." In 1972, members of the PLO, then a largely unknown group, murdered eleven Israeli athletes at the Munich Olympics. Two years later Yasir Arafat was addressing the United Nations, an acknowledged big shot in world affairs. Only the most naive would doubt the existence of a direct link between these two events. The pernicious effect of the brand of newspeak advocated by Hitchens would be to conceal that link.

David Warren New York, N.Y.

### November Index Sources

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## DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 47

by Thomas H. Middleton he diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 79.

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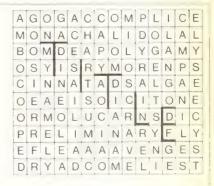
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SOLUTION TO THE OCTOBER PUZZLE



#### NOTES FOR "TITLE SEARCH"

The word BAR was part of eighteen clue answers, drawing these bars in the diagram delineated the word TITLE.

ACROSS: 1. A GO G(o), 4. ACCOMPTICE, anagram, 11. MONA(I) CHM, 13. T. S. F. D. DELYM L., reversed; 17. POLY(anagram)-GAMY; 18. SYBAR(I)S, anagram; 19. BARRY-MORE, Spoonerism of "marry bore"; 21. CINNABAR, anagram; 23. TA-BARDS; 24. ALGAE, anagram; 25. L-SOB-A-RIC(h); 28. B(A)RI-TON-E; 29. ORMOLU, hidden; 31. CARBARNS, anagram; 32. BARDIC(e), anagram; 34. (rela)Y-RAN-I-MILER-P, reversed; 35. BARF(L)Y, anagram; 36. (lea)F-LEA(f); 37. AVENGES, anagram; 39. DRY-AD; 40. COME-LIES-T. DOWN: 1. AMBO, hidden; 2. GOO(S)IER; 3. GABARDINE, anagram; 4. ACTS, "cast" turned inside out; 5. CH-A-RT; 6. CAP-YBARA(reversal); 7. MT(reversal) LO-S; 8. LOG-E; 9. CAMITANII ES, anagram & Lit; 10. ELYSEE, hidden; 12. LOMBARDIAN, anagram; 14. L(AN-GOB)ARD; 16. B-ARMY; 20. ALBIN BARREL, anagram; 21. (s)COOPED; 22. N(AMEL)Y, anagram of "male"; 25. DAILI(es), reversed; 26. SU(reversal)-MAC; 27. C(R)AVE; 30. O-LEA; 31. CIAO, "chow"; 33. CY(bernetici)ST; 35. FRA B, reversed; 38. BAR-GE(reversal).

SOLUTION TO OCTOBER DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 46). (GEORGE) ORWELL NINEIFEN FIGHTY-FOUR. In a way, the world-view of the Party imposed itself most successfully on people incapable of understanding it. They could be made to accept the most flagrant violations of reality, because they . . . were not sufficiently interested in public events to notice.

CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 47, Harper's Magazine, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to Harper's Magazine, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Entries must be received by November 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to Harper's Magazine. The solution will be printed in the December issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 45 (September) are Robert Mayer Jr., Dallas, Texas; Mary W. Robbins, Twentynine Palms, California; and Phillip Augustavo, Seattle, Washington.

### PUZZLE

### Vicious Circles

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by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr. (with acknowledgments to Trochos of "The Listener")

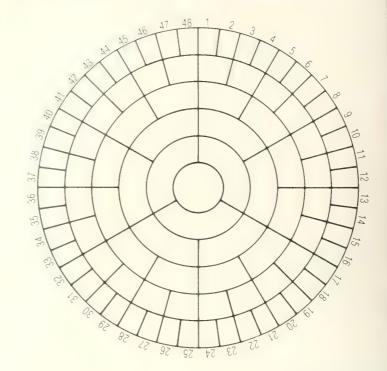
Il clue answers are six letters long. They are to be entered radially at their appropriate numbers, but in mixed order. Note that the letter in the center of the diagram is common to all forty-eight entries, each of the three letters in the second circle from the center is common to sixteen answers, and so on. The three letters in the second circle from the center are different, and the six letters in the next circle outward are also different (although two also appear in the second circle).

When the diagram is completed, a quotation (slightly edited to fit) will be revealed. It begins at 1 in the outermost circle and runs clockwise to 48, then concludes in the fourth circle from the center (twelve letters), reading clockwise from a position to be determined.

One proper name is included in the clue

The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 79.

- 1. Was inquisitive about male being stimulated
- 2. Satisfied when changing diaper
- 3. Somewhat preponderant Muse
- 4. Comparatively fatuous party on wharf
- 5. One left foolish reds, members of the Birch group
- 6. Lost initially after a ride, jockeys put off the track
- 7. Gee, Shakespearean locale is a cultivated place
- 8. Was harsh for general audiences
- 9. Sought circuitously (if turning over junk)
- 10. Definition that is ultimately devious: beards
- 11. Scotland Yard group's protecting the Queen from non-alcoholic drinks
- 12. Fancy gentleman gets in deep, almost
- 13. Dine out with any woman in casual wear
- 14. A stranger (not Republican, Democratic) in a fog
- 15. The first lady embraced by Caesar is strained
- 16. Variegated pearl collectors
- 17. He sells some footwear... or is he reorganizing
- 18. Weasely animal the lady's found in tree
- 19. Products of volcano and mining on land
- 20. Small Chinese rose hybridized with work
- 21. Put the clamps on again? Correct



- 22. Lapel for a woman's dress...it's almost a kind of discrimination
- 23. Bit of rope in hold wound slightly
- 24. 60 percent of real estate involved this!
- 25. Stick man in essential part
- 26. Ate portion of aspic. How educational
- 27. About hooker giving up love for a piece of jewelry
- 28. It's nothing to get into cocaine, right, or pot
- 29. Sober a drunken Greek god
- 30. Organism found on edges of acetate cloak
- 31. Soft shoe, for example of real dancing
- 32. One new role has one small area
- 33. Silly names, including "teaspoon," for male organ
- 34. One going after layer of rock salt
- 35. Illegal aliens like the ocean
- 36. Milk protein is reordered, in case...
- 37. ... reducing energy has unfortunate gains
- 38. Sweeps top off fruit
- 39. Cleans off old weapons
- 40. Neal upset with U.S. Open
- 41. This could be lemons or melons? This is serious
- 42. Look in swamps for bad men
- 43. 'e runs and runs away
- 44. The laboring class quietly functions
- 45. Herb's true support for the artist
- 46. LAX's delays
- 47. Part of the musical staff's keeping time in openings
- 48. Sword, with frequency, backs up military group

Contest Rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to "Vicious Circles," Harper's Magazine, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to Harper's Magazine, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to Harper's Magazine. Winners' names will be printed in the January 1987 issue. Winners of the September puzzle, "See 10 Across," are George Finch, Port Charlotte, Florida; Joseph Clonick, New York, New York; and Glenn Embrey, Redondo Beach, California.

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LETTERS

### Is Southern Writing Southern?

I read with much interest and some exasperation the statements of the nine writers asked to comment on the situation of the writer in the new American South ["A Stubborn Sense of Place," Harper's Magazine, August]. The exasperation arose from my realization that some of these writers were trying to minimize or discount their Southernness, perhaps out of fear that they would forever after be viewed as rustic regionalists of limited range and merely provincial interest. They often seemed reluctant to understand the literary implications of what they were saving.

The example given by Mary Hood is a case in point. She posits, "Suppose a man is walking across a field." A Southerner will identify the man with an "essay response," describing his family history (his grandfather and his dog were struck by lightning on the steel bridge), his connection to the Southerner's own family ("Mama's third cousin...found his railroad watch in that eight-pound catfish's stomach the next summer just above the dam"), how he walks ("like he has on Sunday shoes"). A Northerner, writes Hood, would reply to the same question, "That's Joe Smith."

That says it all. The Southern writer has access to a rich and vital fund of identifying materials that are simply there in his local environment. He

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has a family history supplied by stories he has grown up hearing, usually with a wondrous wealth of narrative color and specifying detail. The sense of a living past and of communal place, a sense that exists even in the new South, provides a context essential for the creation of multidimensional fictional characters, as well as characters who may, to the impoverished Northern eye, seem unbelievably eccentric or obsessive or madly eloquent in their use of pastoral imagery and colloquial language.

A Northerner might live in the same town for forty years and still not know more about Joe Smith than his name. It is likely he would not even know the name, or have more than the vaguest sense of the history of the place in which he himself lives. This is one reason why so much Northern fiction is stylistically barren. It cannot locate its characters in an environment organically and historically related to them. The characters in Northern fiction are often defined by their estrangement from their environment, and are examined not in terms of their relation to a complex network of human connections but rather in terms of their aloneness and their anguished preoccupation with that fact.

John W. Aldridge Ann Arbor, Mich.

It is always a surprise to me when I read some mention of Miami that characterizes this city as Southern. Certainly Miami is in the geographic

South, but if Miami Vice presents a valid picture, it is not so much that the South has changed, but that Miami scarcely resembles Dixie.

We are a bilingual, truly bicultural city. Miami is in fact two societies that have had to come to terms with each other. There is prejudice here, but it is hard to sustain. This is not part of the Southern experience.

If we are not Southerners, then what are we? We cannot lay claim to Faulkner or Flannery O'Connor, but neither can we claim García Márquez, Cortázar, or Borges. We are too young to have developed a sense of our own identity. We are a commercial city. That is the sum of it. There are still no Miamians willing to describe us, and Latin American writers have consistently chosen the European continent over Miami. We buy our art, we do not create it. We import an art that is not about us, and that tells us nothing about ourselves.

Gonzalo Barr Miami, Fla.

### Turner's Academy

In his essay "Design for a New Academy" [Harper's Magazine, September], Frederick Turner shares with many of us who brood over cosmic problems a sense that a large problem might well be cured by a minor change at just the right critical point in the system. Lewis Thomas uses this idea in his essay "On Meddling," when he suggests finding "the meddler" and plucking him or her out. In the case of academia. Turner sees academic divisions and departments as the critical flaw. He would abolish this artificial system and replace it with, as best I can tell, a metaphor.

There is a problem with metaphors. They can be lovely visions that provide the stuff of meditation. But a vision of a new academy is not the same as a design for one. Other than stripping instructors of their syllabuses and sending them into the classroom with visions of pyramids dancing in their heads, I cannot find a new plan here.

Academic disciplines exist primarily for the convenience of faculty and deans. If the system of departments has been abused to the extent that it

has spawned narrowness and isolation, then we would do well to attack the abuse.

Our students do indeed lack a sense of "cognitive unity," and Turner does a service in calling attention to the fact. But making a pedagogical stew is not the way to remedy the situation. Turner writes that a person educated to understand the interrelatedness of things "would not be overwhelmed or paralyzed by the complexity of mod-

ern life...." I assume that Turner does not, as I do not, feel "over-whelmed or paralyzed." How is it that we got this way, both of us presumably having been educated in a traditional academy?

The position that the desired understanding of unity and relatedness can be achieved only through interdisciplinary or non-disciplinary courses is an unsound one. It assumes that discovered relationships can be and must





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be taught as such. This is a depressing prospect, considering the magnitude of the task. The ability to see the relatedness between disciplines, and so the unity of the universe, is a skill. As such it is probably learned the way we learn to walk and talk: by imitating someone who can already do it. A student who calls upon several disciplines to solve a problem is developing and using that special skill of seeing how things are related. This will tickle a pleasure center somewhere and that student will repeat the process, just as surely as a child who learns to walk will walk everywhere. A fair number of college instructors possess this skill and call upon it in their own research. Why are they not imparting the same talent to greater numbers of their students?

I would suggest three reasons for the failure. There is a perceived need on the part of many instructors to recite their discipline to their students. This is largely a self-imposed restriction and is based on the sad premise that students can learn only what they are told. To speak of one's ruminations on the facts or their relation to a bigger picture is seen as cutting in on the amount of material "covered" (an unfortunate but illuminating word). There is also the tendency to forget that something we use so effortlessly as the ability to see interrelationships is a skill we once had to learn. Lastly, most of us are isolated in our disciplines, and seldom if ever participate in discussions in areas other than our specialty.

Turner's solution to this problem is, I fear, bureaucratic, which is to say, no solution. He would reorganize and tinker with the curriculum. So long as the same teachers teach the courses, it will make little difference what the courses are called or to what discipline or non-discipline they are assigned. I make a proposal, as modest at least as Jonathan Swift's: Deans should encourage, vigorously, all faculty members to enroll on a regular basis in an upper-division or graduate course in a discipline other than their own.

Robert N. Leamnsor
Southern Massachusetts University
North Dartmouth, Mass.

Frederick Turner's "Design for a New Academy" suffers from a number of serious design flaws.

First, he is not clear about the purpose of his new academy. On the one hand, he deplores "training an old-fashioned mass-production work force." On the other hand, he urges the teaching of "content" before "method." Is Turner aware that this is precisely the technique we have always used to produce sheepish masses that uncritically accept whatever their leaders say?

Further, Turner is unrealistic about the methods of his new academy. He urges the teaching of the "big principles [that] will imply the minutiae of experimental and mathematical procedure." Could one really teach electrodynamics by writing Maxwell's four equations on a blackboard, leaving it to the student to work out the details of applying them to specific cases? Turner criticizes the current academy for its "addiction to the primary, the elementary." Yet the big principles he praises are big principles precisely because they are primary. He calls for a reintroduction of values into the academy. Surely no one, not even a scholar, should lead a life without values. But does Turner think that values can be taught? Thinking can be taught, and thinking leads to values. To teach values is merely to pontificate.

Finally, Turner's metaphor of knowledge as a pyramid is wrong. Knowledge is not a static structure which scholars contemplate and teachers reveal. Knowledge is active, and it is personal. A good teacher draws out the natural intelligence and creativity of the student. But the theoretical pronouncements of university professors like Turner, the absurd requirements of standardized tests, and the demands of mass production long ago drove education from the classroom.

Ralph Snyder Sound Beach, N.Y.

Contrary to the appearance created by University of Texas professor Frederick Turner's essay, there is actually intelligent life in Dallas. As a Dallas resident, I must say that Turner's ideas hardly constitute the apex of in-

Continued on page 75

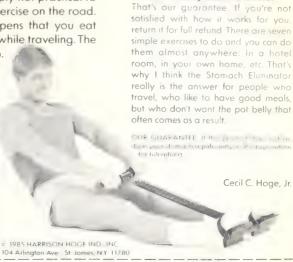
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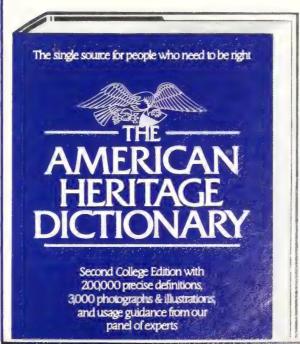
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# NOTEBOOK

# Paper moons By Lewis H. Lapham

Many a man would rather you heard his story than granted his request.

—Lord Chesterfield

t the St. Regis Hotel in New York last October I had occasion to attend another of those mournful conferences about the ruinous imbalance of the nation's trade. The debit at the time amounted to \$152 billion, and the gentlemen on the dais were talking about protective tariffs and the good old-fashioned wages still being paid in the sweatshops of Singapore. During a brief recess in the proceedings, I ran across four consultants comparing prophecies in the bar. Among them I recognized Townsend, an intellectual mercenary with whom I'd become acquainted on his previous campaigns as a hired voice in the employ of the Strategic Defense Initiative and supply-side economics. Townsend is a large and shambling man, nearly always dressed in a rumpled suit but blessed with an evangelist's talent for sincerity and a sophist's gift of phrase. He greeted me with boisterous laughter, and then, noisily moving glasses around the table, invited me to join the company for a drink and an exchange of rumors.

"A wonderful gig," he said, speaking of his new commission. "Expenses and \$500 a day for complicated explanations of the obvious. My God, it's better than the energy crisis."

The other consultants, younger and more earnest, smiled nervously at Townsend's little joke. They hadn't marched to the music of as many different drums in the ideological wars. The woman had only recently received her doctorate from Harvard, and the two men, both wearing bow

ties and suspenders, were drinking tea.

The one with the thin and expensive briefcase said, "Say what you like, Townsend, but the country's in trouble. Pretty damn serious trouble, if you ask me."

Townsend patted him reassuringly on the arm.

"Of course the country's in trouble, Murray; the country's always in trouble. If it wasn't in trouble, we'd all be eating fried rice and teaching freshman math in Oklahoma."

In answer to my question about the occasion for the conference, he explained that it was being sponsored by several alarmed and public-spirited corporations in need of a public-spirited reason to fire, collectively, 50,000 workers. A public relations firm had rounded up the usual crowd of reliable authorities—economists, government bureaucrats, doom-ridden journalists. Townsend was delighted with their expressions of professional despair.

"They've noticed that the country has lost most of its heavy industry," he said. "Everybody's got a set of statistics and a sad story to tell. You know the sort of thing—companies going bankrupt, cheap foreign labor, the price of the dollar, the enormity of the debt..."

"All true," I said.

"Of course, all true," Townsend said, "but not important. The Americans never were much good at making things."

The woman looked startled, and the academic gentlemen frowned. The smaller of the two (the one who wasn't Murray) mumbled something about dangerous communist nonsense, but Townsend held up both hands in a gesture of appeasement.

"Nothing unpatriotic intended," he said. "But what is it the Americans really know how to make and sell? Not cars. Our cars are junk. Not rockets. Our rockets blow up. Not steel, or textiles, or furniture, or electronics. We can't afford to pay the help."

The woman from Harvard looked at her notes and said, "What about services?"

Townsend smiled his oracular smile.

"Yes, good, but what kind of services?"

"Fast-food restaurants," Murray said.

Townsend, still smiling, shook his head.

"Fashion?" said Murray's colleague. "Videotapes? Ammunition?"

Townsend kept smiling and shaking his head until the lesser consultants subsided into respectful silence. Murray was kind enough to ask the straight-man's question.

"O.K.," he said, "what is it that the Americans know how to make and sell better than anybody else in the world?"

Townsend drank deeply from his still tax-deductible drink, and then, after a majestic pause, he said: "Metaphors, my dear Murray. Metaphors and images and expectations."

For the next twenty minutes he expounded his theory of economic salvation, and although I can't remember all of it, I remember wondering whether Townsend had ever considered opening a storefront church.

If given a choice in the matter, he said, Americans prefer something that isn't there. They're in love with the idea of a thing, not the thing itself. Of those who buy jogging shoes, 70 percent don't jog. The menu in most

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For more information about the program, the visiting writers, and financial aid (our teaching fellows conduct undergraduate creative writing classes), write to: Director, Creative Writing Program, Department of English, Boston University, 236 Bay State Road, Boston, MA 02215.

American restaurants is more interesting than the food. A television commercial is an artifact far more subtly made than the product it advertises. Apartments on Fifth Avenue sell for \$4 million not because the buyers want a place to live but because they seek a state of grace. The diamond in the Tiffany box is infinitely more precious than the same diamond bought on West Forty-seventh Street. Entire vocabularies of unintelligible jargon—literary as well as military and academic—describe kingdoms of nonexistent thought. Political promises belong to the realm of surrealist fiction. Like the government in Washington, the economy floats on the market in abstraction—on the credulity of people willing to pay, and pay handsomely, for a domino theory, a stock market tip, or any other paper moon with which to furnish the empty rooms of their desire.

"Consider," Townsend said, "the American genius for making money, which is the talent for making something out of nothing. What is money? A piece of worthless paper. A number seen fleetingly on a screen. An act of faith."

Before the other consultants could muster a coherent response, Townsend glanced at his watch and said that he had to get back to the conference room for the evening presentation. He signed the check with a princely flourish, and then, laughing his large and jovial laugh, he said, "My God, what do you think they're paying me for? Expenses and \$500 a day for what? For a puff of wind."

He stood up from the table and started for the door, but the young woman newly arrived from Harvard wasn't at all happy with the way the conversation was being left. It was obvious that she thought Townsend insane. If he wasn't insane, then clearly she was in the wrong profession.

"Wait," she said. "You're forgetting the weapons budget, \$300 million a day for armaments. Missiles, tanks, submarines—solid objects."

Townsend bestowed upon her the most beatific of his Buddha's smiles.

"More jogging shoes," he said.
"Heavier than adjectives, or even balanced phrases, but still metaphors.
Metaphors of power."

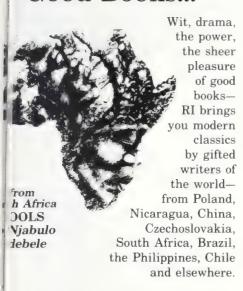
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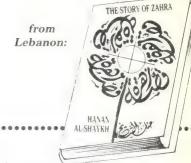
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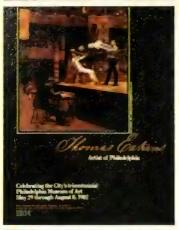
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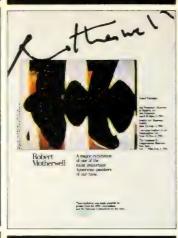
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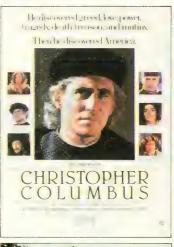


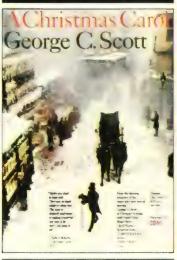
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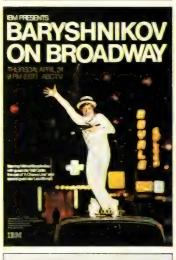
























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# HARPER'S INDEX

Number of Oklahomans who contributed \$10,000 or more to the Republican National Committee in 1981: \$140 In 1986: 15 (see page 21)

Amount of tax revenues Oklahoma loses every time the price of a barrel of oil drops by \$1:\$11,000,000

Number of bodyguards assigned to protect George Shultz during his August trip to Colombia: 140

Number of journalists who covered Disney World's fifteenth anniversary: 5,000

Number of Haitians intercepted trying to enter the United States in the 9 months before Duvalier fled: 1,601 Number intercepted in the 9 months since he fled : 2,859

Average number of whites who return to Zimbabwe each month: 100

Percentage of the 18,966 South Africans arrested for "unrest-related" offenses in 1985 who were under 20:71

Age of the average lew in Poland: 70

Estimated number of people in the Netherlands who die at their own request every day : 20

Black-market price of a cadaver's arm: \$65

Of a cadaver's head: \$150

Average price of a life-size mannequin: \$550

Barbie's life-size measurements: 39"-21"-33"

Percentage of Americans in 1957 who said that an unmarried woman was "sick," "neurotic," or "immoral" : 80

Percentage of Americans today who say that being single is "not a fully acceptable lifestyle": 38

Percentage of female college freshmen who say there should be a law against homosexual relationships: 38

Percentage of Americans who say they favor banning the sale of alcohol: 17

Percentage of drug-related deaths caused by prescription drugs: 70

Rank of drugs among the most pressing city problems cited by Washington, D.C., blacks : 1

Rank of traffic among the problems cited by Washington, D.C., whites : 1

Average number of fund-raising dinners held each night in Beverly Hills : 6

Number of years the average homeless person lives on the street : 7

Percentage of unwed black fathers who pay child support : 36

Percentage of unwed white fathers who do : 20

Minimum daily wage a baby earns for appearing in a TV commercial: \$333.25

Price of "BabyCise," a 60-minute exercise video for infants, at FAO Schwarz : \$120

Percentage of the screenwriting majors at UCLA's film school who have agents : 67

Number of public school teachers in Texas who failed the state's literacy test twice: 1,199

Percentage of college students who say they spend more than half their waking hours worrying : 15

Studies on acid rain published since 1971: 3,000

Mental disorders recognized by the American Psychiatric Association in 1952: 110

Today: 210

Number of species that have been classified : 1,500,000

Estimated number that haven't been : 4,000,000-30,000,000

Number of different plants that have been identified in inner-city Cleveland : 400

Percentage of the United States that is officially designated wilderness: 3.8

Percentage that is paved roads : 0.3

Figures cited are the latest available as of October 1986. Sources are listed on page 76. "Harper's Index" is a registered trademark.



'ssues of the Information Age:

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had universal telephone service.

Today, as the Information Age has begun, there is a new kind of isolation. People are awash in a mounting sea of information, yet unable to connect or work with information in an orderly, useful form; that is, with the world's knowledge. Often, information machines do little to help. They are difficult to use, rigid in their demands, generally unable to work with any but their own kind.

To overcome this new kind of isolation, we have a new vision: to make the Information Age universal, to help build a worldwide Telecommunity, not just open to all, but inviting.

At AT&T, we are now working toward the day when people around the world will be able to handle information in any form—conversation, data, images, text—as easily as they make a phone call today. And they will be able to get information in a form they can use, whenever they need it, from wherever it is.

We envision a vast global network of networks, the merging of communications and computers, linking devices so incredibly capable, they will bend to the will of human beings, rather than forcing humans to bend to theirs.

Obviously, no one company, no one nation, can universalize the Information Age. It will take the best minds of many companies and many nations. The needs of our customers are creating imperatives for our industry. We need common standards and compatibility. We need national and international policies that are open and encouraging. And we need to make information machines far easier to use.

We have the science to construct the systems now. The technology is rapidly taking shape.

We are dedicating our minds, our energy, our resources—our future—to making Telecommunity a reality. To bringing the best of the Information Age to the world.

Our vision has its roots in AT&T's heritage of service. Just as the telephone extended the reach of the human voice, Telecommunity will extend the reach and capability of minds and talents.

Telecommunity is our goal. Technology is our means:

We're committed to leading the way.





# READINGS

### [Speech] LE CARRÉ: THE DISHONORABLE SPY

From "The Clandestine Muse," a speech given by David Cornwell last spring at Johns Hopkins. Cornwell, writing under the name John le Carré, is the author of The Spy Who Came In From the Cold, Smiley's People, and, most recently, A Perfect Spy. The full text of the speech appeared in the August issue of Johns Hopkins Magazine.

In one of those old sixpenny notebooks in which I wrote my first story for George Smiley twenty-six years ago, I made a drawing of him as I first imagined him. Tubby and perplexed, the weary pilgrim is struggling up a stony hill, carrying his exhausted horse on his shoulders.

Smiley himself—or so the image was supposed to tell us—would nobly pay the cost for doing the dreadful things that have to be done so that ordinary, decent, unaware citizens can sleep peacefully in their beds at night. He would find the money out of his own conscience. Smilev would sacrifice his own morality on the altar of national necessity. For you and me. It was an argument that for the next two decades I repeatedly placed in the mouths of the main characters of the Smiley novels: in The Spy Who Came In From the Cold, where it is used both by the chief of the Secret Service and by his luckless agent: in The Honourable Schoolboy, where the protagonist willfully, almost aggressively, wishes upon Smiley the entire responsibility for determining what means are justified by what end; until in Smiley's People, at present the last of the Smiley novels, the argument comes very near to being thrown in Smiley's face. Let me describe to you the final moments of the book:

Smiley has just brought off the intelligence coup of his lifetime: he has secured the defection of his Russian adversary. He is standing at the Berlin Wall (still the troubled heart of his beloved Gerinany). His once young colleague Peter Guillam, now himself in middle age, is at his side. This should be their shared moment of triumph. But the narrative hardly reflects this:

From long habit, Smiley had taken off his spectacles and was absently polishing them on the fat end of his tie, even though he had to delve for it among the folds of his tweed coat.

"George, you won," said Guillam, as they walked slowly towards the car.

"Did I?" said Smiley. "Yes. Yes, well I suppose I

Smiley has not been heard of since. If he has left the stage for good, then he has left it, for me, as an enigma, with the biggest question of his life and mine still unresolved—yet taking with him, as he lumbers away to his spies' Valhalla, the bulk of my work in his shabby briefcase.

Yet whether Smiley stays teasingly in the shadows or stages yet another comeback, the argument between him and myself—dialogue is too weak a word—continues unabated. Was it really such a heroic thing that he did with his life? All that sacrifice of moral conscience—was it really noble? Is he not a little bit like the virgin in Eric Linklater's short story who bravely sells herself into prostitution in order to save her family from starvation, when a little good stewardship on the domestic accounts might have done the trick as well?

Is there such a grand difference, in fact, between the man who voluntarily gives up his moral conscience and the man who never had one in the first place? Has Smiley, has anyone, the right—least of all a man of such percep-

tion—to suspend his individual conscience in the interest of some mistily perceived collective? Is that what Smiley's "Western culture" was about? Maybe we should ask the CIA.

It's not, after all, the dissenters who have brought havoc to our non-conciliatory world. Not the mavericks, heretics, detractors; not the traitors. Not even that latest monster in the Washington lexicon, the pragmatist—by which, I have an awful feeling, they mean me—has so far succeeded in undermining our civilization.

But the *loyal* men marching blindly to the music of their institutionalized faiths: *their* record is not good, whether they are marching to the posthumous tunes of the British Empire, for Islam, for Germany (whichever one), for God (whomever he is working for at that moment), or for democracy of whichever brand. Christ himself supplies no Good Housekeeping guarantee of rectitude when it comes to picking your champion. Whose side was he on in the Falklands show? Whose side is he on now, in Salvador, in Nicaragua? In Rome? Or on the issue of nuclear disarmament? "There have never been so many civil wars," said Montesquieu, "as in the Kingdom of Christ." And the fact of sacri-

[Memorandum]

### MILITARY REFORM

This memorandum was distributed to Air Force officers at the Pentagon.

SUBJECT: Change in Format of the Personalized Letter and Official Memorandum

Effective immediately, all personalized letters and official memorandums prepared for the signature of Secretariat and Command Section officials will be indented five spaces.

This action conforms with the standards established for the secretary of defense, deputy secretary of defense, and executive secretary of the Department of Defense, which currently require that paragraphs be indented five spaces.

Standardizing this procedure should make correspondence preparation less complicated for action officers and administrative personnel.

This change will be incorporated in the next revision to HOI 10-1.

Richard F. Lach, Lt. Col., USAF Chief, Executive Services Div. Directorate of Administration fice is no guarantee at all. We cannot measure the integrity of a cause by the number of people who died for it, as Smiley should know very well.

The only thing we can say with safety, perhaps, is that the greatest threat to mankind comes from the renunciation of individual scruple in favor of institutional denominators; from the adoption of slogan, and the mute acceptance of prepackaged animosities, in preference to the hard-fought decisions of individual, humanistic conscience. Real heroism lies, as it always will, not in conformity or even patriotism but in acts of solitary moral courage. Which, come to think of it, is what we used to admire in our Christian savior.

Forgive this burst of moralizing, but I have a feeling that as Smiley left the stage, he was seriously wondering whether he had ever been a hero at all—or whether all that so-called moral sacrifice he made was really a bit of a cop-out.

Did he in his whole life ever once cry "Stop"? Not so far as I know. Did he ever throw down his cloak and dagger and storm along the dingy passages of the Circus, kick open his chief's door, and yell: "What's the limit?"

He didn't, so let me write the scene for you now.

His chief—whoever he is these days—sits at his desk enjoying his first cup of tea of the morning.

"Ah, George. You look flustered. Has Ann run off again?"

"What's the limit?" Smiley says belligerently. This is the line he has been rehearsing all the way from his room. "I want to know how long we can go on doing this stuff in defense of Western society without ceasing to be the sort of society that is worth defending. That's all."

"What stuff? George, don't be so Gothic. Take some leave."

But Smiley is determined to have his say.

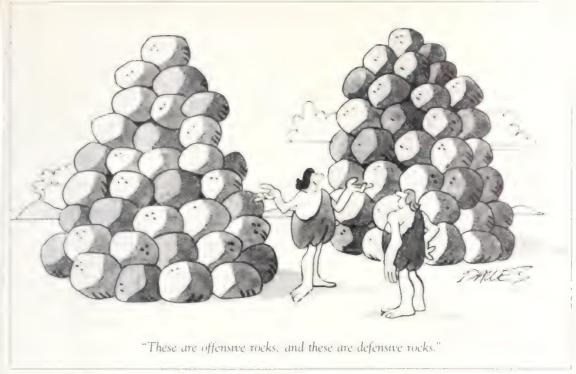
"Meddling with tin-pot Third World countries. That *stuff*. Bullying them. Wrecking their economies. Rigging their elections. Assassinating their leaders. Buying their politicians like popcorn. Ignoring their starving. Their uneducated. Kicking their peasants off the land. Arming their oppressors to the teeth. Turning their children into tomorrow's terrorists. Manipulating the media. Lying. Constantly."

"But my dear George, think what the other side does. It's far worse. Have some tea."

Smiley won't be placated.

"Listen, Chief. I've worked it out. If we were to put as much energy into stopping as we do into going on—if the Americans did—if peace were as important to us as getting a man on the moon—"

"You've been drinking, George. I can tell."



From Omni.

"We've lost our vision, Chief. Our courage. What's happened to Tom Paine? What's happened to Thoreau and Edmund Burke?"

The Chief allows himself a rare, if weary, laugh. "My dear George, we put them on the payroll years ago."

## [Essay] BLACK MEN AND PUBLIC SPACE

From "Just Walk On By," by Brent Staples, in the September issue of Ms. Staples is an editor of the New York Times Book Review.

y first victim was a woman—white, well dressed, probably in her early twenties. I came upon her late one evening on a deserted street in Hyde Park, a relatively affluent neighborhood in an otherwise mean, impoverished section of Chicago. As I swung onto the avenue behind her, there seemed to be a discreet, uninflammatory distance between us. Not so. She cast back a worried glance. To her, the youngish black man—a broad six feet two inches with a beard and billowing hair, both hands shoved into the pockets of a bulky military jacket—seemed

menacingly close. After a few more quick glimpses, she picked up her pace and was soon running in earnest. Within seconds she disappeared into a cross street.

That was more than a decade ago. I was twenty-two years old, a graduate student newly arrived at the University of Chicago. It was in the echo of that terrified woman's footfalls that I first began to know the unwieldy inheritance I'd come into the ability to alter public space in, ugly ways. It was clear that she thought herself the quarry of a mugger, a rapist, or worse. Suffering a bout of insomnia, however, I was stalking sleep, not defenseless wayfarers. As a softy who is scarcely able to take a knife to a raw chicken—let alone hold one to a person's throat—I was surprised, embarrassed, and dismayed all at once. Her flight made me feel like an accomplice in tyranny. It also made it clear that I was indistinguishable from the muggers who occasionally seeped into the area from the surrounding ghetto. That first encounter, and those that followed, signified that a vast, unnerving gulf lay between nighttime pedestrians—particularly women—and me. And I soon gathered that being perceived as dangerous is a hazard in itself. I only needed to turn a corner into a dicey situation, or crowd some frightened, armed person in a foyer somewhere, or make an errant move after being pulled over by a policeman. Where fear and weapons meet—and they often do in

urban America—there is always the possibility of death.

In that first year, my first away from my hometown, I was to become thoroughly familiar with the language of fear. At dark, shadowy intersections, I could cross in front of a car stopped at a traffic light and elicit the *thunk*, *thunk*, *thunk* of the driver—black, white, male, or female—hammering down the door locks. On less traveled streets after dark, I grew accustomed to but never comfortable with people crossing to the other side of the street rather than pass me. Then there were the standard unpleasantries with policemen, doormen, bouncers, cabdrivers, and others whose business it is to screen out troublesome individuals *before* there is any nastiness.

I moved to New York nearly two years ago and I have remained an avid night walker. In central Manhattan, the near-constant crowd cover minimizes tense one-on-one street encounters. Elsewhere—in SoHo, for example, where sidewalks are narrow and tightly spaced buildings shut out the sky—things can get very taut indeed.

After dark, on the warrenlike streets of Brooklyn where I live, I often see women who fear the worst from me. They seem to have set their faces on neutral, and with their purse straps strung across their chests bandolier-style, they forge ahead as though bracing themselves against being tackled. I understand, of course, that the danger they perceive is not a hallucination. Women are particularly vulnerable to street violence, and young black males are drastically overrepresented among the perpetrators of that violence. Yet these truths are no solace against the kind of alienation that comes of being ever the suspect, a fearsome entity with whom pedestrians avoid making eye contact.

It is not altogether clear to me how I reached the ripe old age of twenty-two without being conscious of the lethality nighttime pedestrians attributed to me. Perhaps it was because in Chester, Pennsylvania, the small, angry industrial town where I came of age in the 1960s, I was scarcely noticeable against a backdrop of gang warfare, street knifings, and murders. I grew up one of the good boys, had perhaps a half-dozen fistfights. In retrospect, my shyness of combat has clear sources.

As a boy, I saw countless tough guys locked away; I have since buried several, too. They were babies, really—a teenage cousin, a brother of twenty-two, a childhood friend in his midtwenties—all gone down in episodes of bravado played out in the streets. I came to doubt the virtues of intimidation early on. I chose, perhaps unconsciously, to remain a shadow—timid, but a survivor.

The fearsomeness mistakenly attributed to me in public places often has a perilous flavor. The most frightening of these confusions occurred in the late 1970s and early 1980s, when I worked as a journalist in Chicago. One day, rushing into the office of a magazine I was writing for with a deadline story in hand, I was mistaken for a burglar. The office manager called security and, with an ad hoc posse, pursued me through the labyrinthine halls, nearly to my editor's door. I had no way of proving who I was. I could only move briskly toward the company of someone who knew me.

Another time I was on assignment for a local paper and killing time before an interview. I entered a jewelry store on the city's affluent Near North Side. The proprietor excused herself and returned with an enormous red Doberman pinscher straining at the end of a leash. She stood, the dog extended toward me, silent to my questions, her eyes bulging nearly out of her head. I took a cursory look around, nodded, and bade her good night.

Relatively speaking, however, I never fared as badly as another black male journalist. He went to nearby Waukegan, Illinois, a couple of summers ago to work on a story about a murderer who was born there. Mistaking the reporter for the killer, police officers hauled him from his car at gunpoint and but for his press credentials would probably have tried to book him. Such episodes are not uncommon. Black men trade tales like this all the time.

Over the years, I learned to smother the rage I felt at so often being taken for a criminal. Not to do so would surely have led to madness. I now take precautions to make myself less threatening. I move about with care, particularly late in the evening. I give a wide berth to nervous people on subway platforms during the wee hours, particularly when I have exchanged business clothes for jeans. If I happen to be entering a building behind some people who appear skittish, I may walk by, letting them clear the lobby before I return, so as not to seem to be following them. I have been calm and extremely congenial on those rare occasions when I've been pulled over by the police.

And on late-evening constitutionals I employ what has proved to be an excellent tension-reducing measure: I whistle melodies from Beethoven and Vivaldi and the more popular classical composers. Even steely New Yorkers hunching toward nighttime destinations seem to relax, and occasionally they even join in the tune. Virtually everybody seems to sense that a mugger wouldn't be warbling bright, sunny selections from Vivaldi's *Four Seasons*. It is my equivalent of the cowbell that hikers wear when they know they are in bear country.

[Political Analysis]

#### PARTY POLITICS: MONEY CHANGES EVERYTHING

From "Money (and Politics) in Both Parties," by Thomas B. Edsall, in the Fall issue of Dissent. Edsall covers national politics for the Washington Post.

nderlying the continuing financial advantage of the Republican Party over the Democratic Party are changes in the sources of cash for each party that have significant consequences for both policy and candidates. For the Democratic Party, the pressure to raise money from the limited sources available to it is functioning to push the party to the right. For the GOP, the effects of the changing pattern of fund raising are not so clear-cut, although key sources of money both for the party's right wing and for the conservative movement as a whole are drying up.

To a considerable extent, the sources of money for each party are a function of its internal balance of power. Therefore the shifting patterns of contributions to both parties signal sig-

nificant changes in direction.

For the conservative movement, and particularly for the groups and individuals attempting to convert the Republican Party into an arm of that movement, the collapse of the oil industry is a disaster. Independent oilmen in Texas, Oklahoma, and, to a lesser extent, Louisiana and Colorado have been the financial mainstay of the political right in this country. From 1978 through the early years of the Reagan Administration, these oilmen, made very rich by decontrol and OPEC-induced price increases, poured their money into the campaigns of men and women challenging such liberal Democratic senators as Frank Church, John Culver, and George McGovern; into such organizations as the National Conservative Political Action Committee; and into the Republican Party.

These oilmen wearing cowboy boots and diamond rings provided a kind of frontier toughness to a party traditionally dependent for large contributions on Eastern bankers and Fortune 500 executives; they were, within the GOP universe, what might be described as populists of

wealth.

With the collapse of oil prices, the money and vitality of the oilmen have virtually disappeared from the national political scene. In Oklahoma, the number of "Eagles"—individuals who give at least \$10,000 a year to the Re-

publican National Committee (RNC)—has dropped from 140 in 1981 to fifteen in 1986.

Meanwhile, the doubling of stock market prices since Reagan took office has helped restore the Northeast as a mainstay of financial support for the Republican Party. In fact, over the past six years, the Northeast has eclipsed the Southwest as a major source of large campaign contributions to the RNC.

This may not be an unmixed blessing for the Republican Party, because it suggests that the traditional view of the GOP as the party of the elite and of corporate America will gain greater legitimacy. In addition, it means that for the near future there is no financial base of support for the kind of conservative challenge mounted in 1980, a challenge that not only elected a conservative president but provided the troops to back him up in the House and Senate.

The changing sources of contributions to the RNC also suggest that challengers to Vice Presi-

# AIDS: THE VIEW FROM WALL STREET

From the October 3 broadcast of Wall Street Week with Louis Rukeyser. Martin Zweig is editor of Zweig Forecasts; James McKeever is editor and publisher of the McKeever Strategy Letter.

MARTIN ZWEIG: I know it's a terrible disease, but are there any stocks around that would benefit, if you want to call it that, from that terrible thing?

JAMES MCKEEVER: Well, I think if some of my projections turn out, and only time will tell, that hospitals could be . . . The CDC in Atlanta now says millions could die of AIDS, so hospital space is going to be at a premium. So hospital stocks and hospital-management things, like Humana—again, I'm not talking about the next six months but across the next three or four years—could do very well. On the other hand, insurance companies could do very poorly, because their premiums are based on mortality tables. If people start dying twenty years earlier than they are supposed to, in mass, then these companies should be in trouble, as well as hospitalization companies. So, I think the insurance companies would be very weak, and the hospital area, for example, would be very strong.

dent George Bush will have difficulty raising adequate funds. The growing importance of New York—based money signals a strong core of support for an establishment candidate along the lines of Bush, just as the erosion of oil money means that conservative challengers to Bush have lost a potential source of support.

he Democratic Party desperately needs cash: its position relative to the GOP has worsened from a four-to-one disadvantage in 1983-84 to about a six-to-one disadvantage during the current election cycle. Lacking the GOP's financial base of affluent individuals, Democratic Party leaders have been forced to rely on political action committees—and the special interests they represent. As a result, the Democrats are far more dependent than the Republicans on contributors who have little partisan or ideological interest in the party, but who do have a driving interest in gaining special legislative and administrative favors. Through the first eighteen months of this election cycle, the three major Democratic Party committees—national (DNC), congressional (DCCC), and senatorial (DSCC)—have received a total of \$4.5 million from political action committees. The parallel Republican committees have received only \$993,000 in PAC money. Overall, PAC contributions account for 18 percent of the Democratic Party's budget, compared with less than one percent for the GOP.

An important indicator of the strength of the lobbying community in the Democratic Party is evident in the geographic pattern of contributions to the DNC. From January 1, 1985, through June 30, 1986, nearly 20 percent of contributions of \$1,000 or more from individuals were from people in the Washington, D.C., area, the overwhelming majority of whom are lobbyists, lawyers, and corporate representatives; by contrast, just 7 percent of such contributions to the Republican National Committee were from the Washington area.

This pattern points to a vicious circle from which the Democratic Party is unlikely to escape in the near future. To a certain extent, the Republican Party appears to have gained broad favor among an affluent elite whose members have been the main beneficiaries of both Republican tax policy and the rise in the stock market. This has allowed the party not only to raise unprecedented amounts of money but also to provide money and services to non-incumbent challengers. Challengers generally have great difficulty raising money, but their success is critical to any party attempting to compensate for normal electoral losses and win in marginal contests.

The Democrats, in contrast, have developed a base of donors primarily interested in wielding influence with the party's incumbents; by and large, these people have little or no interest in the partisan goal of strengthening Democratic challengers. While the chairmen and chief executive officers of major corporations are writing personal checks for \$10,000 to the RNC because they agree with the broad economic goals of the Republican Party, their corporate PACs are writing \$10,000 checks to the DNC and the DCCC to gain access to key members of the Democratic-controlled Ways and Means Committee.

The GOP's financial advantage translates easily into clout in critical races in which Republicans are challenging Democratic incumbents. Moreover, contributions to the GOP function to affirm the party's ideological and political goals. For the Democratic Party, by contrast, contributions tend to be politically divisive. The group most loyal to the party people in the bottom third of the income distribution—make no real financial contribution, except insofar as contributions from labor may be seen as representing these voters. Instead, the Democrats depend on affluent liberals and special interest lobbyists, two groups with little stake in the adoption by the party of more aggressively populist strategies.

For the near future, then, money will continue to limit the ability of the Democratic Party to represent its own constituency, and will restrict the scope of the party's elective strategies. The movement toward a pro-business, centrist strategy, reflected by the Democratic Leadership Council, has gained strength in part from the pressure on Democratic fund-raisers to develop a base within an essentially Republican constituency.

The shifts within the GOP suggest that some of the vitality may be draining from the conservative-Republican alliance. One of the driving forces within the Republican Party in recent years has been the angry repudiation of Wall Street, the Rockefellers, and the Eastern bankers who dominated the GOP until 1960, a repudiation led by the new rich of the Sunbelt, particularly oilmen. Insofar as old-guard Eastern interests are regaining strength, the party will lose the momentum that comes from new money hungry to gain status. In that light, while money may weaken the ability of the Democrats to put together a coherent challenge to the Republicans, the changing pattern of campaign contributions is also undermining an important source of the GOP's strength. For the moment, these trends are likely to promote an ideological stasis between the two parties, with neither one able to capitalize decisively on changes in the

economy, in the nation's demographics, and in the fluid political allegiances of the 1980s to achieve permanent majority status.

Interview]

#### GETTING HIGH, GETTING HYSTERICAL

Adapted from "Getting Real About Getting High: An Interview with Andrew Weil, M.D.," by Richard Goldstein, in the September 30 Village Voice. Weil is the author of The Natural Mind and Chocolate to Morphine: Understanding Mind-Active Drugs. Weil teaches at the University of Arizona College of Medicine.

How would you describe the current situation?

People are very concerned over crack, which is a legitimate worry. But surveys show that, overall, the use of illegal drugs has declined. So I think the current drug panic is, for the most part, politically motivated. Some of it is because elections are approaching. Some of it is to divert people's attention from issues that are more serious, like the state of the economy and the environment. Some of it is generated by the news media, which have learned that fearmongering sells programs and papers.

But the media are always titillating, and there are always serious problems that people are trying to hide. Why didn't this happen ten years ago?

It was happening ten years ago, but not in as extreme a form. I think it has been going on for most of the century. There was anti-opium paranoia eighty years ago, a lot of it motivated by prejudice against the Chinese. There was anticocaine hysteria around the time of the First World War which was motivated by prejudice against blacks. There was anti-tobacco hysteria in Europe and Asia in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, when some countries tried to prohibit its use by the death penalty. That didn't work; if anything, it hastened its spread.

Whenever a new intoxicant comes into a culture, it evokes this kind of response. Usually, the people who take up a new intoxicant are the "deviants"—the subcultures and ethnic minorities and outsiders.

Are drugs more prevalent in America today?

I think we've always been a drug-ridden society. There probably were as many psychoactive drugs in use 100 years ago as there are today. But there was no crime associated with drugs. They were not used by children. They were not used in order to drop out of society, or to act our anger or aggression against authority. I think all of those features of the drug problem are creations of our anti-drug policies. The more we pass stiffer penalties, the more we produce the very thing we want to change. Our approach—trying to use criminal law to deal with drugs—has made them more attractive and has made worse forms of them come into existence.

Wars on drugs never work. Their end result is to stimulate interest and curiosity on the part of people who otherwise would not be interested. They also, I think, encourage drug taking for negative purposes, such as to act out anger and



This advertisement, which also are ten the Souther and to Las Ultimas Noticias on September 6, urged Chileans to attend a mass rally to he nor I' ... on September 9. Billed as "the first day of the future," the rally was part of a government effort to demonstrate public support for Pinochet on the eve of his thirteenth anniversary as president. Pinococi attended i co entilogici ancio sassination attempt two days earlier.

resentment against authority. This is especially the case when information is presented in a hypocritical manner, as is happening now. The anti-drug legislation that Congress recently passed does not deal with tobacco. The government continues to subsidize tobacco addiction, and cigarette smoking is one of the worst forms of drug abuse in this culture. Cigarettes are the greatest public health problem that we have, and the most flagrant example of drug pushing, since most tobacco is pushed on teenagers, who are lured by advertising into thinking it's cool to smoke. If you want to talk about the death penalty for drug pushers, start with the executives of tobacco companies.

But the argument against illegal drugs is that they produce violent, antisocial behavior.

Look, at the outside, there are maybe 300 deaths from crack a year. That's not good, but how many deaths are there from cigarettes a year? Something like 350,000. How many instances are there where somebody on crack has committed an act of violence? I don't know. But compared to the number of acts of violence committed by people under the influence of alcohol, it's insignificant.

What is the pharmacology of crack? How dangerous is it?

I don't think it's a good drug. First of all, I don't think it's wise to refine cocaine from coca leaves. Certainly it's not a good idea to smoke it. If you want to explore its effects, you should chew coca leaves; I think that's safer.

Why is it any safer to chew coca leaves?

Because their cocaine content is very low, so you're taking it in a highly diluted form, combined with other substances that moderate its effects. Also, when you chew coca leaves, the cocaine gets into your bloodstream and brain very slowly. It's not just the drug, or the dosage, but the manner in which you introduce it into the body. There's an enormous difference between letting a small amount of cocaine diffuse slowly into the bloodstream and putting much larger amounts of cocaine repeatedly into the lungs and brain. (That's also why tobacco-in the form of cigarettes—is addictive. Nicotine is a very strong drug, stronger than cocaine in terms of its effects, and the manner of introducing it into the brain enhances its addictiveness.)

Because of our policies, coca leaves have disappeared from the market—they're bulky and nobody wants to smuggle them. We have created a situation in which it's profitable to smuggle this drug in a highly refined form. And it's profitable to find ways of using it to get its maximum pharmacological power.

You're suggesting that if there were a more open environment for drug use, people would, as a consequence of having more choice, choose substances that are better for them.

They might. Especially if they were educated. I'm not arguing for a more open drug situation; that would have to go hand in hand with real drug education. What passes for education today seems like a thinly disguised attempt to scare people away from the drugs we don't like by exaggerating their dangers. In this country, as in most other societies, a small number of drugs are defined as good, and the rest are banned as evil. That leaves our culture very uneducated about the benefits and risks of psychoactive substances.

So let's talk about an alternative way of educating young people about drugs.

I think the alternative is to be objective about all drugs. That means discussing the dangers of alcohol, tobacco, and caffeine along with the dangers of crack, marijuana, and PCP. I think grade school students should learn about the nature of addiction. It's not just a drug problem: people get addicted to sex, food, athletics. Most people get caught up in addictive behavior. And you need to teach about that as well. I think there are two basic strategies. One is to teach people to satisfy their needs without using drugs at all. I strongly encourage that. But, realistically, a lot of people are going to use drugs because they take you where you want to go with no work. So I think it is important to teach those people how not to hurt themselves.

In your books, you discuss the concepts of set and setting. Please define them.

Set is the expectation, both conscious and unconscious, of what a drug will do, and setting is the environment in which a drug is used, both the physical environment and the cultural environment. Those factors are major determinants of the effects of any drug, at least as important as pharmacology. For example, I don't see anything intrinsic about PCP that makes people violent. I think it is likely to do that in certain sets and settings. The majority of people who use PCP are prone to violence, and often take the drug out of anger and frustration—to get messed up. In that context, it's very likely to cause violent behavior.

How would you design a curriculum for high school students that would be realistic about drugs?

First, they would learn how set and setting modify the effects of drugs. Then you could talk to them about *problem* sets and settings: the idea of taking drugs to get out of bad moods, for example, or taking drugs when you're bored, as opposed to using them for positive reasons. For

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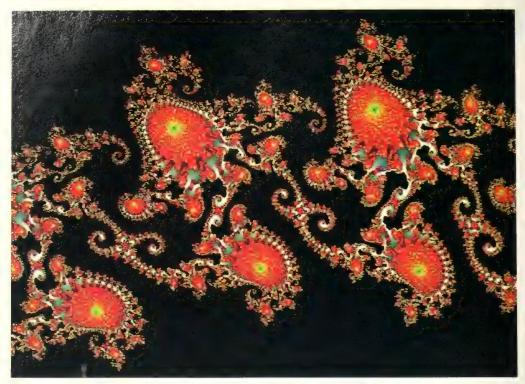
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# Newsweek. Why it happened. What it means.



This computer generated image appears in The Beauty of Fractals, by H.-O. Petigen and P. H. Richter, published by Springer-Verlag. Fractal geometry, developed by Benoit Mandelbrot, is a branch of mathematics concerned with representing irregular structures and patterns in nature. Fractal images are produced by computers that have been programmed to illustrate equations describing such phenomena. "Frontiers of Chaos," a traveling exhibition of fractal images sponsored by the Goethe Institute, will open at the Boston Museum of Science in January.

example, many people use drugs as an excuse for social interaction, as we do with coffee. Many people have used drugs for religious experience. I would look at traditional cultures that use hallucinogenic plants in that way. And I would encourage people to find non-drug methods of satisfying their needs.

In your books you also talk about forming a relationship with a drug. Define a bad relationship.

Addiction is one example. Unconscious use of a drug is another—that is, not knowing what it is or not knowing that you're using a drug. Using it so frequently that you're impairing your health or your social or economic functioning, or so frequently that it's lost a desired effect.

What would you teach a teenager about heroin?

That its addictive potential is very great, that its physical harmfulness is not, that its addictive potential is increased by putting it into the body in very direct ways, that the consequences of addiction to heroin are terrible in terms of limitation of freedom—and that's a serious issue—and that all addicts think they can avoid addiction at the beginning.

Is it true that heroin is not more addictive than cigarettes?

Cigarettes are more addictive than heroin.

So if you taught young people about cigarettes, you would be very severe.

I would say that you should never smoke a cigarette. I think if you want to experiment with tobacco, you should put some in your mouth and chew it to see what its effects are, and then you can decide if you want to use it or not. But it is not reasonable to smoke a cigarette to see if you like it or not, because the risk of addiction is too great.

How would you reduce the incidence of drug-related crime?

If drugs were legalized, there would be no drug-related crime.

How do you know that?

Most of the crime associated with drugs has to do with their enormously inflated price, which is a direct consequence of their illegality. People have to get the money to buy them, which often involves committing crimes. But the pharmacological effects of many drugs work against violence—that's certainly true with heroin, and probably with marijuana.

## [Thesis] THE MEANING OF CHEWING

From "On the Meaning of Chewing: The Significance of Qāt (Catha Edulis) in the Yemen Arab Republic," by Daniel Martin Varisco, in the February issue of the International Journal of Middle East Studies, published by Cambridge University Press. Varisco is an anthropologist.

It must be a very acquired taste, for I have tried a leaf or two and thought it was filthy, but when you have acquired a taste for it, it makes you feel a devil of a dog as long as the feeling lasts.

O wrote the British foreign civil servant Harold Ingrams about the chewing of leaves from the *qāt* tree in Yemen. *Qāt* is the Arabic term for *Catha Edulis*, a species of the *Celastracae* cultivated in the highlands of southwestern Arabia for at least the last six centuries. When chewed, the leaves of this tree produce a feeling of euphoria, followed by depression. The active ingredients are alkaloids, which stimulate the central nervous system.

There has been considerable debate within and without Yemeni society on whether qāt should be used. Most Western travelers and development consultants echo the sentiments of Ingrams and condemn the chewing of qāt as a health hazard, a drain on household budgets, and an obstacle to economic development. Religious authorities in Yemen sanction the use of qāt, but the government is officially opposed. Nevertheless, the government receives considerable tax revenues from the production and marketing of qāt. And, despite its critics, qāt is chewed by more Yemenis today than ever before.

Why do so many Yemenis chew, and why is qāt such a significant topic of debate in the Yemen Arab Republic today? Over the years, this plant has been described as "the elixir of life" and "the flower of paradise." It is said that one cannot taste *l'esprit du Yemen* until he or she has tasted qāt. The meaning of chewing cannot be elicited from literary evidence alone, however. One must also consider the socioeconomic and cultural development now taking place in the young Yemen Arab Republic.

Only in the past decade has Yemen's economy begun to develop, as the country makes the difficult leap from the medieval era to the computer age. Because of improving economic opportunities and a modernizing political structure, traditional ideas about social class are changing. One can no longer easily determine a person's social category by his or her dress, place of residence, or behavior. At the same time, there is an inevitable questioning of identity. It is no longer sufficient to be from a certain tribe, town, or region in Yemen; Yemenis now feel a need to define themselves as Yemenis vis-à-vis other Arabs.

Chewing qāt is an act that is uniquely Yemeni. Moreover, the use of qāt has been infused with new meaning in the face of Yemen's rapidly changing society. By chewing, a Yemeni of any social category can reinforce his or her cultural identity. The meaning of chewing is that it gives the chewer a meaning.

The daily chew serves as an important forum for socializing with one's friends and neighbors, conducting business, discussing current events, and mediating disputes. Students use the daily chew as an occasion to study together; poets seek inspiration while chewing. When women meet for an afternoon party (tafrita), they may dance and show off their clothing and jewelry. Even Yemenis who do not chew qāt may attend a chew just to socialize.

It is important to stress the social nature of chewing; one rarely chews alone simply for stimulation. And most Yemenis consider it shameful to chew in the morning. Chewing is reserved for leisure time, after the main work of the day has been completed.

The chewer usually brings his or her own qāt to a session. Farmers may grow their own supply, but most urbanites must purchase qāt in the market, where a bundle (rubta) of leaves sufficient for a day's chew costs between fifteen and twenty dollars. The young and tender leaves of the tree are the ones that are chewed. These are worked into a wad, which bulges one's cheek. The amount chewed depends on the quality of the leaves and the desired effect; the average is 100 grams. The bitter juices are periodically expectorated.

About fifteen minutes after forming the wad the chewer experiences a sense of alertness (tanabba). During this time he or she finds it easy to conceptualize, and conversation proceeds rapidly. Poets claim this is the best time for composition. This sense of heightened awareness iasts up to two hours. Following the initial stimulation, the chewer becomes calm and contented and turns his or her thoughts inward. A sense of euphoria or well-being, generally referred to as tarādī or kayf, characterizes this introspective

mood. Conversation may cease and eyes may be directed to the view outside the window. Eventually, the chewer becomes listless and depressed. Qāt serves as an anoretic, so no food is eaten during the chew and for several hours afterward. Chewing also makes it difficult to sleep, prompting some to counteract the effect of the qāt with alcohol.

Qāt is to the Yemeni what afternoon tea is to the Englishman, vodka to the Russian, and beer to the Bavarian. Yemenis may chew as a way of affirming both the value of their heritage and their own sense of self-worth.

#### A WOMAN AND HER DOG

Tammy Bakker—From I Gotta Be Me, the autobiography of Tammy Bakker, written with Cliff Dudley and published by New Leaf Press. Bakker is the wife of television evangelist Jim Bakker.

wanted a child so very much, but Jim still wanted to wait. My two dogs Chi Chi and Fi Fi helped me for a while and took care of that mother instinct. One day while we were eating supper, little Chi Chi, who liked lima beans, ate some, and ran into another room. I had noticed that Chi Chi had been losing weight, and I couldn't understand why. When the dog didn't return, I wondered. Jim had seen the dog fall over on the carpet and not get up. He went and checked Chi Chi and then gently said, "Tammy, Chi Chi is dead."

I thought my world had come to an end, because that was the first time death had ever entered into me. I had never before had anyone die that I loved so much. I wanted to run out on the street and scream. As I started to run out of the door the Holy Spirit stopped me right in my tracks. I stood in the kitchen and couldn't move. I wasn't thinking about God, only about why Chi Chi was dead. The Holy Spirit began to speak through me in an unknown tongue. I couldn't stop. It helped to keep me from falling apart. God is so good. He is there even when we aren't aware of Him.

At that very moment a real estate man wanted to show our house to someone (he wanted to build a house like ours).

Jim handed Chi Chi to the real estate man and said, "Would you dispose of Chi Chi for us?"

Jim put his arms around me and I cried and cried. I said, "Jim, have them keep Chi Chi for a

couple of days. Please, don't let them bury him right away, because I know God can raise things from the dead. Please, don't let them bury Chi Chi."

Jim called the man and said, "Don't bury Chi Chi. Would you just put him outside in a box for a couple of days"—it was in the middle of the winter—"because Tammy needs to settle something in herself."

I prayed and prayed and prayed. "Oh, Jesus, please raise Chi Chi from the dead." I expected Jim to bring Chi Chi home any minute. I knew God could do it, and Chi Chi would be all right again. I expected to open the door and there would be Chi Chi, as usual. The fact was that Chi Chi was a naughty little dog. I loved him so much, but several times I wanted to give him away because he wet on our drapes. He'd chew on everything. We never knew what he would tear up next. But you see, God knew how to take care of Chi Chi for me. God knew that if He took him, that would be the end of the wetting all over the room. One time I gave Chi Chi away, but I called the people and said, sobbing, "I can't give him away. I love him so much." They returned him and I forgave him again. But I was still upset over the wetting and the destroying of things. God knew what was best for me and Chi Chi was finally buried.

Maureen Reagan—From "Betty Beale's Washington," a nationally syndicated newspaper column. In her column on the September 10 White House state dinner, Beale related this story told to her by Maureen Reagan. Reagan has been endorsed by her father, the President, as co-chairwoman of the Republican National Committee.

The President's daughter said her husband, Dennis Revell, recently came across two street people foraging in a California restaurant garbage can for some food for a toy poodle. They asked Revell if he would please take the poodle home with him. In a comment that pulls at one's heartstrings, they said, "We are street people, and the street is no place for a dog."

There was already an old pet at home, but Revell was so moved he gave them all the money he had on him and took the poodle home. The next day the vet told him the little dog had congenital heart failure. "Now," said Maureen joyfully, "it's had open-heart surgery, no longer cries, and is the happiest dog you ever saw." They named the perfect toy poodle, a possible show dog, Boxcar Willie. And Maureen said she has been promised that it can be the mascot for the next Children's Museum dog show.



From American Scientist.

#### [Essay] MUIR ON DEER

From Muir Among the Animals: The Wildlife Writings of John Muir, a collection edited by Lisa Mighetto and published last month by Sierra Club Books.

he Sierra deer—the blacktail—spend the winters in the brushy and exceedingly rough region just below the main timber belt, and are less accessible to hunters there than when they are passing through the comparatively open forests to and from their summer pastures near the summits of the range. They go up the mountains early in the spring as the snow melts, not waiting for it all to disappear, reaching the high Sierra about the first of June and the coolest recesses at the base of the peaks a month or so later. I have tracked them for miles over compacted snow from three to ten feet deep.

Deer are capital mountaineers, making their way into the heart of the roughest mountains, seeking not only pasturage but a cool climate and safe, hidden places in which to bring forth their young. They are not supreme as rock-climbing animals; they take second rank, yield-

ing the first to the mountain sheep, which dwell above them on the highest crags and peaks. Still, the two meet frequently; for deer climb all the peaks save the lofty summits above the glaciers, crossing piles of angular boulders, roaring swollen streams, and sheer-walled cañons by fords and passes that would try the nerves of the hardiest mountaineers—climbing with graceful ease and reserve of strength that cannot fail to arouse admiration. Everywhere some species of deer seems to be at home—on rough or smooth ground, lowlands or highlands, in swamps and barrens and the densest woods, in varying climates, hot or cold, over all the continent; maintaining glorious health, never making an awkward step. Standing, lying down, walking, feeding, running even for life, it is always invincibly graceful, and adds beauty and animation to every landscape—a charming animal, and a great credit to nature.

I never see one of the common blacktail deer, the only species in the park, without fresh admiration, and since I never carry a gun I see them well: lying beneath a juniper or dwarf pine, among the brown needles on the brink of some cliff, or at the end of a ridge commanding a wide outlook; feeding in sunny openings among chaparral, daintily selecting aromatic leaves and

twigs; leading their fawns out of my way, or making them lie down and hide; bounding past through the forest, or curiously advancing and retreating again and again.

One morning when I was eating breakfast in a little garden spot on the Kaweah, hedged around with chaparral, I noticed a deer's head thrust through the bushes, the big beautiful eyes gazing at me. I kept still, and the deer ventured forward a step, then snorted and withdrew. In a few minutes she returned, and came into the open garden, stepping with infinite grace, followed by two others. After showing themselves for a moment, they bounded over the hedge with sharp, timid snorts and vanished. But curiosity brought them back with still another, and all four came into my garden, and, satisfied that I meant them no ill, began to feed, actually eating breakfast with me, like tame, gentle sheep around a shepherd—rare company, and the most graceful in movements and attitudes. I eagerly watched them while they fed on ceanothus and wild cherry, daintily culling single leaves here and there from the side of the hedge, turning now and then to snip a few leaves of mint from the midst of the garden flowers. Grass they did not eat at all. No wonder the contents of the deer's stomach are eaten by the Indians.

Toward the end of the Indian summer, when the young are strong, the deer begin to gather in little bands of from six to fifteen or twenty, and on the approach of the first snowstorm they set out on their march down the mountains to their winter quarters, lingering usually on warm hill-sides and spurs eight or ten miles below the summits, as if loath to leave. About the end of November, a heavy, far-reaching storm drives them down in haste along the dividing ridges between the rivers, led by old experienced bucks whose knowledge of the topography is wonderful.

It is when the deer are coming down that the Indians set out on their grand fall hunt. Too lazy to go into the recesses of the mountains away from trails, they wait for the deer to come out, and then waylay them. This plan also has the advantage of finding them in bands. Great preparations are made. Old guns are mended, bullets molded, and the hunters wash themselves and fast to some extent, to ensure good luck, as they say. Men and women, old and young, set forth together. Central camps are made on the wellknown highways of the deer, which are soon red with blood. Each hunter comes in laden, old crones as well as maidens smiling on the luckiest. All grow fat and merry. Boys, each armed with an antlered head, play at buck-fighting, and plague the industrious women, who are busily preparing the meat for transportation, by stealing up behind them and throwing fresh hides over them. But the Indians are passing away here as everywhere, and their red camps on the mountains are fewer every year.

[Essay]

#### LITTLE MANIFESTO

By Luisa Valenzuela. From the Fall 1986 edition of the Review of Contemporary Fiction, which is devoted to her work. Valenzuela's most recent novel is The Lizard's Tale. Translated by Lori Carlson.

Ve tend to forget that behind every writer there is a dormant human being, ready to jump at the smallest provocation of the world around him and/or at the slightest tickle of the quill. If for Borges man (meaning the human being) is a literary animal, one can also say that the human being is a political animal. And it's not a question of a clear or easy option, but rather of a conflictive duality with which we must learn to coexist. The literary animal in each writer requires inner tranquillity and some inclination or ability to withdraw from external preoccupations. The political animal doesn't allow him to do that, every so often awakening him from his daydream with a treasonous clawing. The world continues and we are part of the world, and if they invade Grenada or if the Radical Party in Argentina wins the elections, we know that, for better or worse, matters will no longer be the same and neither will we be the same.

Should we write for or against these topics? Perhaps in some newspaper article, a territory where opinions have a direct value. Because literature is something else, literature is the site of the crosswaters—the murky and the clear waters—where nothing is exactly in its place because there is no precise place. We have to invent it each time.

If we believe we have an answer to the world's problems, it befits us to be politicians and attempt to solve them with the power politics provides. Literature doesn't pretend to solve anything. It disturbs and stirs ideas, keeping them from becoming stale.

But it is precisely at these crosswaters that it becomes necessary to have a lucid ideology as a base from which problems may be focused on, new options explored.

I don't believe we writers are or should be judges; neither should we pretend to be the blind, beautiful Justice. We are simply witnesses with our antennae alert, witnesses to our external and internal realities, intertwined as they always are. Forget about crude social realism or



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diffuse metaphysical surrealism. The literary act is a mixture of both. For me, it centers neither on the marionette nor on the hand which moves it, but tries to capture the elusive threads which go from one to the other. And trying to see these threads forces us to squint. The clarity of our vision will be greater the less we try to impose a preconceived image and the more we alert ourselves to terror.

We write in order to discover, to disclose, and also to point out that which we would much rather forget.

It's a game of constant questioning and it is a dangerous one, not because we might be fighting against some kind of censorship but rather because we can never permit ourselves the comfortable solid ground of absolute security, where dwell those who have killed the political animal or the literary animal inherent in themselves and so are called, respectively, literati or politicians.

[Short Story]

#### **NEBRASKA**

By Ron Hansen. From "Nebraska: The Individual Voice," a special issue of Prairie Schooner, a quarterly published by the University of Nebraska Press. Hansen, who grew up in Omaha, is the author of Desperadoes and The Assassination of Jesse James by the Coward Robert Ford.

he town is Americus, Covenant, Denmark, Grange, Hooray, Jerusalem, Sweetwater—one of the lesser-known moons of the Platte, conceived in sickness and misery by European pioneers who took the path of least resistance and put down roots in an emptiness like the one they kept secret in their youth. In Swedish and Danish and German and Polish, in anxiety and fury and God's providence, they chopped at the Great Plains with spades, creating green sodhouses that crumbled and collapsed in the rain and disappeared in the first persuasive snow and were so low the grown-ups stooped to go inside; and yet were places of ownership and a hard kind of happiness, the places their occupants gravely stood before on those plenary occasions when photographs were taken.

And then the Union Pacific stopped by, just a camp of white campaign tents and a boy playing his harpoon at night, and then a supply store, a depot, a pine water tank, stockyards, and the mean prosperity of the twentieth century. The trains strolling into town to shed a boxcar in the depot side yard, or crying past at sixty miles per

hour, possibly interrupting a girl in her highwire act, her arms looping up when she tips to one side, the railtop as slippery as a silver spoon. And then the yellow and red locomotive rises up from the heat shimmer over a mile away, the August noonday warping the sight of it, but cinders tapping away from the spikes and the iron rails already vibrating up inside the girl's shoes. She steps down to the roadbed and then into high weeds as the Union Pacific pulls Wyoming coal and Georgia-Pacific lumber and snowplow blades and aslant Japanese pickup trucks through the green, open countryside and on to Omaha. And when it passes by, a worker she knows is opposite her, like a pedestrian at a stoplight, the sun not letting up, the plainsong of grasshoppers going on and on between them until the worker says, "Hot."

Twice the Union Pacific tracks cross over the side-winding Democrat, the water slow as an ox cart, green as silage, croplands to the east, yards and houses to the west, a green ceiling of leaves in some places, whirlpools showing up in it like spinning plates that lose speed and disappear. In winter and a week or more of just above zero, high school couples walk the gray ice, kicking up snow as quiet words are passed between them, opinions are mildly compromised, sorrows are apportioned. And Emil Jedlicka unslings his blue-stocked .22 and slogs through high brown weeds and snow, hunting ringnecked pheasant, sidelong rabbits, and—always suddenly-quail, as his little brother Orin sprints across the Democrat in order to slide like an otter.

July in town is a gray highway and a Ford hay truck spraying by, the hay sailing like a yellow ribbon caught in the mouth of a prancing dog, and Billy Awalt up there on the camel's hump, eighteen years old and sweaty and dirty, peppered and dappled with hay dust, a lump of chew like an extra thumb under his lower lip, his blue eyes happening on a Dairy Queen and a pretty girl licking a pale trickle of ice cream from the cone. And Billy slaps his heart and cries, "O! I am pierced!"

And late October is orange on the ground and blue overhead and grain silos stacked up like white poker chips, and a high silver water tower belittled one night by the sloppy tattoo of one year's class at George W. Norris High. And below the silos and water tower are stripped treetops, their gray limbs still lifted up in alleluia, their yellow leaves crowding along yard fences and sheeping along the sidewalks and alleys under the shepherding wind.

Or January and a heavy snow partitioning the landscape, whiting out the highways and woods and cattle lots until there are only open spaces and steamed-up windowpanes, and a Nordstrom

#### PHILIP LARKIN, WITH BOOKS



1 Study of Reading Haves

When getting my nose in a gook Cured most things short of school, It was worth runing my y y . To know I could still ke p cool. And deal out the old right hook I o duty dogs twice my size.

Later, with inch thick specs, Evil was just my lark: Me and my cloak and fangs Had ripping times in the dark. The women I clubbed with sex! I broke them up like meringues.

Don't read much now: the dude Who lets the girl down before The hero arrives, the chap Who's yellow and keeps the store, Seem far too familiar. Get stewed: Books are a load of crap

Princip Carxin

From Portraits of Poets, by Christopher Barker, published by Carcanet Books. Each of Barker's portraits is based on one of his subject's poems. Philip Larkin, who was librarian at the University of Hull, died in 1985. "A Study of Reading Habits," from The Whitsun Weddings, is reprinted by permission of Faber and Faber.

boy limping pitifully in the hard plaster of his clothes, in a snow parka meant to be green and a snow cap meant to be purple, the snow as deep as his hips when the boy tips over and cannot get up until a little Schumacher girl sitting by the stoop window, a spoon in her mouth, a bowl of Cheerios in her lap, says in plain voice, "There's a boy," and her mother looks out to the sidewalk.

Houses are big and white and two stories high, each a cousin to the next, with pigeon roosts in the attic gables, green storm windows on the upper floor, and a green screened porch, some as pillowed and couched as parlors or made into sleeping rooms for the boy whose next step will be the Navy and days spent on a ship with his hometown's own population, on gray water that rises up and is allayed like a geography of cornfields, sugar beets, soybeans, wheat, that stays there and says, in its own way, "Stay." Houses are turned away from the land and toward whatever is not always, sitting across from each other like dressed-up children at a party in

daylight, their parents looking on with hopes and fond expectations. Overgrown elm and sycamore trees poach the sunlight from the lawns and keep petticoats of snow around them into April. In the deep lots out back are wire clotheslines with flapping white sheets pinned to them, property lines are hedged with sour green and purple grapes, or with rabbit wire and gardens of peonies, roses, gladiola, irises, marigolds, pansies. Fruit trees are so closely planted that they cannot sway without knitting. The apples and cherries drop and sweetly decompose until they're only slight brown bumps in the yards, but the pears stay up in the wind, drooping under the pecks of birds, withering down like peppers until their passion and sorrow is justly noticed and they one day disappear.

Aligned against an alley of blue shale rock is a garage whose doors slash weeds and scrape up pebbles as an old man pokily swings them open, teetering with his last weak push. And then Mr. Victor Johnson rummages inside, being cautious about his gray sweater and high-topped shoes,

tooking over paint cans, junked electric motors, grass rakes and garden rakes and a pitchfork and sickles, gray doors and ladders piled overhead in the rafters, and an old wind-up Victrola and heavy platter records from the twenties, on one of them a soprano singing "I'm a Lonesome Melody." Under a green tarpaulin is a wooden movie projector he painted silver and big cans of tan celluloid, much of it orange and green with age, but one strip of it preserved: of an Army pilot in jodhpurs hopping from one biplane and onto another's upper wing. Country people who'd paid to see the movie had been spellbound by the slight dip of the wings at the pilot's jump, the slap of his leather jacket, and how his hair strayed wild and was promptly sleeked back by the wind, but looking at the strip now, pulling a ribbon of it up to a windowpane and letting it unspool to the ground, Mr. Johnson can make out only twenty frames of the leap and then snapshot after snapshot of an Army pilot clinging to the biplane's wing. And yet Mr. Johnson stays with it, as though that scene of one man staying alive was what he'd paid his nickel for.

Lain Street is just a block away. Pickup trucks stop in it so their drivers can angle out over their brown left arms and speak about crops or praise the weather or make up sentences whose only real point is their lack of complication. And then a cattle truck comes up and they mosey along with a touch of their cap bills or a slap of the door metal. High school girls in skintight jeans stay in one place on weekends and jacked-up cars cruise past, rowdy farm boys overlapping inside, pulling over now and then in order to give the girls cigarettes and sips of pop and grief about their lipstick. And when the cars peel out the girls say how a particular boy measured up or they swap gossip about Donna Moriarity and the scope she permitted Randy when he came back from bootcamp.

Everyone is famous in this town. And everyone is necessary. Townspeople go to the Vaughn grocery store for the daily news, and to the Home restaurant for history class, especially at evensong, when the old people eat gravied pot roast and lemon meringue pies and calmly sip coffee from cups they tip to their mouths with both hands. The Kiwanis Club meets here on Tuesday nights, and hopes are made public, petty sins are tidily dispatched, the proceeds from the gumball machines are talleyed up and poured into the upkeep of the playground. Johnson's hardware store has picnic items and kitchen appliances in its one window, in the manner of those prosperous men who would prefer to be known for their hobbies. And there is one crisp, white, Protestant church with a steeple, of the sort pictured on calendars; and the Immaculate Conception Catholic church, grayly holding the town at bay like a Gothic wolfhound. And there is an insurance agency, a county coroner and justice of the peace, a secondhand shop, a handsome chiropractor named Koch who coaches the Pony League baseball team, a post office approached on unpainted wood steps outside of a cheap mobile home, the Nighthawk tavern, where there's Falstaff tap beer, a green pool table, a poster recording the Cornhuskers' scores, a crazy man patiently tolerated, a grayhaired woman with an unmoored eye, a boy in spectacles thick as paperweights, a carpenter missing one index finger, a plump waitress whose day job is in a basement beauty shop, an old woman who creeps up to the side door at eight in order to purchase one shot glass of whiskey.

And yet passing by, and paying attention, an outsider is aware only of what isn't, that there's no bookshop, no picture show, no pharmacy or dry cleaners, no cocktail parties, extreme opinions, jewelry or piano stores, motels, hotels, hospital, political headquarters, travel agencies, art galleries, European fashions, philosophical theories about Being and the soul.

High importance is attached only to practicalities, and so there is the Batchelor Funeral Home, where a proud old gentleman is on display in a dark brown suit, his yellow fingernails finally clean, his smeared eyeglasses in his coat pocket, a grandchild on tiptoes by the casket, peering at the lips that will not move, the sparrow chest that will not rise. And there's Tommy Seymour's for Sinclair gasoline and mechanical repairs, a green balloon dinosaur bobbing from a string over the cash register, old tires piled beneath the cottonwood, For Sale in the side yard a Case tractor, a John Deere reaper, a hay mower, a red manure spreader, and a rusty grain conveyor, green weeds overcoming them, standing up inside them, trying slyly and little by little to inherit machinery for the earth.

And beyond that are woods, a slope of pasture, six empty cattle pens, a driveway made of limestone pebbles, and the house where Alice Sorensen pages through a child's World Book Encyclopedia, stopping at the descriptions of California, Capetown, Ceylon, Colorado, Copenhagen, Corpus Christi, Costa Rica, Cyprus.

Widow Dworak has been watering the lawn in an open raincoat and apron, but at nine she walks the green hose around to the spigot and screws down the nozzle so that the spray is a misty crystal bowl softly baptizing the ivy. She says, "How about some camomile tea?" And she says, "Yum. Oh boy. That hits the spot." And bends to shut the water off.

The Union Pacific night train rolls through



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Mrs. Antoinette Heft is at the Home restaurant, placing frozen meat patties on waxed paper, pausing at times to clamp her fingers under her arms and press the sting from them. She stops when the Union Pacific passes, then picks a cigarette out of a pack of Kools and smokes it on the back porch, smelling air as crisp as Oxydol, looking up at stars the Pawnee Indians looked at, hearing the low harmonica of big rigs on the highway, in the town she knows like the palm of her hand, in the country she knows by heart.

## [Monologue] I AM BIGFOOT

From The News of the World, a collection of stories by Ron Carlson, forthcoming from W. W. Norton. Carlson is writer-in-residence at Arizona State University. "I Am Bigfoot" was performed last summer at the Philadelphia Festival Theater.

hat's fine. I'm ready.

I am Bigfoot. The Bigfoot. You've been hearing about me for some time now, seeing artists' renderings, and perhaps a phony photograph or two. I should say right here that an artist's rendering is one thing, but some trumped-up photograph is entirely another. The one that really makes me sick purports to show me standing in a stream in Northern California. Let me tell you something: Bigfoot never gets his feet wet. And I've only been to Northern California once, long enough to check out Redding and Eureka, both too quiet for the kind of guy I am.

Anyway, all week long, people (the people I contacted) have been wondering why I finally have gone public. A couple thought it was because I was angry at that last headline, remember: "Jackie O. Slays Bigfoot." No, I'm not angry. You can't go around and correct everybody who slanders you. (Hey, I'm not dead, and I only saw Jacqueline Onassis once, at about 400 yards. She was on a horse.) And as for libel, what should I do, go up to Rockefeller Center and hire a lawyer? Please. Spare me. You can quote me on this: Bigfoot is not interested in legal action.

"Then, why?" they say. "Why climb out of the woods and go through the trouble of 'meeting the press,' so to speak?" (Well, first of all, I don't live in the woods *year-round*, which is a popular misconception of my life style. Sure, I like the woods, but I need action too. I've had some of my happiest times in the median of the Baltimore Beltway, the orchards of Arizona and Florida, and I spent nearly five years in the comcountry just outside St. Louis. So, it's not just the woods, O.K.?)

Why I came forward at this time concerns the truest thing I ever read about myself in the papers. The headline read "Bigfoot Stole My Wife," and it was right on the money. But beneath it was the real story: "Anguished Husband's Cry." Now, I read the article, every word. Twice. It was poorly written, but it was all true. I stole the guy's wife. She wasn't the first and she wasn't the last. But when I went back and read that "anguished husband," it got me a little. I've been, as you probably have read, in all fifty states and eleven foreign countries. (I have never been to Tibet, in case you're wondering. That is some other guy, maybe the same one who was crossing that stream in Northern California.) And, in each place I've been, there's a woman. Come on, who is surprised by that? I don't always steal them; in fact, I never steal them, but I do call them away, and they come with me. I know my powers and I use my powers. And when I call a woman, she comes.

So, here I am. It's kind of a confession, I guess; kind of a warning. I've been around; I've been all over the world (except Tibet! I don't know if that guy is interested in women or not). And I've seen thousands of women standing at their kitchen windows; their stare in the midafternoon goes a thousand miles. I've seen thousands of women, dressed to the nines, strolling the cosmetic counters in Saks and I. Magnin, wondering why their lives aren't like movies; thousands of women shuffling in the soft twilight of malls, headed for the Orange Julius stand, not really there, just biding time until things get lovely.

And things get lovely when I call. I cannot count them all, I cannot list the things these women are doing while their husbands are out there in another world, but one by one I'm meeting them on my terms. I am Bigfoot. I am not from Tibet. I go from village to town to city to village. At present, I am watching your wife. That's why I am here tonight. To tell you, fairly, man to man, I suppose, I am watching your wife, and I know for a fact that when I call, she'll come.

# IS THERE VIRTUE IN PROFIT?

apitalism, like original sin, is one of those primary dogmas that nobody really likes to defend. "The public be damned," William Henry Vanderbilt told an inquiring reporter in 1882, and left it at that. Our own century prefers a smoother approach to any question that might draw an angry crowd. It has thus produced a quorum of pundits who, equipped with stacks of charts and graphs, offer resounding proof of the benign thesis that capitalism provides more things for more people than communism. The high ground has traditionally been left to the socialists, who find in capitalism an economic system that undermines the moral imagination in favor of the cash nexus.

The debate, however, has been enlivened by the recent emergence of a new school of conservative advocates who assert the superior morality of capitalism over all other economic systems, a line of argument which has already left its mark on, among others, President Reagan. Seeking to shed light on this new defense of an old dogma, *Harper's Magazine* invited a group of interested parties to discuss the morality of capitalism.

The following Forum is based on a discussion held at the Cooper Union for the Advancement of Science and Art in New York City.

Lewis H. Lapham served as moderator.

### LEWIS H. LAPHAM is editor of Harper's Magazine.

#### MICHAEL NOVAK

holds the George Frederick Jewett Chair in Religion and Public Policy at the American Enterprise
Institute. His books include The Spirit of Democratic Capitalism and Freedom with Justice. His latest
book, Will It Liberate?: Questions About Liberation Theology,
is forthcoming from the Paulist Press.

#### WALTER B. WRISTON

was president and chief executive officer of Citicorp from 1967 to 1984. He is chairman of the President's Economic Policy Advisory Board. Risk and Other Four-Letter Words, a collection of his essays, was published earlier this year by Harper & Row.

#### ROBERT LEKACHMAN

is Distinguished Professor of Economics at Lehman College of the City University of New York. His books include The Age of Keynes and Greed Is Not Enough: Reaganomics. His latest book, Visions and Nightmares: America After Reagan, is forthcoming from Macmillan.

#### PETER STEINFELS

is editor of Commonweal, a journal of lay Catholic opinion. He is the author of The Neoconservatives.

LEWIS H. LAPHAM: I must confess at the outset that I have never been able to see any connection between morality and capitalism. I see no reason why an economic system should match, resemble, or in any other way seek to conform to some preexisting system of ethics. Such conformity seems to me an attempt to yoke unlike things: apples and pears, say, or symphony orchestras and tennis sneakers.

There's a good deal of precedent for such a division of realms. Poets and divines once kept strict accounts in separate ledgers of what was owed to God and what to Mammon. Oldfashioned conservatives were content with defending our economic system on the narrow grounds of property rights and individual liberty. But Americans today are anxious to have it both ways. They don't like to admit an utter disparity between their system of ethics and their system of economics. Signs of their confusion may be found in the electronic media, on the editorial pages, in campaign platforms. And I find them in the writings of Michael Novak, a noted student of the morality of capitalism. Mr. Novak argues that capitalism is a social system of inherently greate: moral power than socialism. This line of argument strikes me as elusive, Michael, and perhaps we might begin by hearing you explain it.

MICHAEL NOVAK: I would agree that there are many moral criticisms to be made of capitalism

as an economic system. I would never argue that all the values and virtues required for full morality are somehow inherent in capitalism. The economic system is properly balanced by both a political and a cultural system. But I disagree with most of what you've said so far. At no time in the last century have so many countries turned away from the socialist experiment. At no time has capitalism's ability to raise up the poor and generate democratic habits been more widely observed—even by hostile critics. That's the larger context within which I want to discuss American capitalism.

As a system, compared to traditionalist and socialist systems, capitalism inculcates a special range of virtues—concerning time, personal autonomy, initiative, self-reliance, family. It begins with the development of institutions which encourage creativity, invention, and discovery. The very root of capitalism, as the origin of the word suggests, is the human head. The society which organizes its institutions to favor creativity, invention, and discovery will be the society best suited to liberate the poor and create an unprecedented economic dynamism. To these institutions capitalism adds a new notion of community, a community based not on family, tribe, or ethnicity but on voluntary association. The capitalist conceives of the common good as being rooted not in intention, but rather in the freedom of persons to have their own individual visions of the common good. And these visions, taken together, produce a higher level of the common good than was previously possible.

LAPHAM: My own experience suggests that the larger the institution, the less the creativity. Walter Wriston, what do you think? Do capitalist institutions work as well in the real world as they do in Michael Novak's books? Where do you stand on the question of the morality of capitalism?

WALTER B. WRISTON: Morality attaches solely to individuals. It doesn't attach to institutions. There are moral and immoral capitalists. I happen to believe that the most important moral value is individual liberty. What social system produces more individual liberty than any other? The record of history is quite clear on this question. Centralized governments rest on the use of police power to make people do things that are not in their own interests. And it is impossible for centralized economic planning, no matter how intelligently conceived, to produce rational choices over any period of time. Nobody is smart enough to guide an economy for the good of all. It's just not possible.

What we've developed instead of centralized planning is a price system that lets each individual communicate with billions of other individuals in a way which, though imperfect, allows him to make sensible economic decisions about his own life. That increases freedom. And that's my answer to your question about the morality of capitalism. When all is said and done, the maximizing of human liberty is the most important moral imperative, and it is democratic capitalism which is more congruent with human liberty than any other form of social organization.

ROBERT LEKACHMAN: Outrageous as it may sound. I'm rather on Milton Friedman's side when it comes to the question of capitalist conduct. Friedman has consistently argued that the sole function of an efficient capitalist is to maximize profit within the boundaries of the laws enacted by appropriate authorities. This suggests that there is no connection between capitalist conduct and the morality of the outcome. Morally speaking, capitalism has probably done best in countries like Sweden and Canada, places where more external constraints are placed upon capitalist conduct than in the United States. You can get an approximation of the kind of moral conduct you want if you require it by law: products that don't poison consumers, power sources that don't pollute the air and the environment. But you're unlikely to get it by the spontaneous conduct of profit maximizers in our

particular capitalist system.

Daniel Bell has argued that the amoral pursuit of profit tends to subvert the very bourgeois virtues upon which capitalism's growth depends: thrift, postponement of gratification, preparation for a career. Such is the strength of individual character that there are some people who actually save money. But not very many, and not very much money. After all, the whole thrust of our form of capitalism here in America is to encourage buying and borrowing. And capitalism undermines not only the bourgeois virtues; it undermines our political institutions as well. The unequal distribution of economic power translates into the unequal distribution of political power, and our distribution of the former is far more unequal than that of any other advanced industrial country in the world.

NOVAK: Milton Friedman isn't that simplistic in the way he talks about "maximizing profits." One must consider the law, moral claims, and various long-term economic purposes. Let's take the ambiguous word "profit" and replace it with "economic development." The habit of mind which leads you to want to encourage economic development is a moral habit. Not all cultures exhibit it. And it requires a new morality, as Max Weber recognized when he first described the Protestant ethic. It's not mere acquisitiveness that we're talking about. Weber called that a "kindergarten error."

PETER STEINFELS: I would certainly agree with Michael that enterprise is a virtue. Inventiveness and creativity are virtues. And I would agree that the institutions of capitalism and the free market strengthen these particular virtues. But what we're talking about, to use Joseph Schumpeter's phrase, is "creative destruction." The inventiveness and creativity that make one imaginative capitalist succeed may put a less imaginative one out of business.

It seems to me that such morality as American capitalists succeed in achieving is very much aided by the kinds of external restraints that Bob has mentioned, restraints that set limits on how fierce the competition may be and what may be done in the struggle for profit. I'm certainly convinced that there are many moral people trying to be moral capitalists. What puzzles me is the way in which the sum total of pressures within the system works on individual capitalists to make moral behavior difficult in the real world.

NOVAK: Aristotle said that in politics we must be satisfied with "a tincture of virtue." There are corruptions inherent in democracy and in economic systems. We have to start by accepting the pervasiveness of human corruption and the limitations inherent in all systems.

LEKACHMAN: Why not? And let's begin by considering a particularly horrible example of capitalism at work: the Ford Pinto. The management of the Ford Motor Company was told by company engineers that the placement of the Pinto's fuel tank increased the risk of fatal rear-end accidents. So they calculated that the amount they'd have to pay out in successful lawsuits because of fatalities or injuries was less than the cost of relocating the fuel tank—and then did nothing. What about that?

WRISTON: Of course there are occasions in business

when bad decisions are made. Over time, though, the market punishes the people who make those decisions.

NOVAK: It's not a serious argument against capitalism that shoddy products are produced and human values are overturned. That's true in every economic system known to man.

WRISTON: People vote under democratic capitalism, Mr. Lekachman, and they vote by buying what they like. You may not think that Jackie Collins ranks with Aristotle. But this is a free society. Why shouldn't we have both? Why should anyone impose his own view of what is good on a society?

#### Capitalism and the Intellectuals: 1942

The man who has gone through a college or university easily becomes psychically unemployable in manual occupations without necessarily acquiring employability in, say, professional work. His failure to do so may be due either to lack of natural ability—perfectly compatible with passing academic tests—or to inadequate teaching; and both cases will, absolutely and relatively, occur more frequently as ever larger numbers are drafted into higher education and as the required amount of teaching increases irrespective of how many teachers and scholars nature chooses to turn out. The results of neglecting this and of acting on the theory that schools, colleges and universities are just a matter of money, are too obvious to insist upon. Cases in which among a dozen applicants for a job, all formally qualified, there is not one who can fill it satisfactorily, are known to everyone who has anything to do with appointments—to everyone, that is, who is himself qualified to judge.

All those who are unemployed or unsatisfactorily employed or unemployable drift into the vocations in which standards are least definite or in which aptitudes and acquirements of a different order count. They swell the host of intellectuals in the strict sense of the term, whose numbers hence increase disproportionately. They enter it in a thoroughly discontented frame of mind. Discontent breeds resentment. And it often rationalizes itself into that social criticism which as we have seen before is in any case the intellectual spectator's typical attitude toward men, classes and institutions especially in a rationalist and utilitarian civilization. Well,

here we have numbers; a well-defined group situation of proletarian hue; and a group interest shaping a group attitude that will much more realistically account for hostility to the capitalist order than could the theory—itself a rationalization in the psychological sense—according to which the intellectual's righteous indignation about the wrongs of capitalism simply represents the logical inference from outrageous facts and which is no better than the theory of lovers that their feelings represent nothing but the logical inference from the virtues of the beloved. Moreover our theory also accounts for the fact that this hostility increases, instead of diminishing, with every achievement of capitalist evolution.

Of course, the hostility of the intellectual group—amounting to moral disapproval of the capitalist order—is one thing, and the general hostile atmosphere which surrounds the capitalist engine is another thing. The latter is the really significant phenomenon; and it is not simply the product of the former but flows partly from independent sources, some of which have been mentioned before; so far as it does, it is raw material for the intellectual group to work on. There are give-and-take relations between the two which it would require more space to unravel than I can spare. The general contours of such an analysis are however sufficiently obvious and I think it safe to repeat that the role of the intellectual group consists primarily in stimulating, energizing, verbalizing and organizing this material and only secondarily in adding to it.

—from Capitalism, Socialism and Democracy, by Joseph Schumpeter

LEKACHMAN: I don't propose to do so.

NOVAK: Then it's not a fair argument, Bob. You're playing a game. There is a demonstrable empirical compatibility between socialist theory and authoritarian practices. First you exhibit just such a compatibility, and then you take it back and say you're not serious.

LEKACHMAN: Oh, come now, Michael.

NOVAK: I'm quite serious. There's only one alternative to market allocation, and that's political allocation. You did say that you're in favor of more regulation. I presume you mean political regulation. I don't know any third alternative.

LEKACHMAN: I'm not saying that I would proceed centrally to prohibit this or that or the other thing. What I am saying is that the unchecked pursuit of profit tends to generate the production of harmful substances, products that injure. Here it seems to me that the pursuit of profit is directly involved.

NOVAK: Once again, let me substitute "economic development" for "profit" in Bob's formulation. Imagine the world of Adam Smith. Smith saw the immense poverty in which the people of his age were imprisoned. But he also saw the possibility of creating wealth through a market economy, wealth so vast that poverty itself might someday be eliminated. Seen from this perspective, the pursuit of economic development was undoubtedly a great step forward for the human race. I agree with Bob that the degree of economic liberty we have today introduces the possibility of abuse and evil, but I don't think the fault is the pursuit of economic development. Non-capitalist systems also produce harmful substances and products that injure.

STEINFELS: It's not enough to talk about the immorality that exists as part of the general run of humankind. Competition in the free market may encourage certain kinds of vices. Some major corporation heads have complained, for example, about the current obsession with quarterly returns. Every CEO knows that if the returns aren't kept high, the company's stock will drop, as will his standing within the firm. So he panics and lays off a thousand people. Are these pressures an inherent part of capitalism?

NOVAK: The short answer is yes. There are moral weaknesses in any competitive system. There are also non-competitive systems which foster even greater evils. But the competitive principle does have its downside, one to which we must constantly attend.

STEINFELS: I can settle for that. If you admit that there is an institutionalized downside to the free market and that the problem is what to do about it, that's a good enough answer. After all, there isn't a single serious socialist thinker who doesn't accept a large role for the market in the economy. I just don't want to see these inherent moral pressures written off as manifestations of human nature simply because centralized economies are even worse.

WRISTON: The papers have been devoting a lot of ink lately to the question of short-term growth. But nobody wants to write about the enormous investment in tomorrow that is being made by American corporations and entrepreneurs. I suppose I know the heads of 400 or 500 companies, and I don't know *one* of them who isn't making major investments in tomorrow. The market demands it. If you want to maintain employment, if you want to keep the economy growing, if you want to create jobs, you *have* to invest in tomorrow.

LAPHAM: I'd like to believe that, Walter. But the real investment seems to be not in tomorrow but in the past, in debt. Mergers and takeovers are taking all the available cash and using it for debt service, not research and development. And all we hear about is the collapse of American company after American company.

WRISTON: And the creation of 11 million jobs.

LAPHAM: But what kinds of jobs, Walter? In McDonald's hamburger stands?

WRISTON: Absolutely not. America's biggest export right now is high-tech airplanes. They aren't being built by hamburger turners. We're exporting computer chips to Japan. We're exporting services. We've created a global capital market. The developing countries have doubled their gross national products in the last ten years. That's never happened before. And the reason it's happening now is that the developing countries have access to a global market which didn't previously exist.

LAPHAM: The accounts of life in the Third World that I hear in the media are invariably grim tales of poverty and overcrowding.

WRISTON: Really? Do you know what country had the highest GNP growth rate last year?

LEKACHMAN: Probably Brazil.

WRISTON: It was Brazil, and it was 8 percent. That's almost twice Japan's rate and almost three times the American rate. How could that be possible if all the money invested there was lost in graft or badly spent?

LEKACHMAN: I'd like to return to the alleged connection between morality and capitalist conduct. I don't think it helps much to say that there are moral and immoral people everywhere you look. What you really need to look at is the structure of rewards and penalties that attach to the different roles people play. The pressure on a corporate manager, for instance, is to increase earnings. He may worry as an individual about the damage he is doing to his employees. But he is painfully aware that any expenditure which improves safety is going to diminish his measured performance.

NOVAK: But if you think the fault lies in capitalist institutions themselves, ask yourself: compared to what? Was there cleaner water in traditional pre-capitalist societies? I hardly think so. Human beings don't always destroy the environment; they also improve it. In a moral comparison of the effects of capitalist and socialist institutions, I would give the edge to the capitalists.

LAPHAM: Are you saying that clean drinking water is moral?

NOVAK: I'm saying that if you're going to compare different systems, one of your moral tests should be the quality of the environment.

LAPHAM: But that's not a moral question.

LEKACHMAN: Well, what is moral, Lewis? I've always wanted to know.

LAPHAM: If you substitute the profit motive for all other human values, if you identify wealth with freedom and judgment with the worship of the bottom line, then you are able to justify any means of obtaining money. After all, wealth, being the greatest good, buys all the other goods. Once you have done that, you have set up the system in a way which will lead it to eat itself.

WRISTON: Your argument comes apart, Lewis, because you insist on calling wealth the greatest good. But what the world actually runs on is profit. Your profit, for example, comes from being an editor. It's the way you feel when you walk into a restaurant and hear someone say: "There goes the great editor of Harper's Magazine."

LAPHAM: That's buying a lot less than it used to.

WRISTON: The point is that profit is not merely monetary. Profit is also the Nobel Prize. Profit is being recognized as "surgeon of the year." When you make "wealth" synonymous with "profit," you change the whole argument. Nobody is seriously arguing that wealth per se is the one force which drives everything else. We're talking about the profit motive, which operates even in nonprofit institutions. Sometimes it's prestige, sometimes it's a parking space. But some form of reward system operates in every society.

LEKACHMAN: The fact of the matter is that we have put an exaggerated value on the sheer accumulation of money and a dangerously low evaluation on other forms of human fulfillment. I don't believe in capital punishment for the wealthy. Punishment of capital is a different proposition. I'm all for that. But the rule in America is that if you're paid rather little your merit is rather small.

NOVAK: Are you talking about the status decline of intellectuals? Are you talking about envy?

LEKACHMAN: Oh, no. Many of our intellectuals do very well financially and are thus venerated.

NOVAK: Yes, and there's no society on earth that has as many jobs in the not-for-profit sector as our own. The vast majority of Americans choose what they want to do, and they don't choose merely to seek wealth. Most of the people I know seek the work that satisfies them most completely. Of course a sliver of people want money, money, money, but I think they're only a small number.

LAPHAM: What about all the millionaires in the United States Senate?

WRISTON: Your line, Lewis, is that if somebody has money, he's ipso facto no good. I don't see it.

LAPHAM: In our society, wealth says about intellect what Stalin said about the pope: How many divisions does he command? And intellect commands very few divisions in the United States unless it is harnessed to some specifically useful technological improvement.

NOVAK: How, then, did we come to have more Nobel laureates than any other country? Why is it that if you want to be an artist at the top of your form, you must come to the United States to perform?

LAPHAM: Because the United States is where the money is. I'm quite willing to admit that our educational system spends a great deal of money

turning out a useful regiment of mediocre people for service in the various bureaucracies.

IFKACHMAN: I think our educational system is one of our greatest failures. I've been teaching for the last dozen years at the City University of New York. My students are ambitious young people who are refugees from the New York public school system. They're bright, but they're also quasiliterate: puzzled by the placement of decimal points, baffled by mixed fractions, and otherwise almost completely incapacitated by twelve years of public education.

NOVAK: I agree with you, Bob, about the weaknesses of our educational system. Never have we spent so much money on education. But what we haven't done is add the invigorating element of competition. Our secondary schools are for the most part a monopoly of the state, and they produce the kind of fruit you usually get from a state monopoly.

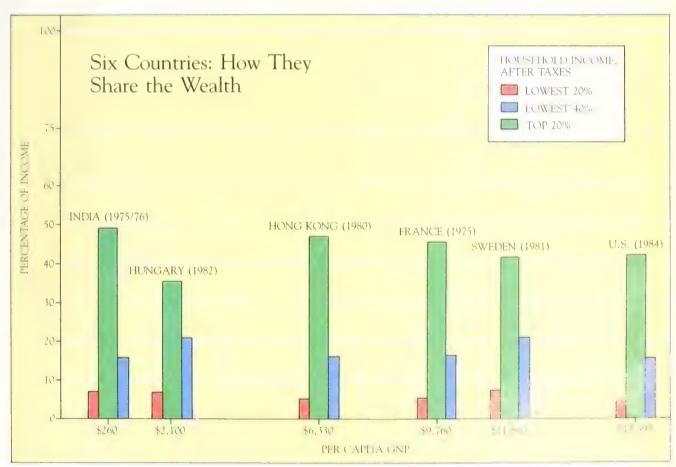
LEKACHMAN: Well, the schools have traditionally

been a monopoly of the state, and apparently they used to produce better results than they do now.

LAPHAM: Let's shift to another question: the future of capitalism. Do you think that capitalism is going to live forever? I certainly don't think it's immortal. To me it's just a mechanism. The Chinese discovered it in the eleventh century and decided it was too dangerous and volatile a force, so they simply covered it up again under the sand.

WRISTON: And starved to death for the next millennium.

LAPHAM: And wrote great poetry and painted beautiful paintings. And what of us? I don't see a country filled with happy faces. In the richest nation in the world, filled with the greatest array of toys and pleasures known to man, I find unhappiness, narrowness of spirit, fear. We're obsessed with security. It's harder to get into the offices of the *New York Times* than it is to get



The six countries are arranged in ascending order of per capita GNP. Each bar shows the portion of total after-tax household income that goes to the specified segment of the population. The red bar for Hong Kong, for example, shows that the poorest fifth of the population received 5.4 percent of Hong Kong's total household income for 1980. Income distribution is frequently cited as an index of the equity of an economic system. (Sources: World Bank, 1986 World Development Report; U.S. Census Bineau, Atter Lix Money Income Example and the Holds 1984)



America, a hand-colored lithograph by G. Bridgman, dating from the 1870s. Lithographs like this were typically distributed as broadsides. They were frequently hung behind the bar in taverns and, in larger cities like New York, posted in the windows of lithography firms, along with other prints of topical interest. (Courtesy Amon Carter Museum, Fort Worth.)

into the Pentagon. We're passing laws against drugs, spending a fortune trying to prevent the sale of dangerous substances. Yet we have high levels of crime, drug abuse, violence. These things don't exactly bear witness to a benign and benevolent economic system.

STEINFELS: Lewis, you set a high standard of anticapitalism for the rest of us here. But my own fear is not that capitalism faces imminent failure. What I worry about is the possibility that it will have an all-consuming success.

Capitalism is so dynamic that it takes over other important spheres of life. In many instances it initially responds to real needs, but ends up changing the moral character of basic human relationships. One of the most interesting examples of late has been the entry of capitalist conduct into the already intense competition for SAT scores. Several smart entrepreneurs started offering training that increases scores, the repeated denials of the test-makers notwithstanding. This training gives those people who can afford it a real advantage, and thus it becomes necessary for more and more students to avail themselves of it simply to stay where they are. And we'll see more of this sort of thing in the future.

LEKACHMAN: A friend of mine likes to say that capitalism is doomed but will take at least a hundred years to topple. What I expect to see in the short run is the sputtering of the system rather than its collapse. Take all those new jobs which have been "created" in the last six years. They barely kept pace with the increase in the size of the labor force. We have about the same percentage of unemployment, give or take a tenth of a point, that we did when President Reagan entered the White House. Statistics suggest that our already very unequal distribution of income and wealth is becoming still more unequal. More people are sinking into the bottom twofifths of income distribution than are rising from the middle to the top fifth. And family income has kept pace with inflation in the last decade almost entirely because more women are working. Michael believes that capitalism promotes the family. Well, it seems to me that capitalism is actually increasing pressure on the family, converting it into a purely economic unit subject to the stresses and strains of the outside world.

I don't know, Lewis, if capitalism has promoted the universal joylessness you were describing. But it's certainly promoted a set of games in which there are inevitably more losers than winners. We're creating a society which demeans people because they have lost out in capitalist competitions. Ours is a society in which fewer and fewer people seem to be attached to anything other than the frequent improvement of their financial status. Such frequent improvement does not conduce to the general good.

NOVAK: You've predicted twenty-four of the last three recessions, Bob. You see the collapse of capitalism every time you turn around. I'm comforted that you've postponed it for a hundred years. That's a real victory for capitalism in the University of Bob Lekachman. At any rate, I should point out that all of your assertions have been empirical. They stand or fall on the facts. So let's look at the facts and see if your vision of the United States in decline holds up.

It isn't true, to begin with, that employment in the last six years has barely kept pace with the increase in the labor force. A higher percentage of Americans between the ages of sixteen and sixty-five are now employed than ever before in our history. As for your income-distribution figures, the top 5 percent of Americans have lost 2 percent of their share of income since 1947. The big gain in income share has been made in the next 35 percent. As for your assertion that capitalism promotes a set of games in which there are more losers than winners: how many games are there in a place like Poland, where the state is the only game in town? I should think that in LEKACHMAN: And we're shifting comparisons, too.

a country where we're creating 13,000 new incorporations every week, we're creating a lot of winners, including the holders of new jobs.

The point is that there are reasons why people fasten on certain numbers and neglect other numbers. I say that if you make empirical claims, everybody has to lay out his empirical cards. Then people can make their minds up for themselves.

LAPHAM: It would seem that we no longer trust each other's numbers.

#### A Raw Plutocracy: 1924

People will not consent in the long run to look up to those who are not themselves looking up to something higher than their ordinary selves. A leading class that has become Epicurean and self-indulgent is lost. Above all it cannot afford to give the first place to material goods. One may, indeed, lay down the principle that, if property as a means to an end is the necessary basis of civilization, property as an end in itself is materialism. In view of the natural insatiableness of the human spirit, no example is more necessary than that of the man who is setting limits to his desire for worldly possessions. The only remedy for economic inequality, as Aristotle says, is "to train the nobler sort of natures not to desire more"; this remedy is not in mechanical schemes for dividing up property, "for it is not the possessions but the desires of mankind which require to be equalized." The equalization of desire in the Aristotelian sense requires on the part of individuals a genuinely ethical or humanistic working. To proclaim equality on some basis that requires no such working will result ironically. For example, this country committed itself in the Declaration of Independence to the doctrine of natural equality. The type of individualism that was thus encouraged has led to monstrous inequalities and, with the decline of traditional standards, to the rise of a raw plutocracy. A man who amasses a billion dollars is scarcely exemplary in the Aristotelian sense, even though he then proceeds to lay out half a billion upon philanthropy. The remedy for such a failure of the man at the top to curb his desires does not lie, as the agitator would have us believe, in inflaming the desires of the man at the bottom; nor again in substituting for real justice

some phantasmagoria of social justice. As a result of such a substitution, one will presently be turning from the punishment of the individual offender to an attack on the institution of property itself; and a war on capital will speedily degenerate, as it always has in the past, into a war on thrift and industry in favor of laziness and incompetence, and finally into schemes of confiscation that profess to be idealistic and are in fact subversive of common honesty. Above all, social justice is likely to be unsound in its partial or total suppression of competition. Without competition it is impossible that the ends of true justice should be fulfilled—namely, that every man should receive according to his works. The principle of competition is, as Hesiod pointed out long ago, built into the very roots of the world; there is something in the nature of things that calls for a real victory and a real defeat. Competition is necessary to rouse man from his native indolence; without it life loses its zest and savor. Only, as Hesiod goes on to say, there are two types of competition—the one that leads to bloody war and the other that is the mother of enterprise and high achievement. He does not perhaps make as clear as he might how one may have the sound rivalry and, at the same time, avoid the type that degenerates into pernicious strife. But surely the reply to this question is found in such sentences of Aristotle as those ! have just been quoting. The remedy for the evils of competition is found in the moderation and magnanimity of the strong and the successful, and not in any sickly sentimentalizing over the lot of the underdog.

> —from Democracy and Leadership, in Journa Pabbitt

The most favorable comparison of our society, of course, is with the Soviet system. There we clearly win on a wide variety of grounds. But perhaps we should be comparing ourselves to an earlier American society. I would say, for example, that the New Deal period, despite its economic dislocations, was a more hopeful, more inventive, more public-spirited period than the last decade.

The New Deal phenomena that I particularly admire are things like the Social Security Act, the National Labor Relations Act, fair labor standards, the minimum wage. Measures like these protected ordinary citizens against the misfortunes of indigence, old age, unemployment, and other social ailments. For half a century they tempered American capitalism and made it tolerable. The New Deal certainly had

#### How Wealth Accumulates and Men Decay

There was a time when pinmakers could buy the materials; shape it; make the head and the point; ornament it; and take it to market or to your door and sell it to you. They had to know three trades: buying, making, and selling; and the making required skill in several operations. They not only knew how the thing was done from beginning to end, but could do it. But they could not afford to sell you a paper of pins for a farthing. Pins cost so much that a woman's dress allowance was called pin money.

By the end of the eighteenth century Adam Smith boasted that it took eighteen men to make a pin, each man doing a little bit of the job and passing the pin on to the next, and none of them being able to make a whole pin or to buy the materials or to sell it when it was made. The most you could say for them was that at least they had some idea of how it was made, though they could not make it. Now as this meant that they were clearly less capable and knowledgeable men than the old pinmakers, you may ask why Adam Smith boasted of it as a triumph of civilization when its effect was so clearly a degrading effect. The reason was that by setting each man to do just one little bit of the work and nothing but that, over and over again, he became very quick at it. The men, it is said, could turn out nearly five thousand pins a day each; and thus pins became plentiful and cheap. The country was supposed to be richer because it had more pins, though it had turned capable men into mere machines doing their work without intelligence, and being fed by the spare food of the capitalist as an engine is fed with coals and oil. That was why the poet Goldsmith, who was a farsighted economist as well as a poet, complained that "wealth accumulates, and men decay."

Nowadays Adam Smith's eighteen men are as extinct as the diplodocus. The eighteen flesh-and-blood machines are replaced by machines of steel which spout out pins by the hundred mil-

lion. Even sticking them into pink papers is done by machinery. The result is that with the exception of a few people who design the machines, nobody knows how to make a pin or how a pin is made: that is to say, the modern worker in pin manufacture need not be one-tenth so intelligent and skillful and accomplished as the old pinmaker; and the only compensation we have for this deterioration is that pins are so cheap that a single pin has no expressible value at all. Even with a big profit stuck on to the cost-price you can buy dozens for a farthing; and pins are so recklessly thrown away and wasted that verses have to be written to persuade children (without success) that it is a sin to steal a pin. . . .

It is a funny place, this world of Capitalism, with its astonishing spread of ignorance and helplessness, boasting all the time of its spread of education and enlightenment. There stand the thousands of property owners and the millions of wage workers, none of them able to make anything, none of them knowing what to do until somebody tells them, none of them having the least notion of how it is that they find people paying them money, and things in the shops to buy with it. And when they travel they are surprised to find that savages and Esquimos and villagers who have to make everything for themselves are more intelligent and resourceful! The wonder would be if they were anything else. We should die of idiocy through disuse of our mental faculties if we did not fill our heads with romantic nonsense out of illustrated newspapers and novels and plays and films. Such stuff keeps us alive; but it falsifies everything for us so absurdly that it leaves us more or less dangerous lunatics in the real world.

—from The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism, by George Bernard Shaw (1928) its imperfections. Back in those days I wasn't particularly fond of Franklin Roosevelt, because I knew he was impeding the coming revolution by saving capitalism! But Roosevelt did save capitalism, for better or worse.

NOVAK: The idea of democratic capitalism, of course, *includes* the New Deal. We're talking about political economy, not just economics.

LAPHAM: When I came to New York in 1960 the people of my generation had an expectation of the future that was very great. They thought the quality of their lives would surpass that of their parents. Most of the young people I know are constantly looking over their shoulders. They can't afford to buy apartments in New York. They can't afford to take part in the community life of the city. They are deeply cynical about the law. They are completely alienated from the realm of politics. Most of them have no idea of who's running against whom, or for what.

WRISTON: With all due respect, Lewis, your sample is too narrow. The young people I know take just the opposite view. They see new opportunities, they have enormous expectations. Compare the spectacle of Jimmy Carter coming down from Camp David and telling us about the malaise of the American people to the recent Statue of Liberty celebrations. That's quite a change.

As far as the fear of crime goes, you're completely right. I know no answer to that one. But I do know that I've never been as scared on the streets of New York as I am when I visit Moscow. The difference is that it's the *government* which mugs you over there. Or arrests you, as they did Mr. Daniloff.

LAPHAM: Believe me, Walter, I'd rather be sleeping in the American Embassy in Moscow than in the subway station at Ninety-sixth Street in New York. Besides, the embassy has room service.

NOVAK: Lewis, I've been struck by the self-hatred which you have been entering into evidence to-day. The self-hatred and melancholy which you claim to see in so many Americans surely bespeaks a larger hatred of the capitalist system itself. Perhaps morale about our economic system is low. But if that's so, it's because Americans are taught to have this kind of hatred for their own economic system. It's practically mandatory in our literary tradition.

This problem will be increasingly overcome, I suspect, as the alternatives become clearer in people's minds. And one thing that our discussion has made very clear is that we are all capitalists now. Even those who describe them-

selves as democratic socialists embrace the key institutions in dispute: markets, private property, patents, the types of free and legal association so important to a system like ours. There's not much left of the intellectual left.

STEINFELS: I don't think there's anything like the amount of hostility toward capitalism that both Lewis and Michael seem to be suggesting. There may be serious doubts as to the virtues of the existing capitalist system, but I don't see any real crisis of legitimacy. To claim that one exists only serves to distract us from the real issues.

NOVAK: Jacques Maritain predicted forty years ago that "the search for meaning" would emerge as the main theme of American life. Maritain thought that because of the very success of our system of democratic capitalism, issues of personal survival would diminish while questions of meaning would rise in importance. I think this prediction is coming true, and it will demand of us more reflection than we've previously been inclined to give to the nature of our system. We must understand capitalism in terms of its own ideals, so that we can modify it and reform it and, as Thomas Jefferson said, revolutionize it every generation.

LAPHAM: It's conceivable that this search for meaning will take a religious form. I don't think that the naked dynamic of capitalism gives Americans the correlative feeling of fulfillment they once expected of it. And I would say that it's quite possible that somebody like Pat Robertson or Jerry Falwell will be on a presidential ticket in the year 2000.

LEKACHMAN: I must confess to a moderate degree of optimism about the year 2000. I do think that we're headed for a time of troubles. The crass and malignant tendencies which began in the Carter years and have been accentuated in the Reagan period are strong enough that they'll probably endure for some years to come. But I expect that by the presidential election of 1992, there will have been enough economic trouble, enough disappointed expectations, enough dissatisfaction with the purely private emphasis which has been the dominant ethos of the past decade, that we'll elect a president and a Congress who, in American terms, are on the moderate left. And we will then return to the neglected task of rebuilding the combination of communal provision and private economic activity which characterizes the most advanced of capitalist economies. Assuming that we don't blow each other up, I dare say that I will find the landscape of the year 2000 more attractive than I do the landscape of 1986.

## New Tech in the Office

Industry is making big strides in streamlining factories through technology, chiefly microelectronics. It's all part of a national drive to improve productivity, essential to economic growth and higher living standards.

Productivity also is being emphasized in the office. Since white-collar employees now comprise more than half of the U.S. workforce, progress in the office sector can improve the nation's overall productivity and economic well-being.

Businesses are investing heavily in new technology for offices. Electronic energy-management systems are helping building managers conserve fuel and electricity, lowering the cost of office operation. Computers, word processors, and telecommunications equipment are helping professional and clerical employees perform more efficiently on the job.

As recently as 1980, business spent only one-third as much on technology per office worker as was spent per production worker. By 1990, investments per employee are expected to be roughly equal in the office and factory. Expanding use of technology is improving productivity in the office, just as it has in the factory.

Increased productivity means more than higher output and lower costs. It can be achieved through higher quality work. Improved products and services generate customer satisfaction, the main ingredient in business success and economic prosperity.

Technology can help people improve the quality of their work. Computerized energy-management systems that reduce fuel costs also create an environment that lets employees function more comfortably and efficiently. Computerized information-management systems give people better control of financial and other resources. People can make better decisions by having timely access to more comprehensive data.

Technology is not a substitute for human effort. Rather, it is a tool to enhance human performance. It can create an office environment in which people can be more responsive to colleagues and customers. It can make work more satisfying by enabling people to use their abilities more fully.

Employee satisfaction and productivity are two sides of the same equation. People are most satisfied when they are working well with new technology in the office. More people now agree with playwright Noel Coward who said, "Work is more fun than fun."

The new-technology office creates conditions that encourage talents to flourish. People working efficiently and enjoying it—even having fun. That's what technology in the workplace is all about.



## A HIGHER HORROR OF THE WHITENESS

Cocaine's coloring of the American psyche By Robert Stone

ne day in New York last summer I had a vision near St. Paul's Chapel of Trinity Church. I had walked a lot of the length of Manhattan and it seemed to me that a large part of my time had been spent stepping around men who stood in the gutter snapping imaginary whips. Strangers had approached me trying to sell Elavil, an antidepressant. As I stood on Broadway I reflected that although I had grown to middle age seeing strange sights, I had never thought to see people selling Elavil on the street. Street Elavil, I would have exclaimed, that must be a joke!

I looked across the street from St. Paul's and the daylight seemed strange. I had gotten used to thinking of the Wall Street area as a part of New York where people looked healthy and wholesome. But from where I stood half the men waiting for the light to change looked like Bartleby the Scrivener. Everybody seemed to be listening in dread to his own heartbeat. They're all loaded, I thought. That was my vision. Everybody was loaded on cocaine.

In the morning, driving into Manhattan, the traffic had seemed particularly demonic. I'd had a peculiar exchange with a bridge toll taker who seemed to have one half of a joke I was expected to have the other half of. I didn't. Walking on Fourteenth Street I passed a man in an imitation leopard-skin hat who was crying as though his heart would break. At Fourth Avenue I was offered the Elavil. Elavil relieves the depression attendant on the deprivation of re-refined cocaine—"crack"—which is what the men cracking the imaginary whips were selling. Moreover, I'd been reading the

Robert Stone's most recent novel is Children of Light.

People get unpleasantly weird under cocaine's influence. You can actually seem unpleasantly weird to yourself on coke papers. I began to think that I was seeing stoned cops, stoned grocery shoppers, and stoned boomers. So it went, and by the time I got to lower Broadway I was concerned. I felt as though I were about to confront the primary process of hundreds of thousands of unsound minds. What I

process of hundreds of thousands of unsound minds. What I was seeing in my vision of New York as super-stoned Super City was cocaine in its role of success drug.

ot many years ago, people who didn't use cocaine didn't have to know much about it. Now, however, it's intruding on the national perception rather vigorously. The National Institute on Drug Abuse reported almost 6 million current users in 1985, defining a current user as one who took cocaine at least once in the course of the month preceding the survey. The same source in the same year reckoned that more than 22 million people had tried cocaine at least once during their lives.

So much is being heard about cocaine, principally through television, that even people who live away from the urban centers are beginning to experience it as a factor in their lives. Something of the same thing happened during the sixties, when Americans in quiet parts of the country began to feel they were being subjected to civil insurrection day in and day out.

One aspect which even people who don't want to know anything about cocaine have been compelled to recognize is that people get unpleasantly weird under its influence. The term *dope fiend* was coined for cocaine users. You can actually seem unpleasantly weird to yourself on coke, which is one of its greatest drawbacks.

In several ways the ubiquity of cocaine and its derivative crack have helped the American city to carry on its iconographic function as Vision of Hell. Over the past few years some of the street choreography of Manhattan has changed slightly. There seems to be less marijuana on the air. At the freight doors of garment factories and around construction sites people cluster smoking something odorless. At night in the ghettos and at the borders of ghettos, near the tunnels and at downtown intersections, an enormous ugly argument seems to be in progress. Small contentious groups of people drift across the avenues, sometimes squaring off at each other, moving from one corner to the next, the conformations breaking up and reforming. The purchase of illegal drugs was always a sordid process, but users and dealers (pretty much interchangeable creatures) used to attempt adherence to an idealized vision of the traffic in which smoothie dealt with smoothie in a confraternity of the hip. Crack sales tend to start with a death threat and deteriorate rapidly. The words die and motherfucker are among the most often heard. Petty race riots between white suburban buyers and minority urban sellers break out several times an hour. Every half block stand people in various states of fury, mindless exhibitation, and utter despair—all of it dreadfully authentic yet all of it essentially artificial.

On the day of my visionary walk through the city I felt beset by a drug I hadn't even been in the same room with for a year. New York always seems to tremble on the brink of entropy—that's why we love her even though she doesn't love us back. But that afternoon it felt as though white crystal had seeped through the plates and fouled the very frame of reference. There was an invisible whiteness deep down things, not just the glistening mounds in their little tricorn Pyramid papers tucked into compacts and under pocket handkerchiefs but, I thought, a metaphysical whiteness. It seemed a little out of place at first. I was not in California. I was among cathedrals of commerce in the midst of a city hard at work. I wondered why the sense of the drug should strike most vividly on Wall Street. It might be the shade of Bartleby, I thought, and the proximity of the harbor. The whiteness was Melvillean, like the whiteness of the Whale.

In the celebrated chapter on whiteness in Moby Dick, Melville frequently mentions the Andes—not Bolivia, as it happens, but Lima, "the strangest saddest city thou canst see. . . . there is a higher horror in the whiteness of



her woe." Higher horror seemed right. I had found a Lima of the mind.

"But not yet," Melville writes, "have we solved the incantation of this whiteness and learned why it appeals with such power to the soul... and vet should be as it is, the intensifying agent in things the most appalling to mankind...a dumb blankness full of meaning in a wide landscape of snows—a colorless all-color of atheism from which we shrink."

I was in the city to do business with some people who tend toward enthusiasms, toward ardor and mild obsession. Behind every enthusiasm, every outburst of ardor, every mildly obsessive response, I kept scouting the lep-

rous white hand of narcosis. It's a mess when you think everybody's high. I liked it a lot better when the weirdest thing around was me.

Ve old-time pot smokers used to think we were cute with our instant redefinitions and homespun minimalism. Our attention had been caught by a sensibility a lot of us associated with black people. We weren't as cute as we thought, but for a while we were able to indulge the notion that a small community of minds was being nurtured through marijuana. In a very limited way, in terms of art and music, we were right. In the early days we divided into two camps. Some of us were elitists who thought we had the right to get high because we were artists and musicians and consciousness was our profession and the rest of the world, the "squares," could go to hell. Others of us hoped the insights we got from using drugs like pot could somehow change the world for the better. To people in the latter camp, it was vaguely heartening when a walker in the city could smell marijuana everywhere. The present coke-deluded cityscape is another story.

Cocaine was never much to look at. All drugs have their coarse practicalities, so in the use of narcotics and their paraphernalia, dexterity and savoir-faire are prized. Coke, however, is difficult to handle gracefully. For one thing, once-refined cocaine works only in solution with blood, mucus, or saliva, a handicap to éclat which speaks for itself.

I remember watching an elegant and beautiful woman who was trying cocaine for the first time. The lady, serving herself liberally, had a minor indelicate accident. For a long time she simply sat there contentedly with her nose running, licking her lips. This woman was a person of such imposing presence that watching her get high was like watching an angel turn into an ape; she hung there at a balancing point somewhere midway along the anthropoid spectrum.

The first person I ever saw use cocaine was a poet I haven't seen for twenty-five years. It was on the Lower East Side, one night during the fifties, in an age that's as dead now as Agamemnon. Coltrane's "My Favorite Things" was on the record player. The poet was tall and thin and pale and selfdestructive and we all thought that was a great way to be. After he'd done up his nose started to bleed. The bathtub was in the kitchen, and he sat down on the kitchen floor and leaned his head back against it. You had to

Let me tell you I honor that man. I honor him for his lonely independence and his hard outcast's road. I think he was one of the people who, in the fifties, helped to make this country a lot freer. Maybe that's the trouble. Ultimately, nothing is free, in the sense that you have to pay up somewhere along the line.

My friend the poet thought cocaine lived someplace around midnight that he was trying to find. He would not have expected it to become a commonplace drug. He would not have expected over 17 percent of American high school students to have tried it, even thirty years later, any more than he would have expected that one quarter of America's high school students would use marijuana. He was the wild one. In hindsight, we should have known how many of the kids to come would want to be the wild ones too.

A few weeks after my difficult day in the city I was sitting in my car in a

Cocame works only in solution with blood, mucus, or saliva, a handicap to éclat which speaks for itself

Maybe all the partisan competition for dramatic solutions will produce results. Surely some of our politically inspired plans must work

New England coastal village leafing through my mail when for some reasor I became aware of the car parked beside mine. In the front seat were two teen-age girls whose tan summer faces seemed aglow with that combination of apparent innocence and apparent wantonness adolescence inflicts. glanced across the space between our cars and saw that they were doing cocaine. Their car windows were rolled up against the bay breeze. The drug itself was out of sight, on the car seat between them. By turns they descended to sniff. Then both of them sat upright, bolt upright might be the way to put it, staring straight ahead of them. They licked their fingers. The girl in the driver's seat ran her tongue over a pocket mirror. The girl beside her looked over at me, utterly untroubled by my presence; there was a six-inch length of peppermint-striped soda straw in her mouth. There are people I know who cannot remove a cigarette from its pack with someone standing behind them, who between opening the seal and lighting up perform the most elaborate pantomimes of guilty depravity. Neither of these children betrayed the slightest cautious reflex although we couldn't have been more than a few hundred yards from the village police station. The girl with the straw between her teeth and I looked at each other for an instant and I saw something in her eyes, but I don't know what it was. It wasn't guilty pleasure or defiance or flirtatiousness. Its intellectual aspect was crazy and its emotional valence was cold.

A moment later, the driver threw the car into reverse and straight into the path of an oncoming postal truck, which fortunately braked in time. Then they were off down the road, headed wherever they thought their state of mind might make things better. One wondered where.

Watching their car disappear, I could still see the moment of their highs. Surfacing, they had looked frosted, their faces streaked with a cotton-candied, snotty sugary excitement, a pair of little girls having their afternoon at the fair, their carnival goodies, and all the rides in a few seconds flat.

Five minutes from the parking lot, the fairy lights would be burned out. Their parents would find them testy, sarcastic, and-tantrum prone. Unless, of course, they had more.

he destructiveness of cocaine today is a cause for concern. What form is our concern to take?

American politicians offer a not untypical American political response. The Democrats say they want to hang the dealers. The Republicans say they want to hang them and throw their bones to the dogs. Several individuals suggest that the military be used in these endeavors. Maybe all the partisan competition for dramatic solutions will produce results. Surely some of our politically inspired plans must work some of the time.

I was talking with a friend of mine who's a lawyer recently. Like many lawyers she once used a lot of cocaine, although she doesn't anymore. She and I were discussing the satisfactions of cocaine abuse and the lack thereof, and she recounted the story of a stock-trading associate of hers who was sometimes guided in his decisions by stimulants. One day, all of his clients received telephone calls informing them that the world was coming to an end and that he was supervising their portfolios with that in mind. The world would end by water, said the financier, but the right people would turn into birds and escape. He and some of his clients were already growing feathers and wattles.

"Some gonna fly and some gonna die," the broker intoned darkly to his startled customers.

We agreed that while this might be the kind of message you'd be glad to get from your Yaqui soothsayer, it hardly qualified as sound investment strategy. (Although, God knows, the market can be that way!)

We agreed that what cocaine mainly gave you was the jitters.

"But sometimes," she said, "you feel this illusion of lucidity. Of excellence."

I think it's more that you feel like you're about to feel an illusion of lucio

ity and excellence. But lucidity and excellence are pretty hot stuff, even in a potential state, even as illusion. Those are very contemporary goals and quite different from the electric twilight that people were pursuing in the sixties.

"I thought of cocaine as a success drug," one addict is reported saying in a recent newspaper story. Can you blame him? It certainly looks like a success drug, all white and shiny like an artificial Christmas morning. It glows and it shines just as success must. And success is back! The faint sound you hear at the edges of perception is the snap, crackle, and pop of winners winning and losers losing.

You can tell the losers by their downcast eyes bespeaking unseemly scruple and self-doubt. You can tell the winners by their winning ways and natty strut; look at them stepping out there, all confidence and hard-edged realism. It's a new age of vim and vigor, piss and vinegar and cocaine. If we work hard enough and live long enough we'll all be as young as the President.

Meanwhile, behold restored as lord of creation, pinnacle of evolution and progress, alpha and omega of the rationalized universe Mr. Success, together with his new partner and pal Ms. Success. These two have what it takes; they've got heart, they've got drive, they've got aggression. It's a no-fault world of military options and no draft. Hey, they got it all.

Sometimes, though, it gets scary. Some days it's hard to know whether you're winning or not. You're on the go but so's the next guy. You're moving fast but so is she. Sometimes you're afraid you'd think awful thoughts if you had time to think. That's why you're almost glad there isn't time. How

can you be sure you're on the right track? You might be on the wrong one. Everybody can't be a winner or there wouldn't be a game. "Some gonna fly and some gonna die."

redestinarian religion generated a lot of useful energy in this republic. It cast a long December shadow, a certain slant of light on winter afternoons. Things were grim with everybody wondering whether he was chosen, whether he was good enough, really, truly good enough and not just faking. Finally, it stopped being useful. We got rid of it.

It's funny how the old due bills come up for presentation. We had Faith and not Works. Now we've got all kinds of works and no faith. And people still wonder if they've got what it takes.

When you're wondering if you've got what it takes, wondering whether you're on the right track and whether you're going to fly, do you sometimes want a little pick-me-up? Something upbeat and cool with nice lines, something that shines like success and snaps you to, so you can step out there feeling aggressive, like a million-dollar Mr. or Ms.? And after that would you like to be your very own poet and see fear, yes I said fear, in a handful of dust? Have we got something for you! Something white.

On the New York morning of which I've spoken I beheld its whiteness. How white it really is, and what it does, was further described about 130 years ago by America's God-bestowed prophet, who delineated the great American success story with the story of two great American losers, Bartleby and Ahab. From Moby Dick:

And when we consider that... theory of the natural philosophers, that all other earthly hues—every stately or lovely emblazoning—the sweet tinges of sunset skies and woods; yea, and the gilded velvets of butterflies, and the butterfly cheeks of young girls; all these are but the subtile deceits, not actually inherent in substance, but only laid on from without; and when we proceed further, and consider that the mystical cosmetic which produces every one of her hues, the great principle of light, for ever remains white or colorless in itself, and if operating without medium upon matter, would touch all objects, even tulips and roses, with its own blank tinge—pondering all this, the palsied universe lies before us a leper; and like wilful travellers in Lapland, who refuse to wear colored and color-

When you're wondering if you've got what it takes, wondering whether you're on the right track, do you sometimes want a little pick-me-up?



When they've said no to crack, can we give them something to say yes to? ing glasses upon their eyes, so the wretched infidel gazes himself blind at the monumental white shroud that wraps all the prospect around him.

All over America at this moment pleasurable surges of self-esteem are fading. People are discovering that the principal thing one does with cocaine is run out of it.

If cocaine is the great "success drug," is there a contradiction in that it brings such ruin not only to the bankers and the lawyers but to so many of the youngest, poorest Americans? I think not. The poor and the children have always received American obsessions as shadow and parody. They too can be relied on to "go for it."

"Just say no!" we tell them and each other when we talk about crack and cocaine. It is necessary that we say this because liberation starts from there.

But we live in a society based overwhelmingly on appetite and self-regard. We train our young to be consumers and to think most highly of their own pleasure. In this we face a contradiction which no act of Congress can resolve.

In our debates on the subject of dealing with drug abuse one of the recurring phrases has been "the moral equivalent of war." Not many of those who use it, I suspect, know its origin.

In 1910, the philosopher William James wrote an essay discussing the absence of values, the "moral weightlessness," that seemed to characterize modern times. James was a pacifist. Yet he conceded that the demands of battle were capable of bringing forth virtues like courage, loyalty, community, and mutual concern that seemed in increasingly short supply as the new century unfolded. As a pacifist and a moralist, James found himself in a dilemma. How, he wondered, can we nourish those virtues without having to pay the dreadful price that war demands? We must foster courage, loyalty, and the rest, but we must not have war. Very well, he reasoned, we must find the moral equivalent of war.

Against these drugs can we ever, rhetoric aside, bring any kind of real heroism to bear? When they've said no to crack, can we someday give them something to say yes to?

# INTELLECTUALS AND RELIGION



Recently The New York Times Magazine carried an article on the "return to religion" among intellectuals. From Harvard to Berkeley, among both professors and students, and amid inquisitive people generally, there is an undeniable renewal of interest in the questions traditional religion raises and seeks to answer. This interest is largely a result of the failures of secular substitutes for religion (such as rationalism, narcissism, technological utopianism, aestheticism, and extremist political ideologies) to give abidingly satisfying answers to the truly significant puzzles in life: goodness, suffering, love, death, and the meaning of it all.

By no means, however, does this religious reawakening entail falling into the suffocating arms of a Rev. Moon or a Jerry Falwell, or embracing the ersatz gods of dog-eat-dog individualism, consumerism, or America First, which we see celebrated all around us these days. Nor does the religious renaissance imply a retreat from working for peace and justice. Rather, there is an awareness that, in the words of Jean Bethke Elshtain, religious commitment "can help further social reform," and that religion can supply the ethical bedrock upon which to make political commitments which are far more solid than those based on passing ideologies and enthusiasms. Nor does the new openness to religion signify a hostility to science, but rather an appreciation of the limits of science and the dangers of pseudo-scientific messianisms.

The New York Times Magazine article discussed the NEW OXFORD REVIEW as part of this "return to religion," and rightly so. We at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW are spearheading today's intellectual fascination with what Daniel Bell terms "the sacred." We are particularly interested in exploring religious commitments which result in progressive social consequences, as exemplified by such giants as Dorothy Day, Bishop Tutu, Dietrich Bonhoeffer, Lech Walesa, Martin Luther King Jr., Cesar Chavez, and Archbishop Romero. And we probe the literary riches offered by such greats as Ignazio Silone, Graham Greene, Thomas Merton, W.H. Auden, Flannery O'Connor, and Walker Percy.

An ecumenical and literary monthly edited by lay Catholics, we've been characterized by the University of Chicago's Martin E. Marty as "lively" and by *Newsweek* as "thoughtful and often cheeky." And there's no denying the *Library Journal*'s verdict that we will "doubtless command increasing attention."

Those who write for us — J.M. Cameron, Robert N. Bellah, Eileen Egan, Henri J.M. Nouwen, Robert Coles, and others — express themselves with clarity, verve, style, and heart. We bat around a wide variety of issues and defy easy pigeonholing. If you're keen on intellectual ferment and the life of the mind and spirit, subscribe today!

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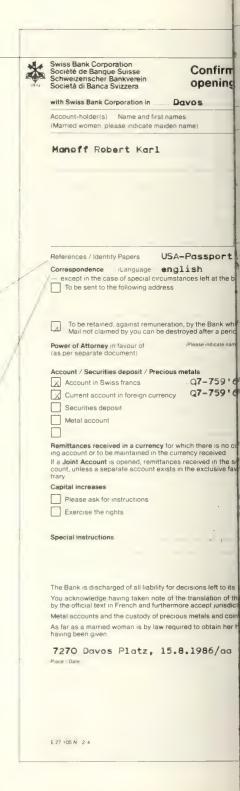
# THE CURREN

An account of Swiss b

Like you, I knew about Swiss banks, or thought I did. I'd seen the James Bond movies; I'd heard that Sanjay Gandhi had the number of his account engraved on the back of his watch. I knew Swiss banks were safe and stable. And I knew Swiss bankers could keep a secret. So I walked into the Davos branch of the Swiss Bank Corporation last summer and told the teller I had come—like Marcos and "Baby Doc"—to open a numbered account. The Davos branch already had nearly 2,000 of these accounts, most of them opened by Germans or Americans. I was going to add my \$100 to the \$1 trillion foreigners have on deposit in Swiss banks.

Although they profit from it, Swiss bankers don't like their image as accessories to crime. The "Agreement on the Observance of Care by the Banks in Accepting Funds and on the Practice of Banking Secrecy" adopted by the Swiss Bankers' Association requires that banks ascertain the identity of their customers "on a systematic basis," and it prohibits bankers from opening accounts for the purpose of capital flight or tax evasion. According to the association, Swiss banks may open numbered accounts only "when the bank has established through interviews . . . that [a customer] has legitimate reasons for wishing this protection." At the SBC branch in Davos, they interviewed my passport. But at another of the country's major banks, Crédit Suisse, where I also inquired about opening an account, I was asked why I wished to do so. "I am told this is the thing to do," I replied. My banker seemed reassured.

Documentation, or lack thereof, is a key to secrecy. In earlier days—such as after the French Revolution, when Swiss bankers served an aristocracy under siege—bank statements and the like were carried outside the country before being mailed in order not to compromise the clients. Today, for a small fee, Swiss banks will retain the evidence of all account transactions.



# OF SECRECY

y Robert Karl Manoff



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dence along with my signature, of which the bank kept a sample. My account is identified only by number in all bank records. Only the branch manager, his assistant, and several other officers have access to the vault where this document and a few others I signed associate my name with the account. Swiss law makes it a crime punishable by up to six months in prison and a 50,000 franc (\$31,000) fine for a bank employee to divulge information about any bank transaction.

This is my number. It was assigned to me by the bank and must be included in all correspon-

The man at Crédit Suisse was relieved I wasn't a stockbroker. Insider trading has made brokers unpopular with the bankers, since American investigations of such activity have resulted in major breaches of banking secrecy. The 1977 Treaty on Mutual Assistance in Criminal Matters requires Swiss banks to open up their records for American investigations of crimes that are also crimes in Switzerland; but in recent years the U.S. government has brought pressure on the Swiss to cooperate with investigations of insider trading, even though such trading is not a violation of Swiss law. Under Agreement XVI of the Swiss Bankers' Association, all American clients must sign a form stating that if their accounts have been used to trade on U.S. markets, their bank records may be made available to U.S. investigators. Under the agreement, banks may also seize Americans' accounts if the SEC suspects they contain funds derived from insider trading—bad news for those who have plans to emulate Dennis Levine.

Now for the good news: tax evasion is still not a crime in Switzerland. And neither Swiss banks nor the Swiss government will assist an American investigation of unreported income. That is the bottom line.

Robert Karl Manoff is a contraction of Haper's Magizine

# SEEKING REFUGE IN A DESERT

The Sanctuary movement: Exodus redux
By David Quammen

Arabian desert has a name for it: dakhala. A man in flight for his life can rush into the tent of another man, claim the privilege of dakhala, and know he will be protected by his reluctant host. The custom is sacred among nomadic Arabs. A man who provides dakhala lives by the rules of honor, at whatever cost to himself. He is recognized as upholding a higher law—higher than kinship, higher even than vengeance—that the desert itself has helped shape. The desert itself, yes: dakhala is in some measure an answer to the imperatives of landscape, a tool of wilderness survival, a hedge against heat and desolation and thirst. A fugitive in the desert can expect one of two fates: lonely death on the sands, or else dakhala.

In the desert of southern Arizona, today, the equivalent word is *sanctuary*. And in Arizona, today, it is a felony.

On May 1 of this year, a federal jury in Tucson convicted eight persons of violating U.S. immigration laws. Among those convicted were two Catholic priests, a granite-jawed nun, and a Presbyterian minister. Six of the defendants were found guilty of conspiring to smuggle illegal aliens into the United States; two were convicted of concealing, harboring, and transporting an illegal alien. (Three other defendants were found not guilty.) The aliens in question were Salvadorans and Guatemalans who had

David Quammen is the author of National Acts: A Sidelong View of Science and Nature.

been displaced by the murderous chaos in their homelands, people who had come north seeking refuge. The defendants faced up to five years in prison for each of the charges against them.

The charges had resulted from an elaborate nine-month-long undercover investigation by the Justice Department called Operation So-journer. As part of the investigation, informants working for the Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS)—which falls under the jurisdiction of the Justice Department—wore concealed tape recorders into some of the humblest church halls in the country, including a number in southern Arizona. The government eventually built its case on the more than fifty hours of tape these informants collected.

But the investigation in a sense had always been moot, for the defendants were blunt about their activities. Many of them had freely admitted to journalists and anybody else who cared to listen that they were harboring Salvadorans and Guatemalans; that, yes, these Salvadorans and Guatemalans had entered the United States surreptitiously. They freely admitted that they had sought to conceal these people and protect them from deportation. The proper question, they said, was why. The issue, they said, was whether these particular Central Americans were "illegal aliens" at all. Were they not in fact legitimate refugees? Did the laws of the United States forbid the harboring of such people, or mandate it?

The judge in Tucson saw things very differ-

ently, classifying all argument around these issues as inadmissible. Such words as torture and death squads were, in the courtroom, taboo. No one mentioned dakhala.

The trial began on October 22, 1985, and dragged on for six months; to the reporters who covered it, to the public who followed it, it was "the Sanctuary trial." It wasn't the first such trial (two church workers in south Texas were convicted in 1985 for similar activities), and it certainly won't be the last. It was a bellwether prosecution directed against several people perceived as the founders and guiding figures of a national movement called, simply, Sanctuary. This movement began five years ago with a decision by a small Presbyterian congregation on the south side of Tucson to harbor Central American refugees. More than 300 Quaker meetings, Roman Catholic parishes, Protestant congregations, and synagogues are now involved—perhaps as many as 50,000 citizens. They are avowedly determined to prevent Salvadoran and Guatemalan refugees from being deported back home, where they may face imprisonment, torture, and death. The Political Asylum Project of the American Civil Liberties Union has matched the names of fifty-two refugees who were denied entry into the United States with the names of fifty-two people whose deaths were reported in El Salvador.

Since 1980, 500,000 Salvadorans and more than 80,000 Guatemalans have fled their countries and come to the United States. Most arrive at our southwestern border without papers and manage, by this or that maneuver, to get across. The total number of these desperate people is minuscule compared with the steady flow of undocumented Mexicans, but large enough to constitute a controversial phenomenon. Why do the Central Americans come north? According to one view (the one offered axiomatically by officials at the State Department and the INS). they are "economic migrants." In other words, they are enterprising job-seekers, no different from the Mexicans. By another view (that of Sanctuary activists), many Salvadorans and Guatemalans are "political refugees" from the war zones of Central America, and are entitled by U.S. law—not to mention the 1949 Geneva Conventions, or American tradition as inscribed on the base of the Statue of Liberty—to at least temporary protection in this country. Specifically, the Refugee Act of 1980, often cited by Sanctuary activists, defines a "refugee" as any person who is "unable or unwilling to avail himself or herself of the protection of [his or her own country because of persecution or a well-founded fear of persecution on account of race, religion, nationality, membership in a particular social group, or political opinion..."

Several of those conditions do seem to fit most of the Central Americans who come north. The act also stipulates ways in which a refugee may be protected, one of which is to grant him or her political asylum.

For one reason or another, political asylum is not granted to the majority of Salvadorans and Guatemalans who apply for it. From January 1985 through August of this year, 723 Guatemalans applied for asylum; during this period, asylum was granted to seven Guatemalans. The numbers for Salvadorans are similarly gloomy: 3,586 applications made, 209 applications granted. These figures contrast sharply with those compiled for Afghans and Poles seeking asylum during this eighteen-month period (Afghans: 336 applications, 168 granted; Poles: 1,783 applications, 857 granted). The pattern within these statistics is obvious: if you flee to the United States from a Soviet-backed regime in disfavor with Washington, your chances of being officially welcomed are much greater than if you flee from one of Washington's clients. Denied almost any chance of asylum, denied exemption from deportation. Salvadorans and Guatemalans have no legal protection in the one country on earth that prides itself most stentorianly on being a haven for refugees.

So they must get over the border by stealth. Some pass through an official port of entry. bluffing fearfully with false or borrowed papers. masquerading as U.S. citizens or day-labor Mexicans. Others make the taxing and risky hike through the desert, trekking across ragged mountains and gulches and through thorn vegetation, entering the United States wherever the international fence is unwatched. Some of these hikers have been arrested, some have passed over safely, some have died gruesomely. The desert, which often seems beautiful and sometimes seems benign, can be unforgiving of inexperience and miscalculation. But it comes as a lesson of desert cultures (and not just that of the Bedouins) that where physical ecology is so harsh, so implacable, moral ecology must somehow compensate. That's what happened in southern Arizona. The Sanctuary movement, in great degree, and from the start, presented itself

as an answer to the imperatives of landscape.

f the four ecologically distinct deserts covering portions of North America—the Mohave, the Sonoran, the Great Basin, and the Chihuahuan—the Sonoran desert, in which Tucson lies, is the most deceptive. It does not appear bleak. Many sensible witnesses consider it gorgeously scenic. Despite being prodigiously dry (less than two inches of rain yearly, in some parts) and prodigiously hot (often around 120

The Sinctuary movement, from the start, presented itself as an answer to the imperatives of landscape

Deportation is especially terrifying to anyone who has already fled the death squads

degrees Fahrenheit), it supports more different species of plants and animals than any other North American desert. Most famously recognizable is the giant columnar cactus, the saguaro. The Sonoran desert is also home to the Gila monster, the tarantula, a profusion of black widow spiders, thirteen species of rattlesnake, almost two dozen species of scorpion, and a healthy population of vultures, which feast on fatalities. The Sonoran stretches over more than 120,000 square miles, from below Guaymas on the west coast of Mexico up to Needles, California, and from east of Tucson to the far side of the Baja peninsula, embracing a long section of the border between Mexico and the United States. With its mountains, its broad riverbeds (usually dry), and its saline basins, it is a landscape of extremity and denial: there are flash floods and drought, heat at midday that can shatter a rock, nights that can freeze a man. For most of the year, the Sonoran is a searing and inhospitable wilderness.

That's what it was when twenty-six Salvadoran refugees tried to cross, back in early July of 1980. Those who survived, themselves very near death, were rescued by the Border Patrol. In a gulch not far from a paved road, about twenty miles north of the Mexican border town of Sonoyta, members of the patrol found a trail of discarded clothing and half-naked corpses, and then thirteen delirious, heat-sick people, some of whom had smeared their faces with toothpaste or makeup as a last desperate measure against the sun. It had been a party of middleclass urban Salvadorans, women in high-heeled shoes, men carrying suitcases. They had left El Salvador in the care of two "coyotes"-mercenary smugglers—and made the long trip across Mexico by bus; just south of the U.S. border, on a bleak stretch of desert, they were told to start walking. Among their many mistakes, they had failed to bring enough water. Few canteens were found with the debris—not even empty ones. Eventually, according to reports, they had been reduced to drinking cologne, aftershave lotion, and their own urine. By one account, each of them had paid \$1,200 for the privilege of being taken north. Thirteen of them died.

The survivors were brought to a Tucson hospital, and several churches were eventually asked to help them with housing and food. One of those churches was Southside Presbyterian, a small congregation in the barrio. Southside is an aberration, conforming badly to the stereotype of comfortable middle-class Presbyterianism. A little adobe building with a chain-pull bell and one saguaro out front, the church fills up on Sunday mornings with people of many complexions, people in shirtsleeves and with work-calloused hands. The Reverend John Fife, another

aberration, is the minister. A tall, forty-six-year-old Anglo, gaunt and bearded and favoring denims and cowboy boots when not in his vestments, Fife came out to the desert from a mean-streets urban ministry in Ohio, never dreaming he would achieve distinction as a convicted felon. In July of 1980, he was concerned mainly with his duties as pastor of a poor congregation of Hispanics and blacks and Anglos and Indians. He could not then have placed El Salvador on a map. The deaths of those thirteen Salvadorans in the desert changed his world.

"That engaged my attention," he told me several years ago, the first time I spoke with him. "The fact that people were willing to risk that kind of venture, coming across our border." Fife talked to the survivors, and heard "some incredible stories about El Salvador. I had assumed that people were coming across from Central America for the same reason that people were coming across our border from Mexico. It was hard in the villages, they were poor. But these folk from Salvador were telling a different set of stories. They were talking about death squads, and about torture, and about the kind of terrorism and violence that we now know about."

John Fife heard the stories and was moved to act. Others in Tucson began to act too. At first their efforts were modest and quiet: providing food and shelter to refugees who managed to reach Tucson, helping them pass northward to other cities along a sort of underground railroad, raising money to bond out those who had been caught by the INS, assisting with asylum applications, conducting a weekly prayer vigil. The vigil is still held each Thursday at rush hour outside the federal building, where the INS offices are located. The federal building was chosen because it is the policies of the INS that are responsible for the wholesale rejection of asylum petitions from Salvadorans and Guatemalans, and, worse, the deportation of unsuccessful applicants. Deportation is especially terrifying to anyone who has already fled the death squads.. The very act of having gone north may be counted a sign of subversive inclination, or at least of disloyalty, and any deportee who lands at the San Salvador or Guatemala City airport is marked and vulnerable.

It was the knowledge that the refugees might meet this fate that led John Fife and members of his church to decide that more drastic action was required. "We were really in despair at that point," Fife said. "We had tried the legal defense thing. We had tried the underground smuggling thing. And as far as we could see, it wasn't going to change anything. People in *Tucson* didn't even know there were refugees here, let alone [people in] the rest of the United States. The government was continuing to de-

port people at a rate of twenty-five or thirty a day. All of the legal defense efforts had managed to save a few people. The underground was saving a few more people. Obviously we could keep that up for the next ten years and save a few hundred people, and lose thousands. *Really*—we were trying to say—what can we do? And the idea of Sanctuary emerged."

Within the Judeo-Christian tradition, the concept of sanctuary dates back at least to that record of a tribe of desert-dwelling nomads, the Book of Exodus: "Then I will appoint thee a place whither he shall flee." It passed down through Roman and English law and eventually found embodiment, altered in shape but not in spirit, in the original underground railroad, which helped slaves escape northward despite the passage in 1850 of the Fugitive Slave Act, making it illegal to shield or abet runaway blacks. Many churches in the North played a crucial role in that movement.

As reincarnated in Tucson today, the spirit of sanctuary differs from its American precedent chiefly in being determinedly *public*. Fife and his congregation not only decided to harbor Central American refugees; they decided to do it openly.

On March 24, 1982, John Fife announced at a press conference that Southside Presbyterian Church, joined by a handful of congregations in such cities as Los Angeles, Berkeley, and Washington, D.C., would henceforth be providing sanctuary to undocumented Central American aliens, in some cases allowing them to live on church property or in the churches themselves. Sanctuary was pledging itself to support and defend the refugees, and daring the Justice Department to make arrests.

What was the point of such provocation? "The whole function of *public* sanctuary," John Fife explained to me, "is to encourage as many churches—and people—as possible in the United States to have to deal with this moral, legal problem. To make a decision and then communicate it to the legislative bodies. And to the Administration. We need to engage the attention of as many people as we can pos-

any of the refugees who came to Tucson were brought up through the desert by a man named Jim Corbett. Corbett, who stood trial with John Fife, was acquitted thanks to an ab-

sibly reach."

Within the Indea Christian tradition, the concept of sanctuary dates back at least to the Book of Exodus



By his own estimate, Jim Corbett has guided 1,000 refugees across the border sence of evidence against him: because Corbett tended to work alone, the prosecution's star witness, Jesús Cruz—he's one of the men who infiltrated the movement in Tucson for the INS—had little to say about him. (Corbett has talked openly about smuggling refugees, but like Fife and the other defendants, he maintains that his acts are in compliance with U.S. law.)

Jim Corbett, a Quaker, is fifty-three years old. He has a degree in philosophy from Harvard, and before arthritis slowed him down he had ranched cattle in southern Arizona for twenty years. He knows the Sonoran desert well. Beginning in 1981 and until his face became too easily recognized by INS agents, Corbett guided refugees across the border. Sometimes he cadged identity papers and took people through an official port of entry, a route precarious but physically undemanding. More often, if the refugees seemed hardy, he walked the desert with them. Corbett is familiar with the terrain and capable of using it to advantage: following the natural warps of the land, dodging Border Patrol planes and eluding INS agents in four-wheel-drive vehicles and on horseback, laying up at night without a fire. By his own estimate, he has guided 1,000 refugees across the border.

Carmen Duarte of the Arizona Daily Star and a photographer went along with Corbett on a crossing he led in the summer of 1984. He was guiding just one refugee, a Guatemalan woman who seemed too harrowed by past ordeals to try bluffing her way past uniformed men at a port of entry. The woman's husband had been taken from their home by armed strangers (evidently because of his role in a labor union) and never seen again. She had searched for his body at a dump, among the mutilated corpses of other missing persons, but her search was inconclusive. She was warned not to report the kidnapping. And then strangers began to follow her. So she fled to Mexico City, there to be arrested and then raped by immigration officers, she said, before being deported by bus back to Guatemala.

She made her way to Mexico City again. This time she made contact with the Sanctuary network there, and was put in touch with Corbett. He listened to her story, understood her anguish, but warned her she would face hardships in the United States as well. Yes, he would guide her across.

He first helped her travel north to the border town of Nogales, just an hour from Tucson. Then, at a remote point along a road on the Mexican side of the border, Corbett, the woman, and the two journalists began walking. They moved slowly over sand flats and ledges of rock, taking what cover they could from the mesquite and paloverde. For the first half-hour they were precariously exposed, still within view from the

road. At the sound of every passing car they scrambled for cover. Then once again they walked. And after only an hour they climbed over a fence—not a very formidable barrier, just five strands of taut barbed wire—and stepped down into U.S. territory.

That was the easy part. There was still more hiking to do. On a sunny July day in the border zone, the heat would have been fearsome and the danger of being seen by fly-over patrols would have been great; fortunately, this particular afternoon was overcast. Four miles along through the winding gulches, they stopped for the night. The woman's feet were blistered. There was a dinner of raisins and tuna and broken crackers, and then a cold night without blankets or sleeping bags. In the morning they hiked on, amid vucca and manzanita and skittering lizards, and then climbed a steep slope out of the canyon; finally they climbed down a ravine to the rendezvous point, where a car waited with water and food. By that evening, Corbett had brought the Guatemalan woman into Tucson.

Like John Fife, but in very different ways, Jim Corbett is an anomaly. Though active in a largely church-based movement, he is firmly (if politely) anti-clerical. He is an intellectual, a complex thinker and a prolific writer, who has chosen to spend much of his life looking after cattle and sheep. And the path that brought him to his work with Sanctuary is nothing if not peculiar.

Most members of the movement trace their concept of sanctuary back to Roman law, medieval canon law, English common law, or the teachings of Exodus, Numbers, and Isaiah. When Jim Corbett discusses his ideas about sanctuary, he is more apt to cite Buddhist notions of stillness, the Taoist philosopher Chuang Tzu, the anthropology of pastoral nomads in Tibet, and the practical details of goat husbandry. The nuns and priests, ministers and rabbis who play such active and conspicuous roles in the movement have come out of the church and the temple, out of missionary orders and social-action ministries. Jim Corbett has come, literally, out of the desert.

For almost two decades he has been thinking and writing about the spiritual dimensions of wilderness. The Buddhist, Hindu, and Taoist traditions all tell of the person who goes off alone into the wilderness (often a desert wilderness) for some stretch of time in order to strip away those aspects of misguided worldly concern that Corbett calls "the social busyness." The Hebrews' Sinai sojourn as described in Exodus served a similar purpose, he says, though in that case it was not a lone individual but an entire community that sought to purge itself. During

the early 1970s, Corbett himself began to experiment with this kind of sojourn. He went out into the desert for long periods, taking with him only a sleeping bag and gear essential for survival; he did not take any food. Carrying food into this landscape was unnecessary, he believed. Instead, he herded along a few goats.

Corbett later completed a book-length (but still unpublished) manuscript titled Goatwalking. In it he distills his wealth of ranching and backcountry knowledge, knowledge flavored by his philosophic and political ideas. Goatwalking is an intriguing document, the quiet manifesto of a man who combines in himself some of the more appealing aspects of Thoreau, Thomas Merton, and Emiliano Zapata. It is a guidebook to revolutionary simplicity and wild-land dairying. Corbett, with his concept of goatwalking, has aligned himself with the traditional nomadic pastoralists-of ancient Sinai and twentiethcentury Tibet. Like them, he has come to realize that "livestock could provide the life-support and security associated with [planted crops] while also providing the mobility necessary to escape the state."

In Corbett's usage goatwalking is a potent term. At the literal level it has to do with tending and traveling with half-wild grazing animals, a pastoral nomadism practiced in a wilderness landscape outside the purview of—but within the actual boundaries of—the modern industrial state. The goats are allowed to go feral; the goatwalker goes feral along with them, living on their milk and on wild plants. On a political level, Corbett recommends this goatwalking life as "the cimarron alternative." The Spanish word cimarrón has entered our language with two definitions, and Corbett intends them both: it means "feral animal" as well as "runaway slave."

The cimarron alternative in this sense is the act of stepping beyond societal constraints and into a state of moral freedom. The goatwalker is a runaway slave who knows how to live off the land. Naturally, therefore, he will have greater sympathy than most for his fellow cimarrons. This may all sound quixotic or woolly to you or me. But Iim Corbett happens to be the sort of stubborn Quaker moralist who turns quixotic notions into acts. Goatwalking was written in the 1970s, several years before Corbett met his first Salvadoran refugee. But when the need arose for a guide to lead terrified fugitives through the harsh desert and across the border, circumventing the armed minions of national policy (as distinct from law), he was

The six-month-long trial of the Sanctuary defendants was an expensive prosecution, with its full share of legal technicalities and its mo-

ready.

ments of true drama and melodrama. But in the end, the proceedings were perhaps more notable for what did not happen than for what did. Right before the trial began, Federal District Court Judge Earl H. Carroll granted government motions to bar any testimony about human-rights abuses and death-squad killings in Guatemala and El Salvador; any testimony concerning the defendants' motivation or religious beliefs; and any testimony related to the defendants' understanding of U.S. immigration laws. Moreover, the defendants were forbidden to present arguments that those refugees they stood accused of helping were in danger of losing their lives if they were forced to return to their countries. The list of exclusions covered virtually every defense that could have been presented by the defendants' attorneys.

The trial went ahead anyway, of course, and there were other significant omissions. James Rayburn, the INS investigator who had guided the undercover operation, was never called by the prosecution to testify. The ninety-one tapes recorded during the Sanctuary investigation were edited down to ten minutes of carefully selected excerpts, and then played for the jurors. (The defense attorneys sought permission to play the tapes in their entirety, believing the defendants' activities would seem anything but criminal if understood in context. But the judge supported the prosecutor's wish to keep the jury ignorant of any such context.) Three unindicted Sanctuary workers and one refugee refused to testify for the prosecution, despite having been subpoenaed; they were held in contempt and sentenced to house arrest until the trial ended. Of the refugees who did testify, seemingly under duress, the prosecutor complained that their memories were selective: they more readily recollected the deaths of members of their families, the terror and violence they had fled, than whatever incriminating words had been uttered, say, by John Fife.

The defendants themselves did not testify. In the end, they presented no formal defense at all. On Friday morning, March 14, in the twentyfirst week of the trial, with the prosecution having rested its case and the Sanctuary lawyers scheduled to begin calling witnesses, each of those lawyers stood up in turn and announced that the defense, too, rested its case. This might have been a strategic move: if the defendants were not permitted to mention immigration law or their religious beliefs or anything else they considered significant, what value was there in giving the prosecution a chance to cross-examine them? But it was also surely a protest, a way of asserting that the trial itself was in fact a sham.

Insofar as it was a strategy, the strategy failed.

Corbett has aligned himself with the traditional nomadic pastoralists, of ancient Sinai and twentieth-century Tibet

Salvadorans
and
Guatemalans
continue to
be deported,
and innocent
people
continue to
be abducted
and tortured

On May 1, after more than sixty hours of deliberation, the jury brought in its guilty verdict.

Late one evening near the end of the trial, John Fife sat in the living room of his Tucson home, exhausted from six months of courtroom tension, nursing a beer and telling me about the large place in his Presbyterian heart held by the spiritual traditions of the Papago Indians. It might sound as though he was digressing, but he was not.

What the Bedouins are to the Arabian desert, the Papago are to the unsparing terrain that is southwestern Arizona. They are also known, to themselves and others, as the Desert People. The area they have traditionally occupied, and within which their reservation now lies, is one of the most arid and least hospitable parts of the Sonoran—a landscape of flat valleys cobbled with windblown pebbles, sharp ridges that curl around like the walls of a labyrinth, arroyos and washes carved by torrential runoff and opening out blankly into dry basins, where nothing much grows except creosote bush. Drought is followed by flood, in Papago country, then again by drought; the desert blooms, briefly, then withers. The cycle of life for all living creatures entails unpredictable but ineluctable swings between extremes of abundance and dearth. Over the centuries, the Papago adapted themselves to this cycle.

One of their adaptations was an ethic of radical hospitality. Under the pressures of the landscape, a culture evolved in which great premium was placed on generosity, gift-giving of food and clothing, and the sharing of surplus whenever there was any surplus. Today we might see the Papagos as hopelessly improvident. But in fact they are quite provident. The limitless gift-giving is a survival strategy.

That Papago ethos informs the spirit of Southside Presbyterian Church, which was founded eighty years ago as a Papago mission, in a Tucson ghetto then known as "Papagoville." It also goes far to explain the presence in Tucson of John Fife himself.

Twenty years ago, fresh out of his first year at a seminary in Pittsburgh, Fife spent a summer on the Papago reservation; there, he fell in love with the people and the desert and the strange dynamic between the two. When the pastorship of the church in Tucson opened up six years later, he jumped for it.

"I've heard their stories," Fife told me. "We've spent a lot of time talking about traditions. I climb their sacred mountain, Baboquivari, every year. Try to get to I'itoi's cave." I'itoi is the chief Papago deity, believed to dwell at the physical center of their lands, in a cave on the steep slope of Baboquivari. "I've been on that mountain when Papago folk had visions,"

Fife said. "I didn't see anything—but they did." As we were talking, I noticed on the wall behind him a characteristic piece of Papago coiled basketry, shallow and circular, woven from tan and black fibers in the design of a concentric maze. At the entrance to the maze stood a small figure woven in black, recognizably human. The large silver buckle on Fife's belt bore the same pattern. The design is called I'itoi Ki, and it has a strong resonance for the Papago. Fife explained that the pattern commemorates the time when I'itoi escaped from his enemies by leading them into such a maze.

The design is also understood allegorically. "The maze represents all the complexities and dead ends of life," Fife said. In the course of a lifetime, a person must move through all those complexities, all those tribulations and misleading paths, toward the center of the maze, at which waits safety, fulfillment, Baboquivari. I

was intrigued by the maze. Clearly it also represents the desert.

he sentencing of John Fife and the seven other defendants took place in Tucson on July 1 and 2. Each of them was put on probation, ranging from three to five years; one of the conditions of the probation is that they not bring in or harbor any more aliens. Even though the defendants were not sent to prison, they plan to appeal their convictions.

If it all seems a little anticlimactic, perhaps it is because the real drama has always been elsewhere—worlds away, in Central America. There, people are still being taken from their homes and killed. The Tucson defendants never forgot that, and so they were relieved at the relative leniency of their sentences, but not jubilant. There is no leniency and no suspension of sentence, after all, for those Salvadorans and Guatemalans sought by death squads, or for those who face deportation.

I did not intend this to be a rumination on the ecology and anthropology of arid lands. The moral ecology of the United States is what concerns me. Salvadorans and Guatemalans continue to be deported under the pretense that they are "economic migrants," and innocent people, America's rejects, continue to be abducted and tortured and murdered. Each of us shares responsibility with our government for those deportations. Some will try to believe that this country, with its stumbling economy, cannot afford to take in more refugees. Others will simply not want to be reminded about another group of abused, needy people. Most of us would prefer to forget the whole subject. The thing we all need to remember is the same thing that John Fife and Iim Corbett have learned: sometimes hospitality is a matter of life and death.

# THE ART OF CARTOGRAPHY

By I. S. Marcus

read, in several newspapers, about a man from Los Angeles who wanted to go to Oakland. Nothing unusual. A business trip. A family visit. Accounts varied. Some hours later, when his plane landed in Auckland, New Zealand, hands went up in the air. The passenger, the airline, and certain readers considered explanations. Had there been a clerical error? An auditory hallucination? A conspiracy? It's like all those bombs that never seem to go off.

Physically, economically, politically, nobody wants to be in the middle. Everybody wants to be on the edge. The effort made, the money spent, the stance taken, only the furniture remains. People are leaving their homes, their families, their careers, some—like our man in Auckland—without even knowing it. Jaunts to the Horn of Africa. Forays into Eastern Europe. Helicopter drops in South American jungles.

The new diaspora.

In London, guests stand at the edge of the room. Our film director, a man renowned for his bitterness, bloomed during his month in Belgrade. He toured studios, drank seriously with other directors, wooed young actresses in pidgin Serbo-Croatian. Back in London, with news from the front, he's full of unassailable epigrams. "There used to be alchemists and goldsmiths. Now there are only goldsmiths." He raises a glass of whiskey. "One can no longer create," he says. "One can only refine."

The star of our film, a rock singer from Glasgow, is mumbling about bootleg tapes in Bang-

I. S. Marcus's fiction has appeared in the New Yorker. His first book, a collection of stories, will be published by Alfred A. Knopf.

kok. A graphic designer, who is not connected with our film, is trying to play a joke on the other guests by pretending to be an ex-convict. The production assistant goes to make coffee; she is certain all her guests are stone-drunk.

Originally, I was chosen by the director to do "a little bit of everything," and I often feel the need to ease tensions—at parties, on the set.

I bring a cup of coffee to the rock star. I ask the graphic designer about the wallpaper

at Reading Gaol.

I begin a conversation with our editor's little sister. She is in London for a week, before spending another week someplace else, and she tells me about a bomb scare in a boutique on the King's Road, a bomb scare in Harrods, a bomb scare in a restaurant. "That's one bomb scare for every day I've been here," she says. I get her a second cup of coffee, and she tries not to stare at the rock star, now lying on the floor with his pants undone.

Our director, more disgusted than usual, says, "There used to be alchemists and goldsmiths.

Now there are only rock-and-roll

singers." And terrorists.

keep moving to new places for indefinite periods of time. The production company I work for is always changing addresses or toying with bankruptcy, and always feuding with members of the cast and the crew. Last week, for instance, our producer and director stopped speaking to each other. Our director, as famous for his stubbornness as he is for his bitterness, thinks all roads lead to Dubrovnik. He hates England and America, and he hates most everyplace else. London is a hospital ward. New York is a concentration camp. Paris is an open sewer. He wants to shoot on location in Dubrovnik. Our producer, a kind man with a large retinue, made the trip to Dubrovnik, but he and certain members of the retinue came down with dysentery. Our producer is holding a grudge. The Scottish rock star goes on tour in six months. Talks are at a standstill.

We could fire the director, or wait for him to quit, or hold out on principle. Or I could quit, or hold out for more money. But none of us seems to do anything, except wait—at parties, in restaurants, on the telephone.

As an employee of the production company, my professional allegiances are with our producer. As someone who has never been to Dubrovnik, my personal allegiances are with our director. I have no choice, then, but to wait—in the middle.

Our director has given a party and not invited our producer. A playwright, standing in the pantry, is discussing his day: "My day begins with a glass of hot water and a slice of lemon. Later, I have a hard-boiled egg. Before I go to sleep, I have another glass of water, and perhaps another slice of lemon."

The director's wife, an Austrian émigré, puts

on a record called The Unknown Kurt Weill. She translates a song for the people at the bar: "This is a song of the Brown Islands. The men are evil and the women are sick. A lady ape does business there, and the fields are withering from the stench of oil."

A woman with dyed hair comes up to the bar, carrying the director's signed photograph of Samuel Beckett. "Beckett," she says. "Beckett. Is there a more beautiful word in the English language?"

The other day, in the backseat of a taxi, I found a Gothic romance entitled Mistaken Intentions. The cover showed a man and two women. The first woman was staring at the man, who was staring at the second woman, who was standing behind the first. The first woman seemed to

be in love with the man, and probably assumed he was in love with her. But he wasn't. He was looking affectionately at the second woman, who seemed to be the first woman's friend, or neighbor, or sister. Something.

I assumed the Gothic romance belonged to a previous rider, or perhaps it was the taxi driver's. After I left the taxi, the driver yelled out the window: "You've left your book here! You've left it in this cab!"

I read Mistaken Intentions, and as it turns out, the second woman was not related to the first; they were, at least according to the author, total strangers. And what seemed like be-

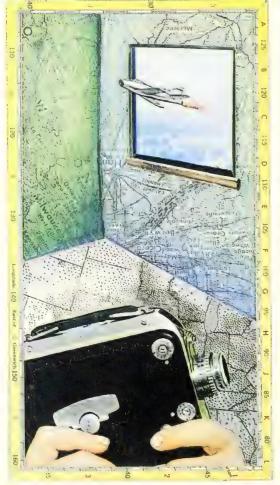
trayal was, in fact, a coincidence.

director is convinced our producer tried to catch dysentery, just to spite him. The Scottish rock star is haunted by three men in Bangkok who laugh, night after night, at the fortune he's lost. Our editor's little sister, a bit confused why people might plant bombs in London, thinks the IRA is out to get her, that they tracked her down, are trying to ruin her vacation, and want to kill her, having found out she is, after all, 100 percent Irish. It's like a party I went to in West-

minster.

The production assistant's neighbor, boasting connections, invited us to the opening of a political advertising firm. Fifty people were marching in front of the office building, shouting anti-apartheid slogans, banging their fists on passing cars. The production assistant's neighbor, whose connections amounted to having slept with the secretary, assured us, over the screams, there would be cases of champagne.

The political advertising firm, it turned out, had been established to represent certain interests of the South African government, and certain individuals in Zimbabwe. A man with a polka-dot tie approached us to deny the rumor he'd planned the demonstration as a publicity stunt. The sec-



retary kept apologizing for the sudden disappearance of all the champagne. I kept drinking Scotch and innocently speaking to guests. One of them, a man from the Foreign Office, tried to describe certain repatriation legislation pending in the House of Commons: "The idea, of course, is to pay every West Indian three thousand pounds, how shall I say, to go from whence they came."

During much of his description, I felt like I was passing out. He kept filling my glass, exposing statistics, offering personal tours of Whitehall. Later, a woman from Cape Town gave me the phone number of her hotel.

When I told Peter—the man I have to share a flat with—about the man from the Foreign Office, he wasn't surprised. He was barely interested.

Peter talks about nothing but sex and money. He has stacks of imported pornography, and books with titles like A Wine-Lover's Guide to Opera and A Porcelain-Lover's Guide to Great English Country Houses. He lives beyond his means, and needs to share his flat so he can continue buying expensive wine, going to the opera, paying the mortgage on his country house.

I'm not sure where the porcelain fits in. I haven't seen any porcelain around the flat. Perhaps he hides it instead of the pornography.

When he's in London, which is usually one night a week, Peter brings friends over for drinks. First, they drink all the wine, then the gin, and finally the beer. The guests are always doctors, lawyers, stockbrokers, and occasionally inheritors like Peter. At around one in the morning, when there's only a stockbroker, and perhaps a doctor, Peter tells his Princess Margaret story. A few years ago there was a luncheon given which included among its guests both Peter and Princess Margaret. To the astonishment of everyone, Peter fell sound asleep. According to Peter, he and Princess Margaret haven't spoken since.

Each time he tells the story, the guest list becomes smaller and smaller, and his nap becomes longer and longer, until there's no one but Princess Margaret and Peter, with his head in a salad.

After all the guests have gone, Peter puts the glasses on the mantel and calls a woman named Chloe. He gets ready to leave, and I won't see him again until the next week, when he arrives with new friends and more bottles. He always looks embarrassed when he leaves, like he

knows that I know Chloe is a prostitute.

he old questions. The old answers and the old questions are best, but people still want the most for their money.

I found my flat through an agency that specializes in "connecting flatmates of civilized backgrounds." When I walked in, a middle-aged woman sat me in a chair and said, "You know, we don't take just anybody." I smiled, trying to be civilized. She told me about her first husband's childhood in India, and her first husband's family, once prominent in Madras, former collectors of Chandrapure. I continued smiling. She told me about her own childhood in Kenya, and her difficult romance with her second husband, an army officer who spent a good deal of time away from home.

Now that I think about it, Kenya was the test. Peter's flat was the least expensive, but the middle-aged woman insisted I first look at something respectable. She sent me to a flat in St. John's Wood owned by two middle-aged sisters. The sisters worked at the same office, slept in the same bedroom, and seemed quietly insane.

I was then sent to a flat in Fulham owned by a psychiatrist, who told me about a new system he'd developed for diagnosing personality disorders. "I want to pin down the problem on appearances alone," he said. "For instance, certain schizophrenics shake in certain ways. Bulimics have marks on their knuckles from sticking their fingers down their throats." He showed me a photograph of a woman with blue hair and blue tattoos all over her body. "She wants to change colors, therefore she wants to change sexes." He pointed at her mouth. "You can't actually tell from the photograph, but she's even had the dentist put little blue stones in all her teeth." The psychiatrist was a nervous wreck. He kept checking his watch, running into the kitchen. His hands shook when he talked.

I spent an entire afternoon at the house of impoverished German aristocrats. The mother refused to speak English, the father was dead, and the family estate was now in Poland. The son, who seemed to be in his thirties, met me at the door. He told me that he wanted to be a conductor, and that his teen-age sister wanted to be a movie star. I drank hot chocolate while he talked about great conductors, how von Karajan or Furtwängler wouldn't hesitate to slap a soloist or storm offstage during a concert.

The daughter, who came home later, was a Judy Garland fan and had just seen *Babes on Broadway*. She translated the lyrics for her mother: "Wir verliessen Topeka, verliessen Eureka, um eine neue Karriere anzufangen." She stopped for a moment. "Oh, I've forgotten!" she said to me. "Except for the last part." She turned to her mother. "Und wir sind Babys am Broadway jetzt!"

The old questions. In German, "wo" looks and sounds like "who," but actually means "where." And "wer" looks and sounds very

much like "where," but actually means "who." With the German aristocrats, I tried using my high school German. The mother was describing a restaurant, and I asked, out of curiosity, "Und wer haben Sie gegessen?"

And who did you eat, meine Dame? The daughter, Ulrike, laughed. The mother, Frau von Heuren, stared. And the son—the son, Günter—acted impatient. Like I should be

slapped.

The only cast member who has been to Dubrovnik is an actor who is actually a musician. He has a supporting role as the rock singer's best friend. In real life he's a lutanist and an authority on Renaissance music. One afternoon, we met for tea in Clapham. He explained that he was scheduled to play a cruise later in the summer, and that in the fall, he was scheduled to write the music for a television biography of Rubens. He doesn't want to give up the cruise, which is going to the Galápagos Islands. On his last cruise, in the eastern Mediterranean, he'd had an affair with an Israeli soldier in Tel Aviv. "I learned how to fire a gun," he said. "It was thrilling."

He's thinking of writing the score for our film, but the story takes place in the late 1970s, and it would be his first attempt at anything

contemporary.

"I distrust the new," he said. "Of course, most people feel that way now, which helps explain this place." He told me about the wave of nostalgia flooding England: people are taking out their central heating, combing deserted warehouses for authentic Victorian fabric, using Georgian recipes, rereading Restoration comedies, listening to troubadour music, fawning over Romanesque architecture. "And they're flocking to these sorts of places, tearooms that play Gracie Fields records and put Gentlemen's Relish on toast—as if it were 1937." He finished his own toast and offered me a ride back to Belgravia.

From whence they came. Back where they came from. Homeward bound. Accounts did vary, but they concurred on one thing: the man in New Zealand didn't get a free ride. The airline refused to fly him home, and evidently he had to wait until his family and friends could get money together for the plane ticket.

He had wanted to go to Oakland, and he ended up in debt. His instincts—to get on the plane, not to get off the plane, to leave home in the first place—had betrayed him.

"Because I love you" is an old answer. Lately, I've been calling old girlfriends long-distance, suggesting they quit their jobs and immediately move to London.

They always ask why. Why should I quit my job as a social worker, which pays me twelve thousand dollars a year? Why should I leave my rent-controlled apartment in Manhattan, which costs me eight hundred dollars a month and still has your name on the lease? Why?

I always present an economic argument—discount flights, cheap theater tickets, favorable exchange rates. It's more efficient for you to live in London. You really have no other choice.

They always say yes, yes, see you next week. And we both laugh, on our own side of the Atlantic, knowing, positively believing, that we're both kidding; knowing, instinctively, that it's all a joke.

At a party, I met a mercenary. He had just left Afghanistan, where he'd been fighting the communists, and was on his way to Nicaragua to fight more communists. He described a process invented by the Russians to strip the skin off Afghan rebels. "It's psychological warfare disguised as chemical warfare," he said. "The Moslems believe in the 'pure warrior,' sanctity of the body, that sort of thing. When they see rows of bodies with the skin peeling off, they go mad." He drank his champagne. "They believe the skinless soul is doomed, gone to hell."

At a restaurant in Chelsea, everything is à la carte. The waitress is Canadian, and she insists that I am Canadian. She won't take no for an answer.

"Well, where are you from, then?" she says.
Los Angeles. Jamaica. Kansas. The Brown Islands. "I just walked over from Belgravia," I tell her.

the effort made, the stamp licked, the ticket stamped, and still things end up in wrong places. A bomb in Antwerp was scheduled for a synagogue, but the terrorist misread the map and blew up a block of jewelry stores. Diamonds filled the streets, clogged up ventilation systems, dropped out of rain gutters. In a rare moment, our director and producer met for lunch. The film will be shot in Blackpool, the director's birthplace. Dubrovnik will be saved for later.

Everyone is relieved.

The rock star is relieved; tickets for his first stadium date go on sale next week. The production assistant is relieved; she'll be home in time for the new television season. My flatmate is relieved. He thinks he can get twenty pounds more a week from the next American.

I tell all this to the Canadian waitress, and she says, "Where's your next movie? Where will you go then?"

And then where will you go? And then where?

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What the Leaders Read.

# STRANGER THAN TRUE

Why I defend guilty clients
By Barry Winston

A true story. The court records are all there if anyone wants to check. It's three years ago. I'm sitting in my office, staring out the window, when I get a call from a lawyer I hardly know. Tax lawyer. Some kid is in trouble and would I be interested in helping him out? He's charged with manslaughter, a felony, and driving under the influence. I tell him sure, have the kid call me.

So the kid calls and makes an appointment to see me. He's a nice kid, fresh out of college, and he's come down here to spend some time with his older sister, who's in med school. One day she tells him they're invited to a cookout with some friends of hers. She's going directly from class and he's going to take her car and meet her there. It's way out in the country, but he gets there before she does, introduces himself around, and pops a beer. She shows up after a while and he pops another beer. Then he eats a hamburger and drinks a third beer. At some point his sister says, "Well, it's about time to go," and they head for the car.

And, the kid tells me, sitting there in my office, the next thing he remembers, he's waking up in a hospital room, hurting like hell, bandages and casts all over him, and somebody is telling him he's charged with manslaughter and DUI because he wrecked his sister's car, killed her in the process, and blew fourteen on the Breathalyzer. I ask him what the hell he means by "the next thing he remembers," and he looks me straight in the eye and says he can't remember anything from the time they leave the cookout until he wakes up in the hospital. He tells me the doctors say he has post-retrograde amnesia. I say of course I believe him, but I'm worried about finding a judge who'll believe him.

I agree to represent him and send somebody

Barry Winston has practiced law in Chapel Hill, North Carolina, for twenty-five years.

for a copy of the wreck report. It says there are four witnesses: a couple in a car going the other way who passed the kid and his sister just before their car ran off the road, the guy whose front yard they landed in, and the trooper who investigated. I call the guy whose yard they ended up in. He isn't home. I leave word. Then I call the couple. The wife agrees to come in the next day with her husband. While I'm talking to her, the first guy calls. I call him back, introduce myself, tell him I'm representing the kid and need to talk to him about the accident. He hems and haws and I figure he's one of those people who think it's against the law to talk to defense lawvers. I say the D.A. will tell him it's O.K. to talk to me, but he doesn't have to. I give him the name and number of the D.A. and he says he'll call me back.

Then I go out and hunt up the trooper. He tells me the whole story. The kid and his sister are coming into town on Smith Level Road, after it turns from fifty-five to forty-five. The Thornes—the couple—are heading out of town. They say this sports car passes them, going the other way, right after that bad turn just south of the new subdivision. They say it's going like a striped-ass ape, at least sixty-five or seventy. Mrs. Thorne turns around to look and Mr. Thorne watches in the rearview mirror. They both see the same thing: halfway into the curve. the car runs off the road on the right, whips back onto the road, spins, runs off on the left, and disappears. They turn around in the first driveway they come to and start back, both terrified of what they're going to find. By this time, Trooper Johnson says, the guy whose front yard the car has ended up in has pulled the kid and his sister out of the wreck and started CPR on the girl. Turns out he's an emergency medical technician. Holloway, that's his name. Johnson tells me that Holloway says he's sitting in his front room, watching television, when he hears a hell of a crash in his yard. He runs outside and finds the car flipped over, and so he pulls the kid out from the driver's side, the girl from the other side. She dies in his arms.

And that, says Trooper Johnson, is that. The kid's blood/alcohol content was fourteen, he was going way too fast, and the girl is dead. He had to charge him. It's a shame, he seems a nice

kid, it was his own sister and all, but what the hell can he do, right?

The next day the Thornes come in, and they confirm everything Johnson said. By now things are looking not so hot for my client, and I'm thinking it's about time to have a little chat with the D.A. But Holloway still hasn't called me back, so I call him. Not home. Leave word. No call. I wait a couple of days and call again. Finally I get him on the phone. He's very agitated, and won't talk to me except to say that he doesn't have to talk to me.

I know I better look for a deal, so I go to the D.A. He's very sympathetic. But. There's only so far you can get on sympathy. A young woman is dead, promising career cut short, all because somebody has too much to drink and drives. The kid has to pay. Not, the D.A. says, with jail time. But he's got to plead guilty to two misdemeanors: death by vehicle and driving under the influence. That means probation, a big fine. Several thousand dollars. Still, it's hard for me to criticize the D.A. After all, he's probably going to have the MADD mothers all over him because of reducing the felony to a misdemeanor.

On the day of the trial, I get to court a few minutes early. There are the Thornes and Trooper Johnson, and someone I assume is Holloway. Sure enough, when this guy sees me, he comes over and introduces himself and starts right in: "I just want you to know how serious all this drinking and driving really is," he says. "If those young people hadn't been drinking and driving that night, that poor young girl would be alive today." Now, I'm trying to hold my temper when I spot the D.A. I bolt across the room, grab him by the arm, and say, "We gotta talk. Why the hell have you got all those people here? That jerk Holloway. Surely to God you're not going to call him as a witness. This is a guilty plea! My client's parents are sitting out there. You don't need to put them through a dog-andpony show."

The D.A. looks at me and says, "Man, I'm sorry, but in a case like this, I gotta put on witnesses. Weird Wally is on the bench. If I try to go without witnesses, he might throw me out."

The D.A. calls his first witness. Trooper Johnson identifies himself, tells about being called to the scene of the accident, and describes what he found when he got there and

what everybody told him. After he finishes, the judge looks at me. "No questions," I say. Then the D.A. calls Holloway. He describes the noise, running out of the house, the upsidedown car in his yard, pulling my client out of the window on the left side of the car and then going around to the other side for the girl. When he gets to this part, he really hits his stride. He describes, in minute detail, the injuries he saw and what he did to try and save her life. And then he tells, breath by breath, how she died in his arms.

The D.A. says, "No further questions, your Honor." The judge looks at me. I shake my head, and he says to Holloway, "You may step down."

One of those awful silences hangs there, and nothing happens for a minute. Holloway doesn't move. Then he looks at me, and at the D.A., and then at the judge. He says, "Can I say something else, your Honor?"

All my bells are ringing at once, and my gut is screaming at me, Object! Object! I'm trying to decide in three quarters of a second whether it'll be worse to listen to a lecture on the evils of drink from this jerk Holloway or piss off the judge by objecting. But all I say is, "No objections, your Honor." The judge smiles at me, then at Holloway, and says, "Very well, Mr. Holloway. What did you wish to say?"

It all comes out in a rush. "Well, you see, your Honor," Holloway says, "it was just like I told Trooper Johnson. It all happened so fast. I heard the noise, and I came running out, and it was night, and I was excited, and the next morning, when I had a chance to think about it, I figured out what had happened, but by then I'd already told Trooper Johnson and I didn't know what to do, but you see, the car, it was upside down, and I did pull that boy out of the lefthand window, but don't you see, the car was upside down, and if you turned it over on its wheels like it's supposed to be, the left-hand side is really on the right-hand side, and your Honor, that boy wasn't driving that car at all. It was the girl that was driving, and when I had a chance to think about it the next morning, I realized that I'd told Trooper Johnson wrong, and I was scared and I didn't know what to do, and that's why"—and now he's looking right at me—"why I wouldn't talk to you."

Naturally, the defendant is allowed to withdraw his guilty plea. The charges are dismissed and the kid and his parents and I go into one of the back rooms in the courthouse and sit there looking at one another for a while. Finally, we recover enough to mumble some Oh my Gods and Thank yous and You're welcomes. And that's why I can stand to represent somebody when I know he's guilty.

woman is dead, promising career cut short, all because somebody has too much to drink and drives

# TRUER THAN STRANGE

Why I am not a short-story writer By Barbara La Fontaine

ete Silva, who lived on the block, was bound and tortured and beaten to death with a toilet bowl ripped out of the floor, they said. His cousin died of an overdose and their grandmother's apartment was robbed and burned while she was at the cousin's funeral. The little man next door shot a man in both legs with a rifle he borrowed from a tenant in the building. Paulie, who is sixteen and staying with us because he has no home, stole my son's wallet, keys, and jacket and my husband's bicycle, and he lied about the air pistol and the two broken windows. I saw a set of false teeth on a bench in the park. Beatrice says that people on the block are "dying like hotcakes."

Wouldn't you think there would be a story, just one?

But there is no story. Pete and his cousin were into drugs. Paulie gave back the wallet and the keys, without admitting he'd taken them, and he carried the laundry to the laundromat without being asked. The man next door, white, from Pennsylvania, says the black man he shot was a rapist, but the woman who had screamed rape just disappeared. Things happen, but why—though one makes guesses—I, at least, will never know. "Write stories," they tell me, but things are not stories, they happen. You don't know why, or what will happen next.

I am trying to get used to this. I practice keeping an open mind, training myself to be ready, but mostly I am retreating to what I do know. This includes, on the plus side, that I like the ocean, ballet, old tap dancers, rain, jazz, cats, Kipling, having done my job properly, and a minimum of

Barbara La Fontaine is a senior editor at Sports Illustrated.

dust. Some other things, but they are not biggies. "Simplify, simplify," Thoreau said, but it's hard to simplify what is to be done about Paulie, a murder next door, and the laundry.

To say nothing of Con Ed and the presidency.

he first time I signed myself into a hospital for alcoholism I was trying to simplify. The admitting psychiatrist told me to touch my nose with my eyes closed and to remember a list of five objects he'd ask me to repeat in half an hour. I remembered the list, but he forgot to ask. They forced me to take intravenous phenobarbital, though I told them I could not tolerate it. A woman died the second night, in the bed catty-corner from mine; the nurses wouldn't come when she called. I was allowed to go one flight up from the locked ward, with an attendant, to play Ping-Pong on a broken table, but not one flight down to AA meetings without my doctor's permission, and he had gone sailing. They put another woman in the dead woman's bed, a bag lady who chainsmoked and wouldn't speak. One night I heard her weeping and went to put my arms around her and tell her it would be all right, and she said, "I can't talk. Every word I say, they take a piece of Jesus' brain and put it in the dashboard of a car." She said, "Sighing doesn't count." They were trying to get a psychiatric fix on her, but they didn't know that any word she spoke meant a piece of lesus' brain being put into the dashboard of a car.

And there was the actor's son who had jumped from a window, whacked out on LSD, after hearing voices that said, "If you jump, you will wake up

with everything you ever wanted." He woke up without legs. And the girl so crazed that a guard sat at her door twenty-four hours a day, so she couldn't attack anybody. And the woman in the bed next to mine, who was there because she had tried to kill herself by drinking Clorox. She was an alcoholic who had come out of a blackout to find she had smashed her stepson's beautiful face with a full bottle of sherry. Blood everywhere. Simplify, simplify?

Well, all that was seven years ago. I haven't had a drink for six years this day next month. A certain tranquillity prevails, lit up by occasional joy, which I consider to be man's natural state, given half a chance. But it's stories I'm talking about, wishing I could write them, whatever they are.

Where do they begin, how does one dare to end them?

As this a story?

There was an old man in the supermarket who one day gave up his place in the checkout line to a woman who was buying only milk and Lemon Pledge. She was surprised and grateful. Now he goes to the supermarket almost every day to give up his place in line, even to people with as many as eight items.

This is a story. Not a good one, perhaps, but made up.

Once upon a time. Once upon a time four friends sat with their beers in a bar, at a table near the back. Bored, they were picking on each other in a desultory fashion, on Oscar in particular. Oscar was a do-gooder, of the irritating sort. "Giving money to panhandlers sometimes is one thing," Henry said. "But there's enough prob-

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NORTH COUNTRY CORP Dept 614 106 Appleton St., Box 193, Cambridge MA 02238 Include full name and address of gift recipients for the orders [617] 547-0657 V.S.A.M.C. v. America lems without going around looking for them."

What he meant was that he was not going to invite over to their table the nut sitting at a table closer to the door. A thin, shabbily dressed man, he had taken the table alone and ordered two drinks. One, a whiskey sour, he had asked the waiter to place across from him, and now he was talking animatedly to an empty chair.

"But think how lonely he must be," Oscar said while they watched. "It's pitiful. He must not have any friends."

"Oscar," Henry said, "forget it. No hallucinating nuts." The girls agreed. Ordinarily they had a little more patience with Oscar, but tonight they didn't want to get entangled. "I'm so bushed I'd leave if somebody I *knew* came over and I had to talk to them," Beryl said. "No hallucinating nuts."

Oscar subsided, but he was already entangled. He could see the dingy furnished room. No lamps, an overhead fixture with a bare bulb. A ragged scrap of cloth on the floor, not a rug. An old radio, no television, and the porcelain worn off the refrigerator and most of the kitchen sink. Greasy window shades. No telephone, never any letters. The picture depressed Oscar to agitation. "Then don't," he said, "but I'm going over there. I can ask him to introduce me to his friend." Oscar was glowing with good will. "Maybe it will make a big difference, being taken seriously for a change.'

"The bartender took him seriously," Sally pointed out. Oscar ignored her. He got up and went to the cigarette machine, put in the coins for a pack of Salems (Oscar did not smoke), and on the way back he paused at the thin man's table. The others could not hear what Oscar was saying, but it was clear that, introduced to the invisible friend or not, he was chatting earnestly at the empty chair. The shabby man did not look enthusiastic—to the contrary, Henry thought, watching him closely. Still, Henry was unprepared for what happened next.

Oscar nodded goodbye to the man and to the empty chair. As he turned and walked back to the table the man rose, and with a despairing look on his face, he drew a revolver and shot Oscar in the back.

It was some time before things we sorted out. The bartender, it seems had known the man for years, and g a chance to talk to him before the relice took him away. "We're all used Joe and his friend," he said. "Alwadrank whiskey sours. Nobody ev bothered them before. But yo friend, he had to talk to the invisib guy." The bartender shook his head "And when your guy left, Joe says the invisible guy went with him. Too

away the only friend Joever had."

You see how it is. The following a more like it. Well, of course, the following is it. From the London Dail Express of December 6, 1974:

KITCHEN CUDDLERS FLOORED Human Catapult Ends Wife's Kissing Session

Express Staff Reporter
husband Graham Street

Lonely husband Graham Street called on his wife to kiss and make up, but wher he saw her cuddling a man in the kitchen he flew off the handle...literally.

He went into the garden and knocked up a makeshift springboard from a plank and two car tyres. Then he launched himself head-first through the window.

He touched down in the sink, and slid gently to the floor. Then he took a knife from the table drawer and held it to his throat.

The story of the human catapult was told to Dudley Crown Court, Worcs., yesterday when Street, aged 21, of Dane Terrace, Rowley Regis, admitted damaging the window.

He was put on probation for two years and told by Judge W. R. Davison not to indulge in such "amateur dramatics" again.

Chink

Mr. Michael Garrett, prosecuting, said Street's wife had left him, so he went to see her at her parents' house in Poplar Green, Dudley, to attempt a reconciliation.

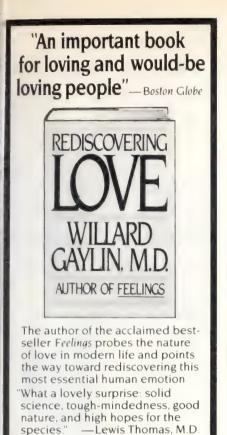
But when he looked through a chink in the curtain he saw his wife in the kitchen sitting on a man's lap kissing and cuddling.

It was then that he decided to launch his "attack." But first he pinned a £1 note to the clothes line to cover any damage.

There was a struggle in the kitchen, but when police arrived Street, a keep-fit enthusiast, was taken to hospital with cuts.

Mr. John West, defending, said Street had no intention of interfering with his wife's private life again.

What I mean to say is, I'm not going one-on-one with reality, no.



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# LETTERS

Continued from page 7

tellectual discourse in this city. His attempt to arrange human knowledge into a "pyramid" or "chain" with mathematics (or was it astrophysics?) at the bottom and art (or was it anthropology?) at the top heaps one doubtful premise on another.

Who, besides Turner, believes that "the general structure of the hierarchy of the universe is now fairly clear"? Turner's pyramid of knowledge is patterned on this supposed hierarchy.

How many artists or scientists would be willing to recognize the arts. and humanities as "a branch, or subset, of anthropology"? Or to accept Turner's "radical" (i.e., radically dumb) proposition that the arts and humanities are "higher physics"? Turner treats these notions as givens.

What scholar would be willing, with a straight face, "to describe the work of other scientists and scholars as being inside or containing [his] work. or as being above or below it"? (Turner's italics.) Such assertions are sure to go over big at faculty cocktail par-

And where in the groves, or in the case of the University of Texas at Dallas, the cotton flats, of academia does Turner propose to install his wobbly pyramid?

I agree with Turner's criticism of the excessive departmentalization of colleges. Unfortunately, in seven pages of delirious theorizing, replete with references to endorphins, userfriendly computers, and the Big Bang, Turner offers no helpful solutions to the problem.

Tom R. Moody III Dallas, Tex.

# How Much Is a Trillion?

After reading "Baseball Chatter" [Harper's Magazine, October], I have written an open letter to Bobby ("Nobody Knows How Much a Trillion Is") Murcer:

Dear Bobby:

I know how much a trillion is. It is a

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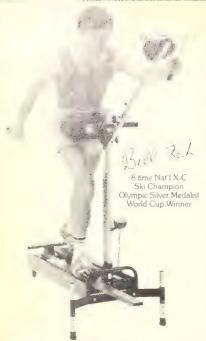
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thousand billions. And since a billion is a thousand millions, that makes a trillion equal to a million millions. It's written like this, with twelve zeros: 1,000,000,000,000.

Richard Siegelman Oyster Bay, N.Y.

P.S. to Spencer Ross: As big as it is, a trillion really isn't "near infinity," although I guess a trillion is nearer to infinity than the Yankees got to first place.

# December Index Sources

1, 2 Dissent magazine (New York City); 3 National Governors' Association/National Association of State Budget Officers (Washington, D.C.); 4 Senator Peter Stollery (Ottawa); 5 Walt Disney World (Lake Buena Vista, Fla.); 6, 7 U.S. Coast Guard (Miami); 8 The Economist (London); 9 The (Johannesburg) Star; 10 Remnants: The Last Jews of Poland, by Malgorzata Niezabitowska (Friendly Press, New York City); 11 Financial Times (London); 12, 13 New York Times; 14 Mannequin Magic (St. Petersburg, Fla.); 15 United Press International; 16 New Rules: Searching for Self-Fulfillment in a World Turned Upside Down, by Daniel Yankelovich (Random House); 17 "Ethan Allen Report: The Status and Future of the American Family" (Danbury, Conn.); 18 "The American Freshman: National Norms for Fall, 1985" (Higher Education Research Institute, UCLA); 19 Gallup Organization (Princeton, N.J.); 20 The American Forecaster 1987, by Kim Long (Running Press, Philadelphia); 21, 22 Washingtonian magazine; 23 Los Angeles Press Club; 24 "Permanent Homelessness in America" (National Bureau of Economic Research, Cambridge, Mass.); 25, 26 Robert I. Lerman (Brandeis University); 27 American Federation of Television and Radio Actors (New York City); 28 FAO Schwarz (New York City); 29 Richard Walter (University of California at Los Angeles); 30 Texas Education Agency (Austin); 31 Pennsylvania State University (State College, Pa.); 32 Natural Resources Defense Council (Washington, D.C.); 33, 34 American Psychiatric Association (Washington, D.C.); 35, 36 Edward O. Wilson (Harvard University); 37 James Bissell (Cleveland Museum of Natural History); 38, 39 Geological Survey (Reston, Va.)/Federal Highway Administration/Harper's research.

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# DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 48

by Thomas H. Middleton he diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 79.

# **CLUES**

A.	"Timon hath made
	his everlasting
	/ Upon the beached
	verge" (Timon of
	Athens)

214 81 40 142 46 171 109

- B. Not judicious or expedient
- 130 166 124 68 121 29 174 61 110
- C. Forthwith (2 wds.)
- 168 103 199 192 84 169 48 182 157
- D. Unknowing (3 wds.)

197	54	70	203	215	27	152	131
							- Q

- E. Am. naturalist and explorer (1884– 1960; In the Days of the Dinosaurs)
- 188 86 120 125 176 134 202
- F. Large surplus of profits distributed to stockholders
- 23 136 204 37 175 30
- G. Maker of chests
- 15
- H. Hawaiian island
- 5 161 32 141
- City in central Yorkshire, on the Aire
- 4 89 135 95 102

67 137 56

- J. Captivate
- 144 97 209 21 13 39 151 3 31 129 53 82 207 25
- K. One who nullifies or denies L. Frivolous spending

of time; flirtation

- 60 179 150 96 49 38 138 190
- M. Involving choice
- 92 113 36 154 186 N. Personal disagreement; quarrel (hyph.)
- O. Elaborate embroidery on some ecclesiastical vestments
- 128 165 20

205 74 99 107 180 59 122

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190	l	6		191	Z2	192	C	193	R	1		194	Z1	195	R	196	V	197	D	198	Z	199	С			200	Υ	201	U	202	1
203	D	204	G	205	0	206	Z2	¢		207	K	208	N	1		209	J	210	Z2	211	T	1	5	212	R	213	Υ	214	Α	215	[

- P. International organization started in Chicago in 1905 (2 wds.)
- 156 64 78 149 101 75 187 116 88 45
- Q. Something just like another; counterpart
- R. Abbreviated list, 212 195 170
- synopsis; shelve S. Most exciting or enthusiastic
- 76 193 143 63
- T. Roman general, father of Emperor Romulus Augustulus
- 85 140 22 183 41 211 50
- U. Wits; sanity; common sense V. Distress, afflict
- W. Guards
- 52 87 196
- X. Directs
- 10 104 100 11.
- Y. Tending to disconcert or repel (hyph.)
- Z. In decline (3 wds.)
- 155 To 114 194
- Z1. Pitcher's plate
- Z2. Quaver, esp. in England (2 wds.)
  - 191 105

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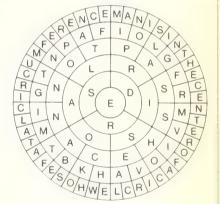
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SOLUTION TO THE NOVEMBER PUZZLE



NOTES FOR "VICIOUS CIRCLES"

The exact quote, before it was edited to fit the diagram: "Every man is the center of a circle, whose fatal circumference he can not pass." The author is John James Ingalls.

1. PRI(M)ED; 2. REPAID, anagram; 3. PONDER, hidden; 4. DO-PIER; 5. A-L-DERS (anagram); 6. DERAI(anagram)-L(ost); 7. G-ARDEN; 8. G-RATED; 9. FI(reversal)-SHED; 10. DEF-LE-(deviou)s; 11. CID(ER)'s; 12. DE(SIR)E(p); 13. DENI(anagram)-MS; 14. MISTE(r)-D; 15. SI(EVE)D; 16. DIVERS, two meanings; 17. HOSIER, anagram; 18. FI(SHE)R; 19. ASH-ORE; 20. CH-ORES (anagram); 21. RE-VISE; 22. REVERS(e); 23. C(R)EASE; 24. RESALE, anagram & Lit; 25. CO(HE)RE; 26. CHOWED, hidden; 27. C-HO(o)KER; 28. C(O)OKE-R; 29. BOREAS, anagram; 30. A(cetat)E-ROBE; 31. LOAFER, anagram; 32. A-REOL(anagram)-A; 33. S(T)AMEN, anagram; 34. SEAM-AN; 35. SALINE, anagram; 36. CASE/IN; 37. E-ASING(anagram); 38. (o)RANGES; 39. LANCES, anagram; 40. UNSEAL, anagram; 41. SOLEMN, anagram; 42. FE(LO)NS; 43. E-LOPES; 44. P-ROLES; 45. T-EASEL; 46. LA-TENS; 47. CLEF(T)S; 48. STEEL-F, reversed.

Note on the September puzzle ("See 10 Across"): The homophone of Fennel is Phenyl, not Phenol, as many contest entries had it. Our mistake was putting CELL instead of SELL in the solution diagram.

SOLUTION TO NOVEMBER DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 47). (WILL AND ARIEL) DURANT. A DUAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY. There is no worker so lowly, nor any swain so homely, but some delusion of grandeur will . . . comfort and sustain him. . . . If we could see ourselves as eternity sees us we should hang ourselves on the nearest tree. A short perspective is the secret of happiness.

CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 48, Harper's Magazine, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to Harper's Magazine, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Entries must be received by December 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to Harper's Magazine. The solution will be printed in the January 1987 issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 46 (October) are Patricia S. Moore, Los Angeles, California; Richard D. Plotz and Judith Plotz, Providence, Rhode Island; and Helen Humphries, East Quogue, New York.

# PUZZLE

# Tree Trimming

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

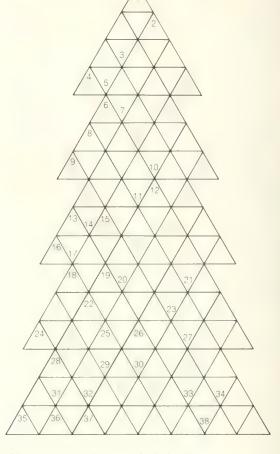
Il diagram entries run left to right—either across, diagonally up, or diagonally down. Eight trimmings on the tree are unclued. When the diagram is completed, the swags will spell out an appropriate message. Answers include two common foreign words and one uncommon English one (35DU). The solution to last month's puzzle appears on page 79.

# Diagonally Up

- 5. Cathy's at sea in ships (6)
- 6. Greek vessel needs insect repellent—take top off one (7)
- 9. Coldblooded chap? Somewhat, if I shiver (4)
- 11. Tree trimming (5)
- 12. Luxury car's pronounced functions (5)
- 14. Tree trimming (4)
- 15. Moving seat for "Danse Macabre" (5)
- 16. One sort of abode! (5)
- 22. Seal hide, tanned initially (6)
- 23. Nicklaus finally breaks in to handle woods (5)
- 24. Put hot, dry preparation around one gland (7)
- 25. Pet socks darned (6)
- 30. Another day in Mexico City with your mother and grandmother (6)
- 33. Arouse the French after loving (6)
- 35. Choir leader plays back "Sweet Love" after church (8)
- 36. Tree trimming (6)
- 38. Tree trimmed outside, I left in anger (4)

# Across

- 4. Short dash finishes off with lengthy lap which we run (6)
- 6. What's in the heart of the Romans, upon reflection! (5)
- 8. Pushes about fifty tools (7)
- 9. One gets trapped in affair . . . typical office activity (6)
- 10. The essence of Peggy Lee's unaccompanied singing (4)
- 13. Sob uncontrollably... it's to be taken out of property values. Grave words indeed! (9)
- 16. On listening, commercial will briefly confuse (5)
- 17. Tree trimming (6)
- 20. One showing courage crossing the road (4)
- 22. Tree trimming (9, two words)
- 24. Shut-out, as an example (4)
- 27. Tree trimming (6)
- 28. Attorney general's permit for small piece of ornamentation (5)
- 29. Weasel through term in economics (6)
- 31. Unfinished, Herrick is possibly more laughable (6)
- 33. 2.2-pound potassium-oil mixture (4)



- 35. Elegant greeting between Catholics (4)
- 37. Tree trimming (11)

# Diagonally Down

- 1. Tree trimming (4)
- 2. Hockey game situation turned around in one period (5)
- 3. Cheer wildly about Ohio: "Hold on" (6)
- 7. Drive around Mount Olive (4)
- 8. Almost foolish, lowest member in frame-up? (4)
- 10. Gets the ball rolling, finally, with objects of affection (6)
- 12. In baseball, scoring around top of inning creates havoc (5)
- 18. They may exist in oceans or cees (4)
- 19. Pancake, leaving kitchen, could be mistaken as appetizer (6)
- 21. Group of investigators criticize the Spanish (5)
- 25. Clean bum greeted (7)
- 26. Confuse type of champagne with status, contrarily (7)
- 32. Almost half of preaching is twaddle (4)
- 34. Boy, inhaling oxygen can give you a charge (4)

Contest Rules: Send completed diagram with name and address to "Tree Trimming," Harper's Magazine, 666 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012. If you already subscribe to Harper's Magazine, please include a copy of your latest mailing label. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to Harper's Magazine. Winners' names will be printed in the February 1987 issue. Winners of the October puzzle, "Title Search," are Eugene F. Gillam, Lewisville, North Carolina; M. H. Wansky, Convent, New Jersey; and Eva C. Young, San Diego, California.





